Tomorrow is beautiful

LUCY ROBINS LANG

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Tomorrow is beautiful

by LUCY ROBINS LANG

Special LABOR EDITION
With an Introduction by
WILLIAM GREEN
President of the
American Federation of Labor

NEW YORK
The Macmillan Company
1948

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In Acknowledgment

I am heartily grateful to Granville Hicks and Florence Bowers for spiritual guidance and practical aid in the preparation of this book. L. R. L.

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INTRODUCTION

It is highly important that the labor movement with all its human drama be portrayed in full measure and without reservation. Leaders of labor are often misunderstood, even when no malice is manifested toward them. What makes a labor leader? Lucy Robins Lang, the writer of this book, is qualified to answer that question. She knows labor.

Many who read her book may ask, "Who is Lucy Robins Lang?" She is a charming person, possessed of a keen, penetrating mind and a deep understanding of human nature, and she has been in close contact with the labor movement through many crucial years. Speaking of the situation that existed after World War I, Samuel Gompers wrote in his autobiography, *Seventy Years of Life and Labor:* "Of the service given, none was more remarkable than that of Lucy Robins, who gave up everything to establish a better understanding between radicals and the labor movement."

I became acquainted with Lucy Robins Lang in 1915 at the thirty-fifth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, which was held in San Francisco. The McNamara tragedy was a live issue and served to agitate the labor movement. Later I was impressed by the self-sacrificing way in which she waged the fight for the release of Tom Mooney. This was a highly complicated case, of great significance both nationally and internationally.

With equal effectiveness she directed the fight to free Eugene Debs and all other political prisoners following the conclusion of the First World War. It was a dramatic fight, carried on during two administrations, and it kept the labor movement spellbound.

She rendered devoted service to Samuel Gompers and to the tried and true economic and political philosophy for which he stood. Mr. Gompers held her in high regard, sought her advice and counsel, and trusted her as a devoted friend.

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The aid that Lucy Robins Lang extended to the United Mine Workers during a tragic strike in 1922, when I was secretary-treasurer of that organization, appealed to my emotions and aroused a deep sense of appreciation. She served to bring the representatives of the United Mine Workers and the United Hebrew Trades together in a constructive relief campaign, and enlisted the support of labor in other countries. Official correspondence tells part, but only part, of this significant story. Such an achievement is impossible unless there is someone in the background who is able to create good will, and this was Lucy Robins Lang's great contribution.

Her activities on behalf of the German labor movement, at the time when the rise of Nazism was beginning, were also outstanding. She served as executive secretary of a committee, of which Mr. Gompers was chairman, created for the purpose of opposing the rise of totalitarianism and strengthening the free, democratic labor movement in Germany.

In later years I called upon Mrs. Lang to engage in a study of European labor. She reported to me upon Russia, Spain, France, Palestine, Austria, and the Balkans, and upon matters concerning the International Federation of Trade Unions even before the American Federation of Labor became affiliated with that body. She also investigated conditions in the southern states of our own land, and reported on strike movements taking place there, including the historic battle in Gastonia and the Fred Beal case, which grew out of that struggle. She was active, too, in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Mrs. Lang has the necessary qualifications to write such a book as *Tomorrow Is Beautiful,* and she has made a genuine contribution to American history. She has vividly set down here the broad developments and the dramatic incidents that have taken place during more than four decades within the house and within the field of labor. Her insight into human nature shows itself in her penetrating analyses of the leaders of labor, whether they have been classified as belonging to the Left or the Right. Her understanding of the labor movement is reflected in the clarity of her thinking, which is realistic rather than theoretical and yet is always inspired by devotion to lofty ideals.

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Mrs. Lang did well to call her book *Tomorrow Is Beautiful*, for it is a record of courage and faith and high aspiration. She never engaged in misrepresentation, never used labor for selfish purposes, never sought office or remuneration. Her sole purpose was to serve the interests of working men and women and to promote their economic, social, and industrial welfare. In telling her dramatic and revealing story, she has been inspired by a sincere desire for greater understanding and the enrichment of spiritual values. Those who read her book will gain a new knowledge of the labor movement, a clearer conception of the struggles through which it has passed, and will know that its objectives clear fully and squarely with the American way of life.

William Green

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i

MATRIARCH VERSUS PATRIARCH

MY ARRIVAL in this world was a disappointment to a number of people, and especially to my grandfather, Reb Chaim.

My parents' marriage was arranged by a matchmaker. There could be no talk of falling in love before wedlock among pious Russian Jews. My father did not know what his bride looked like before the ceremony under the wedding canopy; my mother shared the same suspense. Both were young: father seventeen, mother fifteen. He was brought up in the city of Kiev; she was raised on a farm near the village of Tesnivke.

Their marriage brought together two families previously known to each other only by hearsay. The Jews of Kiev had heard that some miles away there was a household dominated by a headstrong woman named Broche. Her husband, Avrom Boruch, was a gentle and scholarly man, according to all reports, who spent his time in study, while she tended the fields, cattle, and storerooms and brought up their numerous children.

To Tesnivke had come stories of Reb Chaim the Hospitable, a Kiev merchant who had dealings with important people such as priests, high-ranking police officials, even the governor. This Reb Chaim was famous for his piety: he scrupulously observed all of God's commandments and made pilgrimages to celebrated rabbis.

Reb Chaim practiced his religion with a dignity and pride that were reflected in his appearance. His wrinkled face told of the ancient sufferings of his people and yet revealed the ardent faith that sus-

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tained him. His emaciated body bespoke an ascetic nature that derived its chief satisfactions from serving God.

He wore a caftan that hung nearly to his ankles and was held in shape by a fringed satin sash. When he strode down the street, the caftan would flap like two wings, and the onlooker could see his rolled-down boots and the *tzitzith*, the long fringes of the small praying shawl that every pious Jew wore underneath the upper garments. Under his black headgear with its shiny patent-leather visor, he wore a skullcap, which he never removed, not even when visiting the homes of the nobility nor when he came to Kiev's famous monastery, the sacred center of Eastern Christianity.

Despite his unique costume, Reb Chaim gave an impression of self-confidence as he rushed from place to place. Was not this God's world, and was he not placed in it by the Lord, whose every commandment he dutifully obeyed? And his confidence seemed to be justified, for his business prospered. He traded in ancient candlesticks of silver and gold that had been used in palaces long since ruined; in his stock were gold and silver images of long-dead kings and queens in all their glory. This trade brought him into touch with the most eminent personages of Kiev.

Because he knew persons in authority, he was in a position to help his people when they were in distress, and he never shirked his duty. His charity was a byword. He brought up orphans and provided them with dowries. Each Sabbath the poor were invited to his table, and the door of his house was always open to Jews who came to Kiev to seek redress against passport confiscation or decrees that threatened imprisonment or exile to Siberia. He labored with the authorities, paid ransoms, rescued countless victims of persecution. It was said of him that he never had an overcoat for more than twenty-four hours; when a relative or friend gave him one, it quickly reached the back of some needy person.

His good deeds won him the name of Reb Chaim the Hospitable. Yet he was the Job of Kiev. Like the man in the land of Uz, he was upright, he eschewed evil, he did all that was commanded of him. But God was dissatisfied and punished him. His children died in infancy. Of fourteen born to him, only one son and one daughter survived.

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The betrothal of Reb Chaim's only son, Moshe, to headstrong Broche's oldest daughter, Surtze, brought about a wedding that I heard talked about all through my girlhood.

It was arranged that the wedding and feast should take place at the home of the bride, on the farm near Tesnivke. Reb Chaim brought with him a large retinue of friends and their families. In addition he took along an array of poor people, strangers as well as relatives, and all the orphans whose marriages he had brought about. The guests arrived at the farm in crowded caravans. Reb Chaim's wife, Ziviah, emaciated from the labor of so many births and the anguish of so many deaths, sat beside the groom, her only son. Reb Chaim himself was accompanied by the rabbi who was to sign the marriage certificate, the cantor who was to intone the service, and the beadle who was in charge of the wedding canopy. A full band of musicians was included in the expedition. As he rode through the countryside, Reb Chaim scattered coins to the peasants along the way. Since God had blessed him with such a happy hour, let all the world partake with him in his joy.

Everything ran smoothly until an hour before the ceremony. Then Reb Chaim began to sulk. Matriarchal Broche had insisted that the young couple would live with her. She did not bear children for others, she had said. Under God's observing eye she had brought up a daughter, and this child of hers must remain in her home. And if God granted the child a good husband, he would be added to the household. She had even attacked Reb Chaim directly, saying that there was a curse on his wealthy city home. And at the betrothal, when the traditional plate was broken to seal the marriage agreement, Reb Chaim had acquiesced in Broche's demands.

But now, when Reb Chaim came to the wedding and saw how the woman Broche in her satin gown and lace tiara commanded everyone like a queen, his pride was touched. Sitting in regal splendor, she issued her orders: sit here, stand there. And the guests he had brought from the city obeyed as meekly as her own household.

Reb Chaim, a heavy smoker, lit a cigar. Immediately the matriarch cried out in protest. The house was fragrant with the odors of good fresh meat, honey cakes, and strudel. How could he offend the nostrils of their guests with the stench of tobacco? Besides, there were stacks of hay just outside the door. One spark and the entire

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harvest might be consumed by fire. God preserve us from such a calamity! No, no. Smoking must stop!

The conflict between the patriarch and the matriarch exploded like dynamite. Two dominions clashed. Reb Chaim announced that he would not allow his son to step under the wedding canopy unless it was understood that the previous agreement was void and that the couple would live with him in Kiev. When Broche heard this declaration, she pursed her lips and refused to utter another word. The merchant from Kiev wanted war? She was ready for the battle. There would be no wedding.

Peace was brought about by the bride's tears and her father's imploring gaze. Broche's tender-hearted husband could not bear his daughter's suffering and humiliation. He implored his wife to relent. At first Broche was adamant. "A promise is a promise," she said. "God does not easily forgive broken promises. The merchant from Kiev will have to undergo many fast days before his sin is atoned for." But, in the end, she surrendered to the ardent pleas of her scholarly husband.

Triumph was sweet. Nothing pleased Reb Chaim so much as his victory over this wilful woman. He drank to the health of all and laughed joyously.

After a full week of festivities, when the Sabbath of the Seven Blessings had passed and the guests began to depart, he took the young bride from her mother's house. His daughter-in-law, Surtze, would learn city ways. She would be another daughter to his bereaved wife, who had been fated to lose so many children.

Surtze soon became pregnant, and Reb Chaim worried because the frightened young woman did not have her own mother near by to advise and quiet her. He urged his wife to take good care of their daughter-in-law and give her the best of counsel.

In the meantime he engaged in a struggle with God. The Almighty had deprived him of his numerous children; he must at least allow him to have a grandson. Did not Reb Chaim welcome every poor man who came to his door? Had he not, just recently, traveled as far as St. Petersburg and won permission for all Jewish soldiers in the region of Kiev to celebrate the Sabbath in his home? Had he not stood on the threshold as the young men—sometimes as many as

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thirty of them—gathered in front of his house? Had he not poured water over their hands, that they might enter his house for the Sabbath cleansed of sin and impurity? Had he not joyfully watched their faces as Ziviah and Surtze lit the Sabbath candles, and listened to their humble prayers? Could God point to a more faithful servant and a truer observer of the Sabbath? Did he not therefore deserve a grandson, who would some day say *Kaddish* for him? "I deserve it," he said to himself and to God.

Reb Chaim was sure that God had harkened to his prayers, and he promised his friends festivities such as Kiev had never seen. When Surtze's labor pains began, he brought a quorum of men into the house to recite psalms for the well-being of the young mother, and added his silent exhortation: "Lord of the world! Let it be a boy!"

Finally the news was brought to him. Surtze had given birth, and the child was faultless. But God had punished him again. It was not a boy—only I had come into the world.

Reb Chaim did not extend his hospitality to me. He hated me from the very first for the disappointment and humiliation I had caused him. He felt that my mother had betrayed him, and for a long time he would not speak to her. Father, too, had lost caste in his eyes, and was henceforth regarded as a ne'er-do-well. As for me, I was blamed for any evil that befell the household. Even when another daughter was born a year and a half later, the burden of guilt remained on my shoulders. And those shoulders bore a practical burden as well, for, small as I was, I had to tend the children who were born after me.

Difficult times began. The czarist government issued one repressive decree after another, and Reb Chaim's business affairs declined. But he did not diminish his charities. He simply took from the family, in which he apparently had no hope since my birth, and gave to strangers. He even sold jewelry he had given his son to present to my mother. Since God had punished him, he seemed to feel, he must punish himself and his family.

His chief confidant, preferred above any member of the family, was Yossel the Long One, one of the orphans whom Grandfather had brought up and married off. Lanky, tall, like a flagpole with a human head on top, Yossel always stood near Grandfather like a

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distorted shadow. Even Grandmother Ziviah had to negotiate with Yossel when she wanted anything from her husband. Members of the family complained at the way in which my father, an only son, was pushed aside, and they blamed me for everything.

My mother was ready to take Father, the new baby, and me, and return to her family. But just then a decree was issued forcing all Jews to leave the land and move into villages. Domineering as Grandmother Broche was, there was nothing she could do against the czar's order. She could only try to start life elsewhere. She sold everything that could be disposed of, and settled in Korostyshev, a town between Kiev and Zhitomir. There she opened a dry-goods store, and prospered. Peasants from the vicinity had known her for years, and they patronized her shop. Her husband spent much of his time poring over the books in the synagogue, and his scholarly reputation contributed to the respect in which the family was held. But despite Broche's success in the city, she continued to lament her exile, and my mother refused to burden her with the support of our family.

Meanwhile my father had reached the age of military service. To have a son in the Russian army, at that time, was one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall a Jewish family. Jews were not only persecuted and mistreated; they were deprived of the opportunity to practice many time-hallowed religious rites. Our family had heard all about this from the Jewish soldiers whom Grandfather invited to the house for the Sabbath. Father was persuaded to leave Mother and the children and escape to America. Grandfather escorted him to the border and arranged to have him smuggled across.

Not long after my father left for America, my mother went to Korostyshev to attend the wedding of her sister. She had planned to go alone, but I ran after the stagecoach with such loud laments that she was forced to take me along.

It is a strange and fascinating world that I contemplate when I think back to those days. The people of that world were governed by a rigid morality, and yet many intimate details of personal life were revealed to the public gaze. Certain practices were not unlike the customs prevailing among primitive tribes.

I have vivid recollections of my aunt's wedding. There were many women present whose heads were shaved and who wore wigs. Other

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women wore black or white silk kerchiefs surmounted by various types of headgear. Many wore black and white lace shawls over their shoulders. The girls of marriageable age wore their hair down to their waists. They hoped that their heads, too, would soon be shaved in token of the end of maidenhood. I also remember men with broad, flowing beards who wore black silk caftans and broad-rimmed hats.

On the day of the wedding I found myself in a corner of one of the rooms of Grandmother Broche's house, and I heard Mother reading to the bride from a prayer book with ivory covers. The reading was intended to inform the bride and prepare her for what awaited her. My aunt sat shamefaced, and soon began to weep, insisting that she would never behave in such a way. But Mother scolded her and insisted that it was God's will.

After these preliminaries, women escorted the bride to the *mikveh*, a pool in the village bathhouse used for ritual ablutions. Brides bathed in it before their nuptial night. Married women used it throughout the year in order to meet their husbands in all purity. Rabbis and other saintly men washed their bodies in it to attain the proper degree of cleanliness before engaging in the study of God's law. The bride had her fingernails and toenails trimmed, and then recited a special prayer while bathing in the sacred water. I did not fully understand the significance of this ritual bath, but I felt squeamish.

Later that day the well dressed women led the bride, her face covered with a white silk kerchief, through the streets to the court of the rabbi's house, which was flanked by synagogues. From another direction the bearded men in their silk caftans and velvet *strymels* led the groom. All the people along the route turned out to watch the procession. Peasants loitered about in friendly curiosity, some of them removing their caps and crossing themselves piously. When the bridal canopy was put up, boys and girls stood rigidly with lighted candles in their hands.

As soon as the service and the bridal benediction under the canopy were over, and the groom had crushed a glass under his heel according to tradition, the band struck up the tune of "Mazel Tov." Carrying a large, freshly baked *chale* twist in her hands, Grandmother Broche danced in the street before the young couple. Relatives and curious onlookers clapped their hands and wished her

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"Mazel Tov." All excited and still dancing, she answered them, "With God's help and blessing, the same to you and yours."

The celebration was held in a near-by hall. Early in the evening, while the golden soup was served and the merrymaking was still going on, I grew sleepy, and Grandmother Broche ordered me to get myself out of the way. Wandering forlornly, I came to the door of a small room, and the woman who guarded the door told me to go inside and lie down on a pile of clothes in the corner. I suppose that this woman intended to wake me later but joined in the celebration and forgot. At any rate I went to sleep in the room set apart for the bride and groom, and I was still there when the couple was escorted with due ceremony to the bridal chamber. When I suddenly awoke, I saw the weeping bride attempting to repulse her husband, and I screamed. In the hall Grandmother Broche was dancing the mitzvah dance: her pure daughter was about to become a wife according to the laws of Israel. Hearing my screams, she and others came running, and of course I was punished.

The final act of the wedding drama took place on the following day. People in Grandmother's house went about whispering to each other. The groom and the other men had gone to the synagogue for morning prayers. The bride sat red-eyed and still in tears while Grandmother walked about nervously. Finally Grandmother seized a sheet and placed it under her shawl. Calling another woman to accompany her, she went to the rabbi. In a little while she returned beaming, and crying out, "A kosher bride! A kosher bride!" fell to kissing her daughter and whispering congratulations in her ear.

We remained in Korostyshev. Father was in America, and Grandmother Broche seized the opportunity to have her daughter and grandchildren with her.

Korostyshev was not unlike a Puritan settlement in the early days of New England. Strict morality in family relations was a fundamental tenet of Jewish orthodoxy. In small towns, moreover, each individual looked upon himself as a God-appointed guardian over the moral welfare of others and felt it his duty to acquaint himself with the intimate details of their lives. Sexual relationships were not regarded as a private affair. Furthermore, the Jews of Korostyshev,

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like the Puritans of Salem, believed that the world was full of Satan's temptations and the only safe way was to avoid worldly pleasures.

Echoes of modernism reached Korostyshev. My mother refused to shave her head and insisted on wearing her own hair, albeit under a small peruke. She was a pioneer. Because she had lived in a big city for a number of years, our house became the center of rebellion against the stringent rules that forbade all joy of living. On Saturday afternoons Mother's younger sisters, brothers, and cousins gathered at the house to dance. This was a heinous sin, and Grandmother Broche would have been heartbroken had she known about it.

We committed even graver sins. Since I was only a child, it was not a sin for me to carry objects on the Sabbath, and so I would be sent secretly to bring a kettle of freshly boiled tea from a hut near the cemetery. The boorish couple that lived in that gloomy hovel were busy every Saturday, providing tea at three kopecks a kettle to such Jewish families as permitted themselves this heretical luxury. But the three kopecks were not paid until the following day: carrying a kettle of tea on the Sabbath was sacrilege enough; handling money on the sacred day was too great a sin even for the emancipated. Orthodox households prepared their tea on Friday and kept it hot by covering the kettle with pillows and placing it on top of a brick-heated oven.

I had my special costume for the Sabbath. I remember myself attired in a hoop skirt printed with lilac blossoms that my mother had made for me. That was the latest fashion in the big cities at that time. My red hair was combed and braided in two pigtails with bright ribbons. Thus bedecked, I would cart the forbidden tea under my small apron. I was admired for my courage and my ability to keep a secret, and I especially appreciated such recognition when it came from my two cousins, Esther and Kaile, who were much older and known as rebels. Black-haired Esther was said to be wise, and was called the Colonel; red-haired Kaile had a reputation for having her way at all costs. I particularly tried to win their favor and was overjoyed when I succeeded.

Grandmother Broche indulged in but one form of diversion, which she reserved for the Sabbath. After the Sabbath meal she would sit at one end of the table, her head on her arms, and listen to

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the low singsong of her husband as he bent over some religious volume at the other end. Meanwhile her youngest daughter, Ruchel, she of the beautiful eyes, would stand near her and stroke her shaved head that was so weary after a distracting week of business. Sometimes Grandmother called to me, and I took Ruchel's place.

I remember the plaintive tune to which my grandfather intoned the sacred words, and the memory always brings back to me the tantalizing fragrance of freshly baked bread. Grandfather's tune was a continuation of the singsong that I heard all week in the cheder that I had begun to attend, one girl among ten little boys. Because Reb Bear, the master of the cheder, could not make a living out of teaching, his wife operated a bakery. All day long she stood in front of the oven, and several times a day pulled out loaves of all shapes. The smell of fresh rye bread with caraway seeds tickled our nostrils as we sat over our books with mouths watering.

Sunday was the weekly market day, and Grandmother's store was crowded with peasants. I would stand in front of the store, watching the colorful market place. Peasants sat on their crude wagons, eating huge slices of bread, the crust rubbed with garlic, and cubes of fat back. Pails of butter, hard cheeses, and baskets of fruit lay at their feet. There were sacks of potatoes, carrots, and radishes, and buckets full of chaff in which lay hidden dozens of eggs. Heads of garlic and smoked fish were festooned over the wagons like flags on a battleship. All this produce was brought to town for sale, and the townspeople clustered about the wagons, examining the goods. I loved to watch the peasant women in their gay skirts and brightly embroidered blouses, their gaudy ribbons, their long strings of beads, and the bright kerchiefs on their heads. And I listened with joy as peasant boys in linen blouses, with their trousers tucked into their high boots, played mouth organs for the amusement of the girls.

Father returned from America. He came as inconspicuously as he had departed. He was not happy in America, but chiefly he was influenced by Mother's letters. Enemies of the family, she had written him, had reported his evasion of military service, and his father had consequently had great difficulties with the authorities in Kiev. A new and evil police commander had persecuted Reb Chaim with constant fines, and Grandfather had suffered financially and in

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spirit. When Father read these letters, he decided to return and serve his term in the army, or even go to prison, if that would save Grandfather from further persecution.

But Reb Chaim was irked by his son's attempt to help him. He was not the man to ask assistance. He could wage his own battles. How dare his son return? If God had decreed that his servant, Reb Chaim, should tread the path of sorrow, he would not swerve aside.

To the rest of us, however, to Mother and to us children, Father's return was like the appearance of the sun at the end of a stormy day. And to the people of Korostyshev it was a notable event. Even the local squire, his wife, and their two dogs came to our house to look at Father—the man who had been to America. These lonely, aloof aristocrats, concerning whom many rumors circulated in town, actually shook my father's hand, and the people of Korostyshev marveled more than ever.

Of course Grandmother Broche was delighted with my father's return. Did it not prove that she had been right all the time? Father could take his rightful place in her household, and all would be well. As for the matter of his military service, she was sure that money would take care of that.

Hostilities between the two dominions were resumed. The aged and now impoverished patriarch of Kiev began sending frequent messages, telling us that we would all regret it if we did not heed his words. The Ukraine, he warned us, would never be a place for us to live in. Agitation against the Jews was rising, and great calamities were in store. Father could save himself only by returning to America and then, at an early date, sending for his wife and children.

These urgent messages reflected Grandfather's stubborn determination, but they were none the less prophetic. Reb Chaim had witnessed the pogroms of 1881, after the assassination of Alexander II, and he knew the strength of prejudice and terror. A time came when the Ukraine was drenched in Jewish blood.

Grandfather came to Korostyshev for the purpose of forcing Father to go back to America. He stayed with the rabbi, instead of stopping in our house, and this grieved my parents and roused the resentment of Grandmother Broche. But Reb Chaim was not arguing with the matriarch this time. He ignored her and summoned his son to the rabbi's court. Let Father hear from the lips of a holy man,

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Reb Chaim challenged, whether one should obey his mother-in-law, the woman Broche, or heed him, Reb Chaim, and return to America before it was too late. When he heard the rabbi say that God had given the future to America and that only there could God's children live in peace, Father was convinced. As soon as arrangements could be made, he set out again for America, this time to settle permanently and prepare to bring the family. Soon afterward Reb Chaim died, happy in the knowledge that his son had obeyed him.

While we waited word from Father, another child was born, a boy. Since he was born prematurely in the seventh month, he was undersize and weak, and the people of the town speculated as to whether he would survive. They also discussed with characteristic frankness the relations between my parents. As for my mother, she welcomed the new arrival, lavishing her affection upon him, and lulling him to sleep with songs. There was one lullaby that she sang again and again and that I well remember. "Sleep, my baby, sleep," she sang. Your father is in America, the song went on. In that wonderful country he eats white bread every day. When there is a sound at the door, he does not flinch; it is not the officers of the czar but only the wind. Sleep, baby, soon you will join him. . . . In many Jewish homes in Russia that lullaby was being sung, for many Jewish fathers were in the United States, preparing the way for their families.

Then, on a wintry day, we were leaving Korostyshev for Kiev on our way to join Father in distant America. There were five of us—Mother and four children. I had a good share in taking care of the younger ones, though I was but a child myself. It was one of those biting, frosty days so common in Russia, and the snow covered the roofs in a thick blanket. We were wrapped in shawls and kerchiefs, and loaded down with boxes and baskets.

As we were leaving the house, my scholarly grandfather, Avrom Boruch, lifted me up so that I could kiss the *mezuzah* that was nailed to the doorframe. He then raised his hands over my head and tearfully murmured a blessing. Mother burst out in loud wailing, and I, too, began to weep.

The excited villagers accompanied us to the stagecoach, shedding

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tears and calling out messages that we were to deliver to their relatives in the New World. Thus our long wanderings began.

In Kiev Mother got in touch with the agents who were arranging for us to cross the border with the aid of false exit-passports. While we were in Kiev, Grandmother Ziviah took me into her confidence. I was her oldest grandchild, she said plaintively, and I was going to America to my father, who was her only son. Reb Chaim was dead, and she was left bereaved and without a provider. The big house was gone, and the heavily laden table. She begged me to remember that Grandfather Reb Chaim had had a great and imposing funeral, the like of which had not been seen in Kiev. Then she asked me to take a letter in secret to my father.

I hesitated. I knew that Mother had felt bitterness against Father's family ever since the days when Reb Chaim ignored him and confided in Yossel the Long One. I realized that this was why Grandmother Ziviah was entrusting the letter to me, and for a moment I felt that she was asking me to betray my mother. Then, pressing me close to her, Grandmother Ziviah read the letter to me. It was a mother's prayer to her only son, asking him to remember the anniversary of his father's death and to recite *Kaddish*, the prayer for the dead, as befitted the generous soul of the deceased, lest his rest be disturbed. She asked him also to remember his old and sickly mother in her loneliness. Deeply touched, I promised to deliver the letter, and Grandmother Ziviah sewed it into my stocking.

In the dim light between night and day we were carried to the train in a sled that skimmed over the snow. The bells on the horses' neck rang and reechoed through the twilight air—an exciting sound and yet a sad one. Then there was the crowded, gloomy train, and I was leaving Russian soil, not to return for many years.

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ii

AMERICA

FATHER HAD lived in Chicago during his first, brief stay in America. My mother's brother, whom Father had helped across the border, was living there, and so were other relatives, pioneers who had blazed the trail from Korostyshev to the metropolis of the Middle West. The dominant figure in the group was Aunt Yente Chave, a sister of Grandmother Broche's scholarly husband.

On his second arrival in the United States, Father remained in New York. Here he had no relatives and no friends. By trade he was a silversmith, and frequently he could find no job. He felt helpless and terribly lonely in the great city.

It was then that Chaye the *peddlerke* took him in hand, as she was to take the rest of us in hand when we reached New York. Chaye had a stand on Mott Street, where Father was boarding with a poor Jewish family that lived in a couple of dark rooms. The stand consisted of two empty fruit boxes propped against the wall of a tenement house. Here she displayed her wares: halves of damaged oranges, the decayed parts cut away, four pieces for a penny; old, squashed apples, two for a penny; small, round, brightly colored gum candy, each piece about the size of a pea, ten for a cent; salted pumpkin and sunflower seeds, a small tin cup measure for a penny.

Chaye always wore the same clothes, and a great many at the same time, one skirt over another and more than one waist. Aprons hung on every side of her, and a multitude of shawls and kerchiefs were draped over her head and shoulders, with the ends of each passed under her arms and tied on her back.

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Father stopped now and then at her stand, permitting himself the extravagance of a measure of sunflower seeds, and Chaye talked to him. "What are you so scared of?" she challenged him. "This isn't Fonia's Russia. You should be ashamed, going about with your nose on the sidewalk." She found jobs for him, told him how to buy steamship tickets for his family on the installment plan, located a flat he could afford, and picked out second-hand furniture for it.

Although she herself could not speak English, Chaye interpreted America to countless Jewish immigrants. She refused to encourage their longings for the old country. "Everybody should run away from Russia," she told them indignantly; "everyone should come to America. What did you have in Russia?" she would ask. "Pogroms you had! Why don't you read the papers and see for yourself? So you don't like America? Woe is me and woe is to Columbus!"

When at last we were on our way, Chaye the *peddlerke* awaited us no less eagerly than did Father. We experienced a terrible storm on the twenty-three day voyage across the Atlantic. The pious Jews donned their prayer shawls in a plea to God. I, too, chimed in, vowing to fast two days in succession after a safe arrival in America. And I kept my vow, despite the protests of my mother and father and a rabbi's dispensation arranged by Chaye the *peddlerke*.

When the ship failed to dock on schedule, Chaye and Father worried together. Father was at work when the telegram announcing our arrival—we had landed at Boston—was delivered. Neighbors ran to inform Chaye, who packed up her emporium and hastened to notify Father. While he went to meet us, she laid out bread and salt, symbols of plenty, in the two-room flat prepared for us, and then dashed back to her stall so that Father could be with us undisturbed.

Later she returned, entering like an old acquaintance who need not stand on ceremony. From the folds of her shawls she produced a bottle of castor oil, and ordered each of us to take a dose because we were greenhorns and must purge Europe from our systems. She also commanded us to prepare to go with her to the public baths, meanwhile impressing upon us that we must let her teach us how to behave in America. Without wasting any time, she announced our American names: Mother became Sarah, my sister became Beckie, the two boys were Willie and Sam, and I was Lizzie.

Chaye decided everything for us. She promised to take Mother

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the next day to the butcher and the grocery store, where she could buy everything "on the book" until Father got his weekly pay of $6. She explained how much Mother could spend for food and how much she must save toward the monthly rent, the installment payments on the steamship tickets, and the furniture. She also announced that Beckie and Willie should start attending school in a few days. "In America everybody goes to school," she lectured us. "America is not Fonia's Russia, where Jews are not allowed in the schools." I, being in my ninth year, could help Mother about the house, and in a little while I would have to go to work to supplement Father's meager wages.

Having finished her instructions, Chaye went out without saying Goodby, just as she had come in without saying Hello. But instead of returning to her stand, she went to inform the neighbors that the greenhorns had arrived, and soon gifts of food appeared. "It's all one world," Mother said gratefully, "and kind people help each other everywhere."

Our tenement was in back of another tenement that faced on Mott Street, and was reached by a long, dim corridor. The two houses were owned by the same landlord, and the tenants of both felt a certain community interest. In both tenement houses the sink was in a niche in the wall along the stairs between two floors. The sinks were black, and the water had to be pumped. Tenants stood in line waiting their turn to get water. After supper a crowd of women would gather to wash their dishes, and then they would air their complaints against the New World and their hopes for the future.

The smaller and darker of our two rooms was my parents' bedroom, and had a bed and a chair. The other room, which had two windows facing the yard, was the sleeping room for all the children and served as a kitchen, dining room, living room, and parlor for receiving guests. Chaye was our most frequent visitor.

Mother became ill. It was necessary to call a doctor, and we feared that Father's wages would not suffice. The whole burden of looking after the household fell on my shoulders. Willie was lame because of an attack of infantile paralysis while he was a baby, and I accompanied him and Beckie to school each morning. Then I hurried home to clean the rooms, keep watch over Sam, and prepare

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lunch. The school was near by, and I could hear the children singing as I went about my chores. My heart was heavy with my longing for school.

When Father returned home from work, he would embrace me tenderly for my day's toil and, after dinner, when the dishes were washed and the house put in order, he would braid my hair. Then I would put on my new American dress, which Mother had made just before she fell ill, and go down to the street for my recreation. I never went away from the house. Enviously, I would stand before the door and watch other girls of my age. An Italian often came by with a hand organ, and the children danced while I stood mute and lonely by the door.

The day Father was paid he gave us a penny each, and I would lead Beckie and limping Willie to Chaye the standkeeper. She had been so kind to us that, of course, we went to her stand, and in any case it paid, for invariably she gave us six instead of four halves of orange for a penny.

A secret was being whispered in our two rooms. At first only my parents spoke of it, and then Chaye was initiated: Mother was bringing another child into the world, an American child. Chaye told me. To her way of thinking I was already grown-up, and I had to know it and be prepared for a bigger share of the housework.

Just at this time we suffered a great blow: because of the slow season, Father lost his job and could find no other. Daily he went to look for work, even going far into the East Side, where the unemployed congregated to hear news of jobs from one another. Late in the afternoon he would return crestfallen. Chaye suspected that his shyness and reserve were partly responsible for his failure to find work, and she began to look for a job for him. Not a person passed her stand without her asking if he knew of employment for a man "with golden hands and a heart of silk." And still there was no job.

But the overcast skies were suddenly penetrated by a ray of light. A letter came from Chicago in which my Uncle Fox and Aunt Yente Chave stated that Father could get work there. They suggested, however, that he come alone, for they could defray traveling expenses

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for only one person. Later they would help him to bring the rest of the family.

Chaye was called in for consultation, and at once she said that Father must go. She also recommended that I go with him, for then our relatives would have to take steps as quickly as possible to bring Mother and the other children.

The trip lasted a very long time, for we traveled on a slow local train in order to economize. It was cold, and the passengers huddled together around the coal stove in the center of the car. Water was boiled on this stove, and tea was brewed, to be drunk with the food brought from home.

This trip gave me an insight into Father's gentle character. When we descended from the train to stretch our legs, I would stride along beside him, my coat thrown over my shoulders capewise, and he would praise me for being so grown-up. Dominated by his father, oppressed by the burden of a family while still so young and dependent, he felt inadequate to the demands of life in America. He wanted me to be independent and fearless, as he could never be. He tenderly looked after all my needs on the trip, yet treated me as an adult, and I responded to his confidence and encouragement with all the ardor in my childish breast.

Aunt Yente Chave immediately wanted to know why I had been brought to Chicago. She, too, was a matriarch, ruling over a large clan and offering advice to strangers as well as kin. She was capable, and she did much good, but her virtues were overshadowed by her fanatical faith in her own rightness. She had hardly patted my head when she began to scold me. Such a big girl, almost ten years old! I should have had more sense than to come along.

This outburst injured the pride that Father had aroused in me during the trip. I felt that my lips were trembling, and I must have answered her sharply, for she told me not to have such a big mouth. I wept, and after that I would not speak to her but spoke only to Father, telling him that I would not be a nuisance but would work and help him.

"Look at her!" Aunt Yente Chave said. "Some person! This will go to work!" But perhaps she was moved by my words, for she looked at me in a maternal fashion, and she arranged that I should

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stay with her daughter, who was married to Uncle Fox, while Father lived with her. She impressed upon me that I must live up to the name of Fox, which we both bore, prophesying that it would some day be an important name in America.

With $50 Aunt Yente Chave had established Uncle Fox in a cigar store on Chicago Avenue. He made his own cigars on a little table on the sill of the store window, and he and his wife and two small children lived in a room separated from the store by a curtain. Later he became an important figure in the tobacco industry, but he was far from prosperous in those days, and I had to earn my bread in his house. I took care of the two children, who were not much younger than myself; I helped with the cooking and laundry behind the curtain; and I swept the store.

With Aunt Yente Chave's aid, Father immediately found a job on a piecework basis in a concern manufacturing picture frames. He inserted gold leaf into the frames, and he earned about $5 a week working twelve hours a day. His employer, who came from Korostyshev, knew our family, and he promised that Father would earn more as soon as he gained speed.

Father found a job for me as a tobacco stripper in a cigar factory owned by the Spector brothers. They had come from Kiev, too, but were of a lower social status there, and considered it a privilege to give a job to the granddaughter of Reb Chaim. They even paid me $1 a week, whereas most children who learned the trade in cigar factories worked without pay in the beginning and sometimes had to pay tuition for the privilege.

With my earning capacity added to his, Father borrowed money and brought Mother and the children from New York. For $4.50 a month Aunt Yente Chave rented rooms for us in the basement of the house on Morgan Street in which she lived, and she also found for us an unsteady table, some lame chairs, a rusty bed, and an ancient sofa.

The basement was divided in two, and we lived in the part toward the street. The front room had a barred window, through which we could see only the feet of passers-by and the rats that thronged under the wooden sidewalk. The second room was the kitchen, and in it was a smoky stove. Then there was a half room, like a cave dug into a black cliff, and the bed was placed there, near the windowless wall. The other half of the basement contained the

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toilet and the coal bins, which were infested with rats as big as cats. When the tenants came to get coal, they had to fight the rats, which fled towards our apartment. Mother, who was very unwell, lived in dread of the rats.

Mother was taking this pregnancy hard. Her beauty and buoyancy, which had survived so many hardships, now began to fade. As soon as Father and I returned from our work, she would lie down on the bed in the half room, while we prepared the food and did the dishes. As the time of her labor approached, a doctor was provided through Jane Addams's Hull House. In fear and anguish Mother awaited the event. Father could not afford to miss a day's work, and I stayed at home.

Soon Mother's agonized screams sent me running for the doctor. He came, accompanied by a visiting nurse, and I had to watch carefully everything the nurse did so that I could take over when she left. Despite Mother's outcries, the doctor and the nurse paid little attention to her. Probably they knew that there was plenty of time, but I trembled with exasperation at their seeming indifference. Was it because we were poor immigrants that they treated Mother so callously? Humiliated and outraged, I began to weep, and the younger children followed my example.

At last the doctor and nurse approached Mother's bed and in our presence performed the mysterious act of removing a child from its mother's body. Mother's last inhuman scream was followed by the wail of the baby. It was a big baby, a boy with reddish fuzz on his head and full lips. I suddenly felt as if he had been living with us all along.

At this same time Uncle Fox's wife, Beckie, was giving birth in the clean, well lit apartment of her mother, Aunt Yente Chave, on the fifth floor. She came from Chicago Avenue to be delivered under her mother's watchful care, and though Aunt Yente Chave was far from rich, she provided all possible conveniences. A private doctor and nurse were engaged, and Aunt Yente Chave's other daughters were on hand to help. The baby and its mother on the fifth floor were tenderly cared for, while in the basement, once the charity doctor and the nurse had departed, the new mother had about her only her frightened, weeping children.

The celebrations that introduced the babies into the fold of their

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people and their faith brought added humiliation for the baby in the basement. On the fifth floor there was a dignified ceremony, with a prominent rabbi, many well dressed guests, a table laden with wine, brandy, and home-baked cakes. On the barren table in the basement stood a small bottle of whisky with two tiny glasses, one for Father and the other for the impoverished and unknown *mohel* who came to perform the ceremony as an act of charity. There was a plate with salted beans, the only dessert after the drink. The wishes of good luck to Mother were voiced only by the half-starved *mohel,* by Father, whose heart was crying out with shame and pain, and by me, her oldest child, who was feeling the stirrings of revolt against this poverty. The baby on the fifth floor was given an American name, Sydney. Our baby was named Hymie, in good immigrant style, after Grandfather Reb Chaim. When the baby was returned to Mother, she turned her head to the wall so that we should not see her tears.

Rebellion raged within me. Why should others have all the things we didn't have? My indignation became mixed with a great devotion and love for the baby. Had anyone asked me to give my life for Hymie, I would have gladly done so.

My mother was greatly changed. Her body was contorted, and in place of the smile that her lips had so constantly worn was an expression of vague, dark regret.

I worked from seven in the morning to six in the evening, with a half-hour interval for lunch. Since carfare would have consumed the greater part of my week's dollar, I walked to the factory on Jackson Boulevard, and the walk took an hour each way. I was small for my age and slight of build, and the harsh wind would whip me along or hold me back. The Chicago of those days was overridden with rats, and they actually scampered about my feet as I trotted along of a wintry morning under the flickering gas lamps. I hated mice and rats, and I was deeply grateful to the stray dogs that chased them away.

Aunt Yente Chave feared that I might be thought even younger than I was, and so she insisted that I wear a long dress of green wool that she found among the cast-off clothes of her grown daughters. This dress, many years out of style, was short enough in front to expose my laced, high-top shoes, but in back it trailed on

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the ground. Aunt Yente Chave also devised a plan to make my figure seem more mature by wrapping me in an ancient corset with whalebone ribs. Thus padded and uncomfortably dressed, I went to work in the cigar factory.

I made friends with older girls in the factory, Americanized Irish and Poles, and they taught me to speak English. I also learned from them the intimate "secrets of life."

Jake, one of the bosses who looked after the factory, was constantly demanding higher production, and I was always afraid of losing my job. I must have proved satisfactory, however, for Jake decided to make me a stockkeeper. A stockkeeper had to spray a certain liquid on the dry tobacco leaves to give them a special aroma. Another part of my job was to sweep the factory during the half hour that the employees had for lunch. This made me very unhappy, for the other workers gathered in a big room upstairs, ate their lunches quickly, and had fifteen minutes or so for talking, reading, or dancing. I was barred from all this, and ate in weary solitude the food I had brought from home.

More and more I began to resent the fact that I had not been able to go to school. My younger sister, who was attending school, spoke English almost all the time, and that meant that she was rising out of the squalor of immigrant life. My Irish and Polish friends in the factory had had some schooling before they went to work. I suffered because of my ignorance.

Then Rose Aron, a new girl in the factory, told me about night school. She had been graduated from high school, and dreamed of becoming a doctor. When I began talking about attending one of the night classes held for immigrants, Mother objected strenuously: wasn't I tired enough when I returned from work? But Father won that round for me.

The class was made up of older people, and I was like a child among them. Perhaps because of this, the teacher, who had a kind of missionary zeal, took a special interest in me, and I made rapid progress. I would stay up late every night, preparing my lessons by the light of a small candle, and then would rise even earlier than I had done before, in order to have time to stop and read the posters and signs in store windows on my way to work.

I asked my boss for a raise, and, of course, he shouted out his

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refusal, but he did me a favor just the same. There were many cigar stores in Chicago, mostly operated by Germans, that did contract work, and when one of these stores needed a tobacco stripper, Jake would send me. My wages on such an occasion were paid by my temporary employer, and Jake arranged that I should get $1.50 a week. Sometimes, however, my employer ordered me to sweep the store or even to do housework, and then I was humiliated.

Encouraged by Rose Aron, I kept at Jake, and finally he agreed to pay me an additional twenty-five cents a week. I felt now that I was a full-fledged worker, and I mingled with the other workers on terms of equality. They accepted me as a younger sister to be encouraged and helped and taught the facts of life.

One of the best of my teachers was Tony, an Irishman whose right leg had been amputated above the knee. He had a crude wooden stump, and he carried a crutch, but he was strong and agile, and he refused to admit that he was handicapped in any way. When Chicago welcomed President McKinley and Admiral Dewey, the latter fresh from his triumphs over the Spaniards, we had a half holiday. I was caught in the great crowd that thronged the streets for the parade, and felt that I was about to suffocate. Suddenly I was seized by a pair of strong hands, and I heard Tony's gay voice. "Sit, little one," he said, as he swept me to his shoulder. "Look and see what's going on." And there he stood, as if his wooden leg had been welded to the sidewalk, and while the crowd laughed at us, he told me who Admiral Dewey was and what it meant to be President.

This was only the first of many lessons in politics that Tony gave me. A little later, when the news came that President McKinley had been shot by an Anarchist named Czolgosz, Tony bitterly denounced the assassin and all his associates. The Anarchists were not only disloyal to the country, Tony argued; they hurt the cause of labor. For Tony was both a staunch patriot and a great believer in the rights of workingmen. These two sentiments, as I discovered in time, were not incongruous: only the well paid worker can be a good patriot and a positive force in the life of the nation. As for my own feelings about McKinley's death, they were simpler than Tony's: here was I, a poor greenhorn girl, who had a chance to see the President, and suddenly somebody killed him.

From Rose Aron I learned that there was another side to the

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story. Her older sisters and their friends were radicals, some of them Anarchists. They regretted that the President had been shot, but they were not bitter against the man who had committed the crime. From Rose I learned how Emma Goldman, whom the police were hunting on a charge of complicity in the shooting, had voluntarily surrendered herself. When I repeated to Tony what Rose had told me about the Anarchists and their ideals, he muttered something about Jewish girls being too radical. It was not so very much later that he married one of these radical Jewish girls, and learned to depend on her vitality and strength.

Romance as well as politics played a part in the life of the cigar factory. My cousin Abe, a son of Aunt Yente Chave, worked at the same table as gracious, attractive Jenny. Soon he announced that he had chosen a bride and wished to bring her to his home to receive his mother's blessing. Of course Aunt Yente Chave would not consent. She was shocked that a son of hers should even propose such indecent behavior. Summoning the clan, she expressed her indignation. To Abe she said: "You are not to have anything more to do with this Jenny. You will marry the girl that I choose, a girl with a good dowry." To the members of the clan it was inconceivable that Abe should oppose the will of the matriarch. Why, he would be banished from the family, from Chicago, from the world! And Abe could only see things as the clan saw them. Although he continued to adore Jenny, he never again spoke of her at home, and in the end he married the girl Aunt Yente Chave selected.

I had been enchanted by the romance between Abe and Jenny, and I was filled with righteous indignation against Aunt Yente Chave. I called her an old tyrant, and denounced her on every possible occasion. When she heard of this, she said that I, "big as a pea and old as a drop of dew," had better stop meddling in her affairs or she would take me in hand.

She was as good as her word. Her opportunity came just before Christmas. I passed night-school examinations with honors, and the teacher, praising me before the class, presented me with a book. Of course Father and Mother boasted of my triumph, and Aunt Yente Chave heard of it. She shook her head. My teacher was a man? A goi? She shook her head again. Obviously his intentions were dis-

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honorable. But I was only twelve. So much the worse. She convoked a family council, and solemnly asked what should be done. Her husband, her sons and daughters, their wives and husbands, and a host of more distant relatives, all trained to obey her every word, were properly horrified. They surrounded my parents as if some unspeakable calamity had befallen them, and I almost became convinced that I really had committed some terrible sin. My mother and father had no choice but to agree: I must drop out of night school.

What was even worse, I was forbidden to go to Hull House. I had recently been asked by motherly Jane Addams to assist a girls' dancing class, and this little recognition filled me with joy. Aunt Yente Chave wanted to know what I did at Hull House, and when she heard that I was connected with a dance group, she cocked her head and put on an expression of deep significance, as she always did when she was investigating sins. "So that's it!" she said. "No good will come of her!"

Seething with rage, I ran to tell Jane Addams. After listening patiently to my story, she agreed to talk with Aunt Yente Chave. When these two met, the contrast was magnificent. They were both strong-willed women, but their backgrounds were utterly different. Behind Aunt Yente Chave were generations of men and women who had suffered every kind of hardship and persecution in order to live in the way they believed to be right. To her, the least deviation from the established code threatened the whole structure. Jane Addams, on the other hand, the product of generations of freedom and security, believed that standards of conduct could and should be based on reason.

Aunt Yente Chave, wearing a black peruke that formed bangs over her high forehead, was not in the least humble or apologetic when she confronted the founder of Hull House. Nor was Miss Addams in any way critical or condescending. She knew the strength and validity of the way of life Aunt Yente Chave represented, and she did not seek to destroy it, but she also knew that the younger generation in America had to adapt itself to new ways of living, and she was trying to aid in the adjustment.

Hardly speaking the English language, the matriarch from the Russian Pale understood the lady from Cedarville, Illinois, and made herself understood. "Traditions of the home," said Aunt Yente

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Chave, "and commands of the parents must be the basis of training the young."

"The young must be free to experiment," Miss Addams replied. "They must learn to understand the meaning of right and wrong. Life should be interesting and joyful for them."

"Ah," said the matriarch, "we have joy in our homes. We have our celebrations, our weddings. And we know the needs of girls. First, they need loving, watchful parents. Then early marriage and a happy home of their own. I have daughters, so I know this."

"I cannot speak from experience," Miss Addams interrupted. "I have no daughters."

"Only boys?"

"No children at all."

"God have mercy."

"I have never married."

"So you don't know nothing at all."

It was funny, and yet it was sad. Poor Aunt Yente Chave knew how easily a family could be destroyed, its members set to wandering along the highways and byways of exile, never safe from persecution, never secure. What greater opportunity could America offer her than the chance to build an abiding home for her tribe for generations to come? How could she tolerate the least weakening of her power, which was the essential instrument of the only kind of survival she could understand.

Jane Addams could not budge Aunt Yente Chave, but she convinced my parents, and I was grudgingly permitted to return to Hull House. But by now my eyes were dazzled by a brighter vision of freedom, and my feet were set on paths of which Jane Addams might not have approved.

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iii

FREEDOM CALLING

THE WALDHEIM CEMETERY in Chicago was the sacred center toward which the hearts and thoughts of American radicals turned during the last years of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. It meant to them as much as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre means to the Christian, or Mecca to the Moslem, or the Wailing Wall to the Jew.

Anarchists were then the extreme left among radicals. They were blamed for all industrial unrest and for every new idea that agitated society. They were denounced by preachers and hounded by police. And the great martyrs of the Anarchist movement were the men who had been hanged after the Haymarket bomb explosion and had been buried in Waldheim Cemetery.

Every radical knew the Haymarket story by heart. There was a movement for the eight-hour day in Chicago, and it was bitterly opposed. A meeting of strikers was attacked by police, with many persons beaten and several killed. Albert Parsons and other Anarchists called a protest meeting in Haymarket Square. As a force of mounted police dashed into the midst of the little gathering, a bomb exploded, killing both policemen and civilians. No one has ever known who committed the crime, but the Anarchist propagandists were arrested and, after a mock trial that remains a disgrace to America, were found guilty. One was given a sentence of fifteen years in prison; two were doomed to life imprisonment; and five were sentenced to death by hanging. Of these five one committed suicide, and the other four were hanged in a Chicago prison yard on

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November 11, 1887. Six years later, when issuing pardons for the three men who had been given jail sentences, Governor Altgeld of Illinois stated that the trial had been unfair and the judge "maliciously ferocious." He paid a price for that—social and political ostracism. But many years later, in 1947, justice was done to his name, for the State of Illinois celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, with Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas among the speakers.

Chicago Anarchists were particularly strict in their devoted observance of the anniversary of the executions, and they regarded themselves as the heirs of the martyred victims. At the turn of the century, Anarchism was stronger in Chicago than in any other city. There were numerous Anarchist groups and several Anarchist publications, and the Anarchist influence was widespread.

Anarchists differed among themselves on many points. There were those who believed in "direct action," and there were those who repudiated the use of violence. Some advocated "free love," while others lived in conventional respectability. At the heart of Anarchism, however, there was a wonderful vision of human freedom. One might quarrel with the ways in which particular Anarchists sought to realize their ideals, but one could not deny the nobility of the ideals themselves. It is easy to say that Anarchist ideals are impractical, but as I look back and think of friends of mine who have lived by those ideals for half a century, I am not so sure. I have seen ideologies come and go, and I have seen the enthusiastic advocates of some of these ideologies end either in disillusionment or in betrayal of their principles. In a world in which totalitarianism flourishes, I know of no more worthy ideal than the respect for the individual that is the foundation of Anarchism.

I encountered the Anarchist influence in the home of my friend Rose Aron. I had matured rapidly, and I felt myself to be a woman in body and mind though I was scarcely in my teens. The freedom that existed in Rose Aron's home fascinated me, for there the children, not the parents, set the tone. Not only were religious observances neglected; every moral precept was subjected to critical scrutiny. Rose's older sister, Sophie, was a devoted Anarchist, and she filled the house with her friends, who would debate endlessly the issues of the day. The Socialists and the Anarchists were always

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clashing, the former deploring the impracticality of the latter, the latter denouncing the timid respectability of the former.

For a time I was torn by bitter conflicts. Though I had rebelled against the tyranny of Aunt Yente Chave, I was not yet ready for a complete break with the way of life she represented. My friends, in conscious revolt against religion, deliberately flouted orthodox Jewish customs in a way that shocked and embarrassed me. Yet I was irresistibly drawn to the homes of my radical friends.

I was taken to the Sunday evening lectures of the Philosophical Society, where William Francis Barnard spoke on "The Man from Mars." Tall and slim, wearing a soft white collar and loose black tie, Barnard appeared to the girls of his audience to be himself a heavenly being. His voice was melodious and caressing, and his delicate hands and long fingers added to his fascination. At social gatherings, however, when he had had something to drink, he revealed that he was all too much a creature of flesh and blood. Barnard had published a book of poems, *The Tongues of Toil,* and he is entitled to be remembered as a pioneer of the literature of protest, but he subsequently earned his living by writing doggerel for Christmas and Valentine cards, and he was forgotten with his generation.

I read voluminously at the time, and wearied my friends with endless questions. I studied William Morris's *News from Nowhere,* Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* and Grant Allen's *The Woman Who Did* as my grandfathers, Reb Chaim and Avrom Boruch, had studied the Bible. I did not accept all that I read, however, and there were always problems with which I bothered the friends I believed to be better informed.

Certain of my Anarchist friends were great admirers of Moses Harman, who edited a weekly paper called *Lucifer* with the aid of his daughter Lillian. Harman was a pioneer in the fight for the emancipation of women and for both freedom and frankness in sexual matters. The revolution in which he led the way has gone so far that we can scarcely realize how shocking his ideas seemed at the beginning of the century. He was tried for indecency, was imprisoned in spite of his advanced age, and nearly died in jail.

Although the ideas expressed in *Lucifer* interested me, I was embarrassed by the language, which reminded me of the book I had

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heard my mother reading to her sister in Korostyshev. Harman's lectures, on the other hand, I enjoyed, for he knew that the spoken word and the written are different in effect, and he avoided the clinical terminology he used in *Lucifer*. Tall, with a long white beard and white hair that reached to his shoulders, he held his head high and challenged the world. He had been lamed by a bullet in the Civil War, and his daughter Lillian helped him to the platform.

There was another family, the Isaaks, who were often described in Anarchist literature as the perfect embodiment of Anarchist principles. Abe Isaak came to America as one of a group of Mennonites who were escaping from czarist tyranny. He became acutely interested in utopian settlements in America, and he often discussed the problems of coöperative colonies in his paper, *Free Society*, which he and his family wrote, printed, and distributed. According to Anarchist propaganda, each member of the Isaak family—he and his wife had two sons and a daughter—enjoyed complete freedom. I once asked Mary Isaak how she felt about the liberties taken by the various members of her family. She embraced me maternally, and lowered her eyes in silence.

There were also the Kleinmans, who were regarded as practicing the highest type of free morality. Two sisters, Rose and Jessie, shared one lover. How we Anarchists boasted of this! How clearly it proved our superiority to the hypocritical bourgeoisie! Of course we never doubted that Rose, Jessie, and Charlie were all perfectly happy. Then one day Rose left the other two, and, after a period of lonely existence, committed suicide. Later, after Jessie and Charlie had taken up a homestead in Minnesota and Charlie had died in a tragic accident, Jessie was abandoned by her only son, who married a religious girl and forsook the Anarchism of his parents for the orthodoxy of his wife.

The home of the Rubensteins was another Anarchist center. Every Friday evening Anarchists of every nationality were invited to gefülte fish, the traditional Sabbath dish among Jews, which Ida Rubenstein prepared with great skill. The atmosphere of family life and the smell of the spiced fish always reminded me of my own conventional home, but at the Rubensteins', instead of the usual liturgical singing, we sang David Edelstat's Yiddish songs of labor or William Francis Barnard's English songs of freedom.

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Lucy Parsons was usually among the guests. She was of Indian descent, and there was something mysterious in her appearance that added to the air of tragedy that surrounded her. She often kept us breathless with memories of her martyred husband, telling us of the secret meetings for an eight-hour day that he addressed under Chicago bridges. After the Haymarket explosion, he fled to Wisconsin, taking refuge with the father of Dan Hoan, the Socialist mayor of Milwaukee in later years. When the mock trial began, and he realized that his comrades were to be martyred, he surrendered in open court.

For more than half a century after her husband's tragic death, Lucy Parsons wandered over the land, collecting material related in any way, however remote, to the Haymarket affair. Finally total blindness forced her to retire to a wooden shack in the Chicago slums. There fire consumed her. The charred body was found amidst the ashes of the literature she had gathered as a memorial to her executed husband. This happened after the eight-hour day had been achieved, and as the labor movement was moving forward to new victories. Symbolic, indeed! A curtain of flame was lowered between yesterday and tomorrow.

If we had listened to Lucy Parsons on a Friday, we were more likely than ever to go to Waldheim Cemetery on Sunday and look with reverence at the monument to the Anarchist martyrs. I can see it now—a woman's figure on a pedestal and the heroic figure of a man at her feet. Both daring and gentleness are expressed in his face. The woman touches his forehead with one hand, and with the other she points to him, calling for his defense. I could never look on the memorial without a great surge of conflicting emotions, a deep tenderness and a stormy, rebellious resolution.

In the shadow of the martyrs' tomb the path of my future life was marked out.

Bob Robins and I were strolling along the neat paths of Waldheim. I was only fifteen that fall, and I was not large for my age, but I had plenty of vitality now that some of the family cares were off my shoulders, and I had made my presence felt, in my naïve way, at some of the Anarchist gatherings that he and I attended. Because my mother and Aunt Yente Chave had decided that I ought to marry, they had dressed me beyond my age: a skirt that reached to my

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heels, a ruffly waist, a bustle on my almost nonexistent hips, a ribbon bow pinned to my bosom, my red hair brushed back from my forehead. They thought that I was bound to catch a husband, but Bob Robins was not their idea of an eligible male.

Bob was ten years my senior, but so slight, sensitive, and youthful looking that he seemed to be in his teens. Except that he was dark, with brown eyes, we even resembled each other, for we were nearly the same height and we both had small features. His people, unlike mine, were middle-class, Russified intellectuals, and the family had fallen at once into American ways. Bob, the youngest and a studious boy, had chosen the printing trade, and had met his first Anarchist in the New York public libraries. He was now employed, respectably enough, as a bookkeeper and salesman for the National Biscuit Company, but his spare time was taken up with the Isaaks and *Free Society*. Rose Aron warned me: "He believes in free love."

As we sauntered among the green plots and formal trees of Waldheim, Bob told me that he was in love with me.

I replied, blushing, "I am flattered by your sentiments, Mr. Robins."

All at once, in the midst of death, we were arguing bashfully but heatedly about life and free love. Although Bob's favorite authors were Tolstoy, Ibsen, and Shaw, he was the product of a prim and proper era, and while defending his scandalous principles, he carefully addressed me as "Miss Fox." And I, confused as I was at discussing with a man matters that I had never talked about with my most intimate girl friends, never lost sight of convention to the extent of calling him anything but "Mr. Robins."

I knew what I thought about the institution of marriage. I hadn't forgotten the wedding of my mother's sister in Korostyshev, and it seemed to me that the whole procedure had been an outrage to modesty and decent privacy. Marriage, I felt, concerned two persons; it did not concern the public, and it should not be a public affair. I also knew what childbirth was and what the frequent bearing of children did to a woman.

None of this could I say openly to Bob, but I managed to make him understand what I felt. "See," he cried, "you don't think any more of marriage than I do!"

I reminded him that I had observed free unions, too, and that

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the women who accepted them were not any better off than those who were conventionally married. "The woman keeps house for her man, whether he's a husband or a lover," I said. I knew, also, how acute the problem of children could be in free unions. Usually the woman went in dread of pregnancy. If she did have a child, the man resented the curtailment of his freedom, while the woman felt that she was bearing too much of the burden. Often they quarreled, and perhaps the woman was left to bring up her child in loneliness. "No," I decided, "I don't want that."

Without coming to any agreement, we separated, and I went to my home. We were living on Maxwell Street now, in a five-room house. Father was making $11 a week, I was making $7, and my sister $5. We should have been happy—if it hadn't been for me. Mother was kept in a constant state of alarm by Aunt Yente Chave, who was convinced that I was on the verge of ruin, and I fought bitterly against my aunt's attempts to show me off to the suitors she had chosen.

Then, one Sunday, Bob and I went skating in Humboldt Park, and suddenly, as we were circling about, holding hands, he threw his principles to the wind and asked me to marry him. I was so flustered that I tripped on my billowing skirt, and down we both flopped—hard. While the skaters swung around us, jeering good-naturedly, we sat there, clutching each other's hands.

Slowly we walked home, not feeling the cold, planning fast. Neither of us wanted a conventional wedding or a conventional home. I knew what I did not want, and in order to be fair to Bob's convictions as well as my own, I suggested a trial marriage—that is, a marriage by legal contract to end automatically after five years. What a novelty! What a venture! Bob was bewildered, but I pointed out that in that way there'd be no question of one or the other hanging on in case the other stopped caring. We'd save our respect for each other and our pride.

We also resolved to share our home in every sense. I would help Bob provide for it by going on with my work, and he would help me keep it in order. We agreed that under the circumstances we did not want children, but at this point we struck a snag. I insisted that the only way to be safe was to live platonically for the first year. Bob protested. "You're such a baby," he said. Indignantly I referred

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to all the information I had acquired from *Lucifer* and my other reading. Of course I knew that the passions would assert themselves, I told him loftily, but we would have to resist them. At last he accepted my conditions, confident that the situation would take care of itself.

There was one more point to be argued. Knowing how bitterly my family would resent the kind of marriage we were proposing, I said we would have to elope. Since Bob had offered to marry me by any method I chose, his conscience was clear, and he did not like to be put in a false position with regard to my parents. But again he gave in.

One Friday night in January I sat for a long time, writing a note to my parents by the light of the Sabbath candles. The next day my father put up my lunch as he usually did on Saturdays, and since he wouldn't notice if I wore my best, I put on my wine-colored dress with the white piping, and fastened the high, tight, pointed collar. My hands shook as I pinned on the big hat with the row of green velvet leaves.

Father and I were the only ones up. In the tense quarrels between my mother and me he had suffered in silence, as if he felt that his failure in life had robbed him of any right to offer advice. He gave me a little smile as he handed me my lunch, and my good-by stuck in my throat.

When I was out of sight of the house, I turned about and hastened to the small apartment we had furnished. Bob was waiting for me there with a contract that had been drawn up by a lawyer. The terms were those I had laid down. Of course I was under age, but that was never mentioned.

I kept thinking about my mother and wondering if she had found my letter. Finally, after supper, I couldn't stay away any longer, and Bob and I plodded through heavy snow to Maxwell Street. The front room was brightly lighted, and we could look in unobserved from the dark stoop. As soon as I saw the mirror covered over, my heart gave an awful lurch, for that is a sign of death in the family. My mother had said that she would kill herself if I were "ruined"! Though my eyes were blurred, I found the forms of both my mother and father. They were crouched on the floor among our relatives, with the mourning candles at their feet, and beyond the candles I

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half expected to see my corpse. I stumbled down the steps, and Bob caught me.

He was pale and his mouth was tight. In a grocery store a few blocks away the woman behind the counter stared at my tear-stained face and Bob's grim one. "Can you tell us where there is a rabbi?" he asked her.

Eight freezing, snowy blocks away we waited in a totally dark room, where a rabbi was marking the end of the Sabbath. He touched a match to a bit of alcohol in a saucer, and it flared up, showing that the holy day was over. Lights went on and curious faces materialized. Bob explained that we were married but had to have a *ketubah*. After many questions and prolonged meditation, the rabbi agreed to give us the certificate.

Back at the grocery store, Bob folded our contract and the certificate, and the proprietor's son agreed to deliver them. We waited until the boy had knocked on the door and a hand had taken the papers. Then we ran away like a couple of kids who'd thrown a stone.

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iv

STRANGE WORLDS

IT DID NOT take my family too long to recover from its melodramatic grief. After all, I was very much alive. Alive and prospering. Even Hymie, who held out longest because I had hurt Mother, was finally reconciled. Hymie, my little American-born brother, whom I had renamed Howard. (In order to spite Aunt Yente Chave, I had given new names to all the children in my family, myself included, who had been named after members of her family—and my names had stuck.)

I was doing well now in the cigar trade, making a man's wages—$20 a week—at piecework. My new boss was a locally famous Greek named Protopapas, and it tickled him that a ninety-pound chicken—that was his word for me—could keep up with his fastest men. Bob and I moved into an apartment that had steam heat, hot and cold water, and a bathtub! As my relatives lined up for their baths, they could only be impressed by the evidences of our affluence, but they still had a few comments on our peculiar notions. For instance, we took music lessons, which was funny enough. But Bob was studying the piano and I was studying the violin, when everyone knew that the piano was for a girl and the violin for a man. There was no accounting for the things we did!

A year or so after our marriage, Bob and I went to New York to attend his father's funeral, and we decided to stay. We had no trouble finding jobs, and soon we had saved enough to buy a cigar store on Maiden Lane. The New York of 1905 was strange and marvelous

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to me. The tenement house on Mott Street had been torn down, and Chaye the *peddlerke* had vanished. We lived on West Ninety-sixth Street with Bob's family, and I took evening courses at New York University and went with Bob to the opera and the theaters.

New York in the winter of 1905–1906—the New York that I saw at any rate—was seething with excitement. A new wave of immigration had followed the Russian Revolution of 1905, and many of the immigrants had been leaders and heroes of the revolutionary cause. There were meetings and more meetings, as idealism rose to fever heat in immigrant circles.

I particularly remember a meeting we helped arrange, a memorial for Louise Michel, heroine of the Paris Commune, who had died in Marseilles. Two famous women were to speak: Emma Goldman and Catherine Breshkovskaya, the Babushka (little grandmother) of the Russian revolutionaries. Not only that; Johann Most and Alexander Jonas were to take part. What aroused most excitement, however, was not the appearance of the leading Anarchist and the leading Social Democrat on the same platform; it was the fact that Most and Emma Goldman would be brought face to face. Some time before, Most had made a slighting remark about Alexander Berkman, because of Berkman's attempted assassination of Henry C. Frick, and Emma had thereupon appeared at one of his lectures with a whip under her coat, and, when he refused to retract, had horsewhipped him. There had been a great scandal among the Anarchists, and everyone was curious to see what would happen when they confronted one another.

Most was not attractive to look upon, for an unkempt beard rimmed his face and his left cheek was drawn out of shape. In view of his twisted cheek, his illegitimacy, and the persecution to which he had been subjected in many countries, one cannot wonder at his bitterness. "Love has enslaved the world," was his battle cry; "hate will liberate it." Jonas, on the other hand, was calm in appearance and manner, and the views he propounded appealed to the minds of his listeners.

There was no food for scandal in the meeting between Most and Emma Goldman, but the evening was memorable for me. I had heard that Emma Goldman was plain, but on the platform, stimulated by the applause of the crowd, she was wonderfully impressive. Her

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soft, blonde hair and clear skin were set off by her white, starched shirtwaist. Her rimless glasses accentuated the intelligence of flashing gray-blue eyes. Her hands were lovely, small, and white, and were gracefully emphasized by the full sleeves of her blouse that tapered to the wrist. At first I was amazed by her appealing femininity, but as soon as she rose to speak, her bulldog jaw thrust forward, I knew that this was the Emma Goldman I had heard about. From her short, big-busted body poured forth a voice that could compare in volume and resonance with the great voices of the opera stage. It was not a pleasant voice, but what force! And how the audience responded. Ever since Berkman's shooting of Frick in 1892, Emma Goldman, as Berkman's close associate, had been constantly persecuted by the police. We, too, had had our experiences with the police—we were clubbed off the sidewalks after that very meeting—and Emma was our heroine.

Emma Goldman had none of Breshkovskaya's motherliness, but the two seemed to me wholly alike in their profound selflessness, the very quality that both of them attributed to Louise Michel in their speeches about her. This, I felt, was woman's contribution to the social scheme. The Russian aristocrat, the Jewish intellectual, and the middle-class Frenchwoman exalted me with a sense of what I, too, was capable of giving to humanity.

In only one respect did the meeting disappoint me: the audience was almost entirely made up of immigrants, and Jewish immigrants at that. I was proud that the Jewish people, the first to believe in one God, were in the abused vanguard of those who worked for one world, but I wondered what was happening to the native Americans.

One reason for my interest in Emma Goldman was the fact that her brand of Anarchism had an American flavor. She had organized the Free Speech League to combat the anti-Anarchist law passed by Congress in 1903, and many of her associates in the League were native liberals and radicals. At a mass meeting of the League at Cooper Union, which I helped organize, I had a chance to observe for the first time American political notables, college professors, and representatives of prominent families, who were protesting the law along with the Anarchists.

Soon I learned that Americans were not lagging behind in the radical movement. Mother Jones, who had lost her husband and four

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children when yellow fever swept through the workers' section of Memphis, had embraced the cause of labor and won the name of the American Babushka. Big Bill Haywood, as characteristically American as any president of the National Association of Manufacturers, was leading the newly formed Industrial Workers of the World in its fight for industrial unionism. Eugene Debs was reaching countless Americans with his lectures and his editorials in the *Appeal to Reason*, and the Socialist vote was mounting steadily. Upton Sinclair had shocked the country with *The Jungle*, and he and Jack London were active in the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. Countless Americans were alarmed by the rise of monopoly, and many—Charles Edward Russell, for example, Phelps Stokes, John Spargo, Robert Hunter, and William English Walling—became Socialists.

It was at just this time that three officers of the Western Federation of Miners—George Moyer, George Pettibone, and Big Bill Haywood—were accused of having murdered ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho. President Theodore Roosevelt denounced the three labor leaders as "undesirable citizens," and there was immediate protest against this attempt to prejudice their trial. Together with many students, I paraded the Columbia campus, wearing a button that said, "I am an undesirable citizen." It was only a matter of luck that I was not arrested when some of the others were.

In this romantic new world Emma Goldman was still the person who dominated my imagination, and I was breathless with excitement when Bob and I were invited to her apartment at 210 East Thirteenth Street. (It had become a notorious address, for whenever the police found a tinhorn gambler or a woman of the streets living in the apartment house, Emma came in for more publicity.) Emma opened the door. Seen close to, her figure was chunky and graceless, the ankles thick. Her jutting jaw was actually her only bad feature, but it dominated her face. She was lacking in the most ordinary kind of physical appeal, and this, I have come to believe, was her tragedy. She had a fine intellect and great force of character, and could bestow on her lovers a wealth of passion and devotion, but she did not have the rudimentary attractiveness that makes a man look twice at a girl he passes on the street.

She greeted us indifferently, ushered us down a short hall into a

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large front room, thrust us among the other guests, and then sat by herself in nervous agitation. As I afterward found out, she could be genial and outgoing, and I have seen her cook potato pancakes by the hour for a crowd of her friends, but she could be rude and domineering when the mood was on her.

In time she explained to us that she had brought us together to consider a fitting welcome for Sasha (Alexander) Berkman when he was released from prison. Berkman, a youthful intellectual of New York's East Side, with all the romance of the Russian revolutionary movement in his heart, had been roused to indignation by the terroristic methods used against the workers in the Homestead steel strike of 1892, and had gone to Pittsburgh with the deliberate intention of assassinating Henry C. Frick. Although he both shot and stabbed the steel magnate, Berkman failed to kill him. At the time Berkman had been a hero and martyr of the radical movement, but memories are short, and thirteen years is a long time. Emma was resolved that Sasha should not feel that his friends had gone along and left him behind. And I may as well say now that he was received with all the warmth and attention in the world. Years of confinement had increased his diffidence, but there were always friends to bring him out of the background and persuade him to take his rightful place.

I noticed that Emma was cordial only to a tall, broad-shouldered, middle-aged man whom she called "Ibsen." I asked Bob who the man was, and when he whispered back, "Eric B. Morton," my eyes popped out. Before Berkman's sentence was commuted, Morton had dug a tunnel to his cell in the Pittsburgh prison. It was accidentally discovered. Morton had got away, but the police were looking for him.

Later that evening I found myself engaged in an argument over direct action.

"What do you understand by direct action?" Morton asked me.

"Murder," I said.

Morton's laugh boomed out. Bob flushed, fearing that Morton would be too much for me. Detaching herself from the whole business, Emma ruffled through the pages of a book, and I felt that I was through with her for life. We kept it up, with Morton quoting Karl Heinzen, citing various German and Russian revolutionaries, and giving all the classical arguments for direct action. I refused to be intimidated by his vehemence.

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Months later our conversation had a sequel. Just as Bob and I were closing our cigar store for the night, a wagon stopped in front of the door, and out of it climbed the driver and Eric Morton, carrying between them a large, sealed crate. Indicating with a wink that we were not to ask questions, Eric came back for a second crate. Then, when the driver had left, he said: "I am continuing the debate on propaganda by direct action, and I have brought two crates of arguments." He threw back his head and roared at our stricken faces. "Arms for Babushka's revolutionaries," he explained. "I'll take them off your hands in the morning." At this point a young Irish policeman came along to try the doors, and he and Morton swapped jokes. After the policeman had gone on to the next store, Morton said quietly: "I don't agree with you, little Lucy, but I do trust you. Emma says you're first-rate. We'll finish that discussion when I get back from Russia."

New York was wonderful. Bob and I had prospered, had made many friends, had shared in a great swirling movement for social change. But now our eyes were on the West. Many radicals were saying that in New York they were shut off from American life. On the west coast were the centers of native radicalism.

We arrived in San Francisco, still cluttered with the debris of the great earthquake. Our first friends were Dr. Rose Fritz and her adopted daughter, Nan, who was about my age. Dr. Fritz was an obstetrician, an opponent of discrimination against the Japanese, and an ardent vegetarian. Through her we met many vegetarians. There was Darling the Nature Man, who refused not only to eat flesh but also to wear garments made of animal matter. Winter and summer he lived in the hills on the outskirts of San Francisco, wearing only a strip of linen round his loins. There was Cassius V. Cook, who had given up his career as a lecturer to sell peanut butter. And there was the friend of both Darling and Cook, Jack London.

Jack London not only converted us to vegetarianism but persuaded us to establish a vegetarian restaurant. "You'll do all right," he said, with a touch of the practicality that was one of his many contradictory qualities. "People are always taking up new ideas, and the only vegetarian restaurant in town was burned out." London at that time was writing *The Iron Heel*, was building the *Snark* for a

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voyage through the seven seas, and was buying land for a Socialist colony. By the time we opened our restaurant, he had abandoned vegetarianism and was living on raw meat.

I studied vegetarian cooking at the St. Helena Sanitarium near Napa, and we called our restaurant the St. Helena Vegetarian Café. We rented part of a big shack on Market Street, papered the inside with a warm, red-flower pattern, and hung up racks of newspapers and magazines in imitation of the European cafés. While gangs of fishermen, dock workers, longshoremen, stokers, and sailors thronged the bars and brothels of the waterfront, we of the radical tribe sat over our chaste dishes on crisp linen, discussing the revolutionary parties of all the European nations.

Only once did we come out of our ivory tower. Joe Ettor, an I. W. W., had tried to organize the Italians who were cleaning up the wrecked city, and had been arrested. We held a protest meeting, but it accomplished nothing, and, as a matter of fact, Ettor hadn't accomplished much either, for the Italians had preferred to rely on the San Francisco Labor Council, which won for them some small but immediate gains. There was a bitter fight going on at this time over the Schmitz-Ruef Labor Party administration, but of course we couldn't be concerned with such a minor matter as a thieving local government. We blamed Samuel Gompers for everything, and let it go at that.

Our restaurant was one of two centers for the radicals of San Francisco. The other was the Liberty Book Store, which was operated by Alexander Horr and William McDevitt, the former an Anarchist single taxer, the latter a Marxian Social Democrat. The Liberty Book Store carried only the literature of social protest, and the proprietors would argue hotly with any customer who was indiscreet enough to ask for a novel. A little man, redheaded, quick in his movements, Horr always reminded me of mercury. He came frequently to the restaurant, but for argument not for food. Why should anyone be concerned about the body, he asked, when only the spirit mattered? He also liked to argue about free love, though his own life was extremely ascetic.

Personal problems seemed unimportant in comparison with the vast issues that our guests, often in chorus, debated daily in the restaurant. Time passed, and Bob and I realized that we had been mar-

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ried for five years. I insisted that our agreement must be kept, and in spite of Bob's protest we entered upon a trial separation. That is, we lived apart, though we continued to operate the café as partners.

The separation would have been of little importance except for an accident. One day Horr was discussing the problem of marriage with Edward Morgan, a vague and dreamy apostle of pure reason, who spoke on street corners for the "Wobblies" and was known as the Preacher. Bob took a hand in the argument, as he often did, and mentioned our trial marriage and trial separation. Horr listened as if a revelation had been vouchsafed him, and returned to his bookshop bubbling over with excitement.

Horr's enthusiasm spread the story until it reached the newspapers. The San Francisco *Call* devoted half a page to it, with denunciatory statements from eleven prominent ministers and clubwomen. The other papers took the scent, and there were headlines, editorials, and even cartoons. I was "a girl on lease for five years," and a "wife" in quotes only. Our contract was a "veil to cover the shame of free love."

Of course it all seems humorous enough now, but I was twenty, and this was my first experience with journalistic mudslinging. It made no difference that Bob and I cared deeply and faithfully for each other. The papers could not talk about our "love" without leaving a vulgar imprint.

Even Upton Sinclair was involved. When Annie Laurie of the San Francisco *Examiner* asked him what he thought of our trial marriage, he said that he admired our courage, and added—it was a commonplace enough statement even in those days—that marriage was desecrated when a woman had to marry for a meal ticket. But Annie Laurie's report of the interview was headed, "Upton Sinclair Regrets His Marriage," and a wire came from Mrs. Sinclair in New York saying that under the circumstances he need have no further regrets. Sinclair called Annie Laurie a liar, and she called him "Sissy Sinclair."

"Trial Marriage—the Scandal of the City" was the advertised topic of a sermon at a big church. Bob went incognito and heard himself denounced. "'The man, not the woman, planned the sinful cohabitation,'" Bob quoted to me wryly. "That minister may know human nature, but he doesn't know you, Lucy."

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My mother sent frantic, piteous inquiries. What had I done now? The Chicago papers were claiming the "sinful marriage" as their own.

Embarrassed because his indiscretion had been the cause of the scandal, Alexander Horr publicly declared his undying love for me and, in defiance of all his principles, offered to make me his legal wife. He even asked Bob to intercede on his behalf!

Of course the newspaper publicity brought me many invitations to lecture to various clubs and societies, and the letters I received from women all over the country gave me a staggering insight into the state of sexual morality in America. I steadfastly refused to make addresses or to give advice. I hadn't advocated and wasn't interested in advocating trial marriage for everybody; I had simply tried to make a workable plan for Bob and me.

Out of the ordeal came one enduring friendship. Jean Glasser sought me out, fear and resolution mingled in her remarkable gray eyes. The Socialist party, to which she and her husband had both belonged, had been rent by a bitter fight over poor, harmless William McDevitt, Alexander Horr's partner. The bookstore made only the smallest of profits, and McDevitt had been persuaded by a friend to take a twenty-dollar-a-week job with the municipal administration. According to the more orthodox Socialists, this meant that he was serving the interests of a capitalistic government, and they demanded and brought about his expulsion from the party. Jean's husband accepted the decision of the majority, but to Jean, McDevitt's expulsion was a tyrannical infringement of personal liberty, and she turned away from the Socialists. The decision brought a domestic clash, and it was about this that Jean wanted to talk to me. "If you can separate from the man you love," she demanded, "why shouldn't I leave a man I don't love?" There was also the problem of their child, who should not be left, she said sternly, in an environment that discouraged independence of spirit. I took Jean to live with me for a time, and I helped to find a home for Charlie, her son. Through the years we shared our pleasure in Charlie's growth as a socially minded industrialist and a pioneer in the X-ray sciences.

The scandal over our trial marriage was unpleasant, but the incident had one redeeming feature. I didn't see it then, and that in itself is the best possible comment on one aspect of our changing land. I

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look back now and realize that not a story, not a sermon, not an editorial or resolution pointed out that Bob and I, "the godless Anarchists," the "destroyers of hearth and home," were Jews.

I heard a rollicking laugh, and Eric Morton strode into the café. He had with him a Swede who was even bigger than he, and the two men looked far, far down to the chef's cap on my head. "This is O. A. Tveitmoe," Morton said, and then to his friend, "This is the little lady who doesn't believe in direct action but sometimes practices it." He turned again to me. "So you're a chef," he said. "Well, I've been an English prince in Russia and a Russian count on an English yacht. In my present incarnation I'm a Danish cattle dealer."

Morton and Tveitmoe visited the café frequently after that. Tveitmoe represented the American Federation of Labor on the west coast, and was secretary of the San Francisco Building Trades Council. Schmitz and Ruef had been jailed, but the council was still a power in city politics, and Morton was full of ideas and ambitions.

Sometimes Andrew Furuseth joined his fellow Scandinavians. His long, thin face and eagle beak were known in most of the world's ports. A Norwegian by birth, he had agitated against the British among the Calcutta fishermen. He had entered this country illegally, and had tramped the Oregon forests with Knut Hamsun. He had befriended a young oyster pirate named Jack London, who later immortalized him in *The Sea Wolf*. Heading the sailors' union in San Francisco, he was carrying on an unceasing fight for federal laws to protect maritime workers. Accepting no more pay than the wages of a common seaman, he devoted himself absolutely to the seamen's cause, and he had made himself an authority on maritime law. In manner he was austere and almost moody. To a judge he once said: "You can lock me up. I don't mind it. You'll feed me enough to keep me alive, and you can't make me any lonelier than I am now."

Matthew Schmidt would sometimes join the others. Years later he confessed to me: "I used to drop in just to look at you, Lucy, and to listen to the talk. Then I'd hop around the corner and order a big, juicy steak." Schmidt was an Anarchist in politics and a machinist by trade. He was not only a first-rate mechanic but had a deep, almost mystical affection for machines.

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There was plenty of talk in the café. Tveitmoe and Morton were not involved in the graft of the city administration, but they were completely cynical. "We want equality in all respects," Morton would say. "Other classes have their grafters; why not labor?" Control of the city government, he pointed out, meant police protection in strikes, and it was worth whatever it cost. The employers did not hesitate to use violence, he said, and the workers could not afford to be more squeamish than their enemies. Matthew Schmidt listened with a thoughtful smile.

Emma Goldman came to town, and Horr, Cassius Cook, Dr. Fritz, and I planned her meetings. She had been in San Francisco about a year earlier, speaking on pacifism, and five thousand people in her audience had been electrified when a young man in the uniform of the United States Army walked up to the platform and shook her hand. This soldier—William Buwalda by name—was followed to the Presidio by plain-clothes men, was arrested, court-martialed, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He was subsequently pardoned by President Theodore Roosevelt, after serving ten months of his sentence, and had been at liberty for only a fortnight or so when Emma returned. Although he had attended her meeting only out of curiosity, he had become an Anarchist during his months in prison, and had sent to the Secretary of War, with a scornful letter, the medal he had won in the Philippines. With such proof of Emma's influence, it is no wonder that we believed the revolution was at hand.

On this second visit Emma was arrested and charged with "conspiracy, making unlawful threats, using force and violence, and disturbing the public peace." She was held under $2000 bail, and Cassius Cook and I helped to raise the money. While she was in jail, I carried her meals to her daily, and she was grateful, though, of course, she couldn't resist making satirical remarks about my vegetarianism. She also scolded me for making so little of the opportunity that had been provided by the scandal over my contract marriage. "I'd have started a campaign against the churches," Emma shouted. "I'd have proclaimed to the whole world that I believed in free love."

Next day she reached through the bars of the visiting room and clung to me, tears rolling down her cheeks, as she told me of the

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death of her father. Recalling a Jewish religious custom, she asked me to give my package of food to the women prisoners who were mopping the floor. She told me a little about her family. "The poor old folks," she said.

But in the next breath she flew at the guard, who had said something kind. "If you had a heart," she cried, "let alone a mind, you couldn't be a jailer."

As I walked home slowly with the empty dishes, I wondered what Emma expected of human beings. I knew that I could never be a great revolutionist. On the one hand, I was too soft not to respond to sympathy and friendliness from whatever source. On the other, I was too stubborn, too fond of my own way, to submit to the discipline of a revolutionary movement.

This was a time of questioning for me. Bob and I were still apart, and I was trying to decide what I wanted to make of my life. The children on my block had given me a white poodle, Toy, who was my constant companion. On Sundays Toy and I, sometimes with Nan Fritz, would join the rest of the city. There never were such Sundays in any other part of the land. There will never again be such Sundays in San Francisco. The whole city streamed away of a Sunday morning to the woods and hills—hiking or bicycling. And we came home in the twilight, with our arms full of flowers, as from a pagan festival. The clouds were scarlet over the Golden Gate, and around the ferries the air was white with gulls. Listening to the myriad church bells, I would ask myself if I were happy.

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V

WANDERERS

TOGETHER AGAIN, Bob and I set out for Home Colony on the shores of Puget Sound. Now that our marriage had been tested, we wanted children, and we wanted the right environment in which to bring them up. Home Colony was one of many utopian settlements founded on the west coast by Anarchists and Socialists. There were about sixty families, of various nationalities, and each planned its own affairs. Home Colony imposed on its members no religious or ethical rules of conduct, leaving each settler free to live his own life. The settlers raised fruit, berries, vegetables, and sometimes chickens, and the surplus was sold in Tacoma.

We were to stay with our former Chicago friends, Mike and Ida Rubenstein, and Ida met us at the pier. The colony was a crazy quilt of tents, shacks, and neat cottages. With Mike working as a tailor in Tacoma, the Rubensteins were comparatively well off, and lived in a five-room frame house. When we looked out of their windows at the snow-covered peaks of Mount Rainier, glistening like a tiara of diamonds, we were sure that we should want to live here for the rest of our lives.

We felt at once the fine atmosphere of freedom. I was particularly struck by the frankness and friendliness that existed between generations. In cities radical families tend to disintegrate, with the children as often as not becoming conservatives, but the youth of Home Colony seemed to follow in the footsteps of its elders.

Often a Home Colony family consisted only of a woman and her children. Since Anarchists did not believe in marriage, a man and woman would live together as "friends," and if there ceased to be

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any common ground between them, they separated. Usually the woman took the children and did her best to bring them up as good Anarchists. Home Colony naturally attracted women in such circumstances, and the colony was proud of its "free" families.

One of these mothers was Gertrude Vose, a daughter of pioneers, an early feminist, and a very lovable woman. Gertie had separated from her free-love husband and settled with her children in Home Colony. A daughter, with a family of her own, also lived in the colony. A son, Donald, was the apple of Gertie's eye. This Donald Vose was to play a part in my life.

We tried our hand at farming, with the comforting realization that if we failed as farmers we could get jobs in Tacoma, as Mike Rubenstein and others had done, and still have our home for week ends. In no time we were absorbed in the chief community project—an attempt to publish a paper, not for ourselves but for the outside world. No group of dissenters can exist without wanting to brag about its achievements. We had a name for our paper, *The Agitator,* and an editor, Jay Fox, but no money.

Jay and Esther Fox were also former residents of Chicago. Jay was a calm, slow-moving individual who was convinced that the world could be saved by the general strike. Far from the madding crowd, he expounded his theories in articles and pamphlets, and only occasionally wondered why his advice wasn't taken. He could draw a beautiful picture of the general strike—no turning wheels, no clanging hammers, no smoking factory chimneys—and sometimes I felt he loved the idea of the general strike because it would be so restful.

One of Jay's disciples, William Z. Foster, was visiting the Foxes, along with Harry Kemp and Joe Manley. At the moment Foster was a Wobbly, and he had come to Home Colony straight from a factional row in the Socialist party in Seattle. Jay Fox and Bill Foster resembled each other, though Bill was younger and more sociable. They were about the same height, both slim and lithe, and both imperturbable. Between them moved the dark and voluptuous Esther Fox, a figure of Oriental romance. Later she left Jay for Bill, but the three remained friends.

We had a conference at the Foxes', and it was decided that we hold a Fourth of July picnic to raise funds for the *Agitator*. Of course

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the Anarchists and most of the other people at Home Colony disapproved of nationalism and scorned the celebration of national holidays, but the Fourth made a good occasion for a picnic, and we sold tickets in Seattle and Tacoma and arranged for a special boat.

The schoolhouse was the center of community life, used for dancing classes, lectures, and meetings of all kinds. On its walls were portraits of Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, Peter Kropotkin, and Michael Bakunin, the great heroes of the radical world. In preparation for the holiday, we carefully decorated the schoolhouse. We wanted our visitors to see the portraits on the wall and to realize that this was no bourgeois institution but the abode of free spirits.

The Fourth was a fine day, with a mild, clear sun shedding its light on the waters of the Sound. We set up our picnic tables, and there were the fine smells of roast chicken, fresh bread, and huckleberry pie. Bursts of firecrackers could be heard in neighboring villages, and everyone was in a holiday mood.

Suddenly there was a rush of children toward the schoolhouse, their faces flushed with excitement. Before we could realize what was happening, they pulled down the portraits of the great revolutionaries and put photographs of Washington and Theodore Roosevelt in their place. Led by Donald Vose, who was then about seventeen, they fastened to the wall a large American flag, and then they tore to bits the portraits of the men revered by their parents.

There was nothing we could do then, for the children had timed their raid to coincide with the docking of the boat, and the picknickers were swarming up the hill, but in the evening, when the visitors had gone, the community assembled in the schoolhouse. The boys and girls were not so keyed up with excitement as they had been while the raid was on, but they were not ashamed, and they were quick to speak up.

"Donald told us to do it. We don't want European pictures. They have American pictures in schools."

"We didn't want the people from the boat to see the foreign pictures. They'd call us greenhorns."

"The fellows in the other towns won't let us on the ball teams. They say you spit on the flag."

"Yeah, they call us bastards. . . ."

"We're Americans. We want a regular Fourth."

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The hoarse, uncertainly pitched voices of the late teens rose angrily: "We don't wanna be crackpots. We don't wanna be bastards."

We had all been deceiving ourselves. Resentment had been smoldering for a long time. These boys and girls did not want to be set apart from their contemporaries, did not want to be jeered at and treated as freaks. Remembering my own rages against the traditions of an older generation, I could not fail to sympathize with them, but I was sorry for their parents.

There were other signs of strain at Home Colony. A great hullabaloo was started in the neighboring villages about the nude bathing at the colony. I saw nothing strange in the custom, for my Grandmother Broche and her daughters had bathed naked in the river Teterev in Korostyshev. In the warm months the colonists bathed every evening for sanitary reasons. The sexes were adequately segregated, and the bathing was a routine matter. The neighbors, however, pretended to be scandalized, and their indignation was encouraged by certain storekeepers who feared the competition of Home Colony's cooperative store.

Because of the pressure of its enemies in near-by towns, Home Colony lost its post office and was subjected to other forms of persecution. Far more serious was the dissension that developed within the colony itself. The extremists insisted that this was a matter of principle and refused to make the least concession. Bitter controversy arose between these extremists and the more moderate members, and in the end the two groups were hurling scandalous charges at each other. The young people took this occasion to renew their attacks on their elders, and certain of them, including Donald Vose, actually spread fantastic stories of Home Colony's immoralities in the adjacent settlements.

It was at this time that we read in the papers about the dynamiting of the Los Angeles *Times* Building, owned by union-hating General Otis. There was nothing in the first stories to connect any of the people we knew with this incident, and we took only a mild interest in the affair. Then one day Flora Caplan stepped off the boat with her two children. Flora and David Caplan, old friends of ours, had owned a grocery store in San Francisco, and had been so

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wrapped up in each other and the children and the business that I had felt they were lost to the radical cause. Now I learned to my amazement that Dave was suspected of having had a share in the blowing up of the *Times* Building. Flora knew only that he had been warned that he was under suspicion and that he had gone into hiding. She could not see how she was going to take care of the children, and she was afraid that she might be pregnant.

I grew restless and spent much of my time in taking long walks under the shadow of Mount Rainier, accompanied only by Toy. Often we encountered parties of surveyors. I thought nothing of them, but Toy barked at them furiously. Later I learned that Toy was right in distrusting these men, for they were agents of William J. Burns.

Perhaps we weren't ready to settle down. Perhaps Home Colony had proved too much of a disillusionment. At any rate Bob and I were glad to leave. In Seattle, where we found jobs, we were forced to realize that the Los Angeles dynamiting had affected the whole labor movement on the west coast. Although incredible rewards had been offered, no arrests had been made. Certain names, however, were frequently mentioned in the papers: Eric Morton, A. O. Tveitmoe, Anton Johannsen, and Matthew Schmidt—all men who had debated direct action in our café.

Up and down the Pacific coast, labor unions were taking sides. Feeling in Seattle was particularly strong because the city stood in the same relation to San Francisco as did Los Angeles. Both Los Angeles and Seattle had fewer and weaker unions and a lower wage level than the Golden Gate City, and in both cities open-shop manufacturers were determined to hold on to their advantage. Union members were agreed that Seattle should be organized as rapidly as possible, but they disagreed as to methods, with one faction advocating a violent response to the violence of the manufacturers.

Just then a strike for union recognition among ironworkers on the Seattle waterfront precipitated the issue. The strikers summoned the other workers on the job to walk out in sympathy, and the Building Trades Council voted down the proposal. The ironworkers, a hard-fisted lot, naturally denounced the leadership of the council, and many of them joined hands with the I.W.W. The I.W.W. was

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rapidly growing in influence, and some heads of A.F. of L. unions were I.W.W. members. One such A.F. of L. Wobbly was "Red" Duncan, who later was given nation-wide publicity during the Seattle general strike.

The I.W.W. announced a "giant street meeting" to support the ironworkers. The city was on edge, with employers predicting a reign of terror. A.F. of L. unions condemned the meeting, and police forbade it. Without asking myself what on earth I was doing among the direct actionists whose tenets I had always disputed, I threw myself into arrangements for the rally, and spent hours on street corners handing out leaflets.

Why did I do it? Neither Bob nor I could be called frustrated in any economic sense, for we had proven again and again that we could adjust ourselves to the economic system even though we didn't approve of it, could earn a living without any trouble, run a profitable business, amass capital. So what impelled me? I put the blame on my grandfather, that Chaim the Hospitable who used to race around Kiev, with his caftan flopping open over his rolled-down boots, while he looked out for everybody who had got into trouble.

The police rescinded their veto, and the street meeting was held. What a fiasco it was! The police ranged themselves in front of the small wooden platform to protect *us* against the working class—or, at any rate, that portion of the working class that was opposed to the I.W.W. Our star speaker, Joe Hill, maker of Wobbly songs and later a Wobbly martyr, was ready to charge that General Otis had dynamited the *Times* Building himself, but he couldn't make himself heard above the catcalls of the lumberjacks and longshoremen. We stood there, our faces growing redder and redder, and at last we went home.

Back in San Francisco, I found Eric Morton's eyes as mirthful as ever, his laugh as jovial. When I touched on the dynamiting, however, his laugh broke off. "The less said about that, the better, little sister." I gave him a questioning glance. "I'm in the clear," he assured me. Then he added somberly, "It's a good thing you were out of the café. It would have been raided. Do you know that Schmidty is hiding out?"

I didn't. Matthew Schmidt had not figured in the stories any

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more than David Caplan had. Schmidty was blind in one eye, and he had a tough look, but it belied his intellectual personality, his humor, and the sweetness of his nature. He was an idealist but no fanatic. He would sacrifice himself for the sake of the classless society, but I couldn't imagine his taking human life, and I said so.

Eric did not reply, except indirectly, and that surprised me, for he had always been straightforward. "Something may happen in Los Angeles," he said, "that will cause our kind greater concern."

Everywhere I heard discussion of the dynamiting. The killing of twenty workmen was everywhere admitted to be a crime, but it was believed that this very point proved the innocence of labor, since direct actionists prided themselves on delegating one of their number to get watchmen and other workers out of the way of any blast they planned. As for the bombing of the building itself, most union members and many other San Franciscans felt about it as they would have felt about the bombing of an enemy city in war. General Otis, who drove an armored car with a small cannon mounted on it, was determined to make Los Angeles an industrial city by fair means or foul. His so-called "American Plan" not only fined and blacklisted union members but also barred balky employers from materials and credits. Many San Francisco manufacturers gave their blessing to the A.F. of L. when it began its campaign to organize Los Angeles labor.

We ourselves were drawn closer to the vortex that the dynamiting had created. Flora Caplan returned from Home Colony, and each morning, on her way to work, she brought her two children to the couple of furnished rooms we had rented, and each night she picked them up on her way back. The circles under her eyes darkened daily and her cheekbones stuck out. She was pregnant; no doctor would help her; and her attempts to induce a miscarriage had failed. Her situation was indeed pitiful, for she lived, under an assumed name, in constant dread of the police, and she never knew when she might hear that her husband had been arrested. She was, moreover, desperately poor and wholly dependent on the job she had secured in a San Francisco department store.

At last, on Christmas Eve, after the store closed, Flora and I joined a number of women who were sitting stiffly on kitchen chairs in a back room on Mission Street. The women whispered restlessly, and

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when a groan came from the inner room, they sighed and shuddered, but no one fled. Some, the mothers of large families, were old patients of the midwife, whom they called the "Holy Saint." I wondered if they had ever heard of Emma Goldman and Margaret Sanger, who had served prison terms for advocating birth control as an alternative to abortion. They were grateful enough for the "Holy Saint." If in their desperation they risked death at her hands, they knew that she was gambling with prison to help them—and not for gain, for she charged fifty cents. Not one of her clients ever told on her.

Flora stretched out on a long table covered with a soiled sheet, and the rotund, motherly old midwife poured her out a slug of whiskey. As she picked up her instruments—unsterilized, of course—she grinned cheerfully at my green face. "Yes, dearie, it's bad business," she said. "If our Holy Mary had lived in times like these, maybe we wouldn't of had a Christmas at all."

"I'll wait outside," I said suddenly, and staggered downstairs and into the air just in time.

After I had put Flora to bed, Bob and I played Santa Claus to the children, and then we took them out to see the giant tree at the corner of Market and Kearney. Hundreds of youngsters in vestments were singing Christmas carols, with the crowd joining in. Bob reminded me that religion was the opium of the people, but the air of good-fellowship went to my head, and I was grateful for a pinch of opium. Catching at our neighbors' hands, the Caplan children and I danced around the dazzling tree with most of San Francisco.

That night the strikebound Llewellyn Iron Works in Los Angeles was blown up. I could only wonder whether this was the "something" that Eric had hinted at.

Since we were footloose, Bob and I inevitably drifted to Los Angeles, and at once we found ourselves caught up in the ceaseless turmoil of the radical movement. There was the case of Adeline Pizzero, wife of an Italian who had been deported under the anti-Anarchist law. She was constantly being investigated by detectives, and we helped her to get away and join her husband. Then there were two Japanese painters, Fuigu and Salii, who were in danger of deportation. We collected enough money to move them east.

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But my capacity for indignation was exhausting itself. I wanted to visit my family, and Bob was willing.

Mother put her arms around me, and I could read her most urgent question in her look: Wasn't it high time for me to be a "real" wife, to bear children? Father smiled broadly whenever he caught my eye, and I knew he was taking pride in my self-assurance and the breadth of the life I had been leading.

Mother, a vigorous replica of her own mother, the matriarch of Korostyshev, had reason to take pride in her family. Although he was still withdrawn and quiet, my father was earning good wages, and they had bought a house on Washburn Street, "out of the ghetto." Willie had become the fastest cigar maker in Chicago, and Howard, tall, blond, and energetic was doing well in high school. My sister was about to be married. Aside from my own unconventionalities, Mother could regret only the disappearance of my next to the youngest brother, Sam, who had run away from home and had appeared briefly in New York while Bob and I were living there. We had heard nothing from him since, and whenever Mother mentioned him, she wiped her eyes.

We had scarcely arrived before Mother was busy with her schemes. "You can be *unterführers* at your sister's wedding," she said. "I didn't have the pleasure of leading my eldest daughter under the canopy, and at least you can do this for me."

In an orthodox ceremony the *unterführers* give the bride away. My old horror of weddings flared up, but Bob quietly argued that I should consent. "We didn't come here to hurt the old folks," he said.

"And think," Mother said slyly, "think what Aunt Yente Chave and the Northsiders will do if you're *unterführers!* They'll bust!"

Uncle Fox and his relatives were now living in the better residential section, and it was an unwritten law among these Northsiders that Uncle Fox and his wife, as the richest members of the tribe, should give away its brides. Aunt Yente Chave had established the rule, and she would never dream that poor relations like us would challenge it. But this was just what Mother meant to do—and at the same time show them all how well I had turned out in spite of all the prophecies of ruin and disaster.

The canopy was up in the public hall where the wedding was to take place, the candles were burning, the cantor and fiddlers were

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in place, when it dawned on my aunt that she had been deposed. "That *Socialistke* and her atheist husband under the canopy!" she cried. "All Northsiders are going home." Dutifully the members of the tribe began to line up behind her, but Uncle Fox shook his head. Even at the risk of offending the matriarch, he refused to hurt his sister, my mother. The ceremony went on as planned, with Aunt Yente Chave glowering in a corner. Poor Aunt Yente Chave—her day was done!

We were still gypsies. Off we went to New York, and I got a job as waitress at Coddington's, a famous restaurant on Sixth Avenue. I was taking courses at Scudder High School, and I went to the restaurant at four in the afternoon, my books under my arm. I was on duty until one, but there was usually a slack period between nine and eleven, and then I would sit in a corner and do my homework. According to the customers, I had a sharp tongue, but I also had a good memory, and I could serve twenty diners at a time without tripping up on an order. By that time I had nearly finished a novel, and Edwin Bjorkman, who did translations of August Strindberg on small corner tables at Coddington's, introduced me to a literary agent, Harold Paget.

There was plenty of talk at Coddington's, for after rush hours the upper restaurant was turned into a kind of clubhouse for the regulars. The Los Angeles dynamiting was in the news again, for William J. Burns had arrested three men for the crime: James B. and John J. McNamara and Ortie McManigal. Nobody I knew—no Schmidty, no Caplan, no Eric Morton! I had no idea whether the McNamaras were direct actionists or not, but I knew that Burns had illegally transported the prisoners to California and that McManigal sounded like a stool pigeon. Remembering the Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone case, I cried "Frame-up!"

Bob, who was doing well as a printer, urged me to give up the job at Coddington's. My studies and my work, he felt, were absorbing all my energies. I had little interest in the radical causes that attracted him, and our lives seemed for the first time to be taking different directions. I could not imagine staying on in New York unless I was working, but when Bob began to talk about the South—which we had never explored—I was interested.

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Having got a job as commission agent for a group of fruit shippers, Bob went on ahead, and his letters were full of the wonderful possibilities of establishing cooperatives among the tobacco and cotton planters. Montgomery, Alabama, according to him, was a perfect paradise. Bob always had a passionate desire to strike roots, and he convinced himself that we would spend the rest of our lives in Montgomery.

When I got off the train, Bob met me with a shining face and a bouquet of southern roses. The roses soon wilted in the heat, and that was an omen.

Two memories come back to me from our brief stay in the Deep South. The other half of the house we rented was occupied by a family of Unitarians. We were the first Jews—or, as they delicately put it, Hebrews—they had become friendly with, and they took a great interest in us and our beliefs. They wanted to know in what sense we were Jews if we didn't profess the Jewish faith. We had no interest in Zionism or other Jewish national movements, and the question seemed unanswerable. Then they asked us about Jewish history and traditions, and when we couldn't satisfy them, they studied the subject and told us. I did know about the celebration of the Jewish holidays, and I described to our neighbors the special foods that go with the different days. They were fascinated, and insisted that I demonstrate without waiting for the sacred days to come around. So I cooked cheese blintzes (for Shvuoth, when the Law was brought down from Mount Sinai), *kreplech* (for the Feast of Tabernacles), *matzoh* balls (for the Passover), and *homen tashen* (to celebrate the downfall of Haman). Their interest in Jewish lore gave me a new awareness of the rich Jewish culture in which I shared, and I was ashamed that I knew so little about the history of my people.

My other memory of Montgomery is connected with a shabby old house. "You come from Chicago, ma'am?" the vegetable peddler said, pointing it out to me. "These heah folks is kin to a man that was hanged up there. Name of Albert Parsons." Even in that sleepy, out-of-the-world place I was reminded of the Haymarket tragedy.

Montgomery's languor was not for us. As we boarded the train, Toy licked our hands and faces, as if he, too, rejoiced in the return to the Golden Gate.

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vi

DYNAMITE

HIS BROAD face purple, Eric Morton stormed at Gompers for denouncing the McNamara brothers as "insane criminals." "If they were insane, so was the whole labor movement," he raged. There was no more laughter, no more debonair adventurousness in him. He seemed to be choking with his own impotence.

James B. McNamara, Eric told us, had often come to our St. Helena Café under an assumed name. Eric did not condemn the brothers for their confession; his wrath was directed against Lincoln Steffens and Clarence Darrow, who had persuaded them to confess, and against the labor leaders who sanctimoniously washed their hands of the whole business.

Other radicals were less tolerant of the McNamaras, but they agreed with Eric in damning Steffens and Darrow. Steffens had won a great reputation as a liberal journalist by his muck-raking crusades against municipal and state corruption, and his engaging personality had made him countless friends. Darrow had been Debs's lawyer after the Pullman strike of 1894, had fought for the anthracite miners in Pennsylvania in 1902, and had won a great victory over Borah in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case.

As for the McNamaras themselves, their situation, before the confession, appeared far from hopeless. Assured of their innocence, Samuel Gompers had visited them in jail, and had summoned the A.F. of L. to their support. Debs, Emma Goldman, and Bill Haywood had organized the radicals. Defense funds rolled in from millions of workers. Moreover, Job Harriman, Socialist party candidate

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for mayor of Los Angeles, had an excellent chance of winning, and it was probable that a victory for him would affect the outcome of the case. John J. McNamara, who had once been admitted to the bar himself, knew that the evidence was of such a kind that the jury would hesitate to give the death sentence. And certainly both he and his brother realized what the effect of a confession would be on the labor movement and on the political hopes of the Socialist party, since Harriman was one of the attorneys for the defense.

Why, then, did they confess?

In his autobiography Steffens says that the case looked bad and Darrow was nervous and wanted a settlement out of court. During a visit to the McNamaras in jail, Steffens told them that he wanted to write an article on the causes of labor violence. He wanted to tell "the story of what had been done to them and to labor to set them off on an organized policy of dynamiting." According to Steffens, J. B. said, "If you could do what you propose, I'd be willing to hang!" Then, turning to his brother, J. B. declared: "It's for that that we have been working, Joe, to force attention to the actual conditions of labor. . . . Why wouldn't I risk my life to get that told? It's what I've been risking my life for right along." It was during this talk that the idea of the settlement was born in Steffens's mind: the McNamaras would admit their responsibility for the blast, while the employers would admit their responsibility for the conditions that led to the use of dynamite, and a new era of labor peace would begin.

Darrow's part I heard long afterward from the monkish James B. in San Quentin and from the suaver John J. after the end of his fifteen-year term. As Steffens has pointed out, Darrow always had his moments of depression when he was in the midst of a case, and he had just been accused of trying to bribe a juror. He talked with the McNamaras and found that they were not utterly opposed to the idea of a confession. James B., however, insisted that he would take full responsibility. (He was charged with setting off the blast, while John J. had been indicted for directing the dynamitings.) From that time on, Darrow and his staff concentrated on the brothers' weak spot—Jim's fears for John and John's fears for Jim.

Steffens had brought a group of Los Angeles business heads in on the deal, but the labor chiefs who had retained the legal staff were kept in the dark. Only John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chi-

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cago Federation of Labor, had a hint, as I afterward learned from him, of what was going on. John, who was "the labor leader with the bushy eyebrows" long before John L. Lewis, had helped to bring Darrow into the case. Knowing how erratic Darrow could be at the climax of a trial, John and his colleague, Edward N. Nockles, had sent Max Dener, a former member of the Chicago police force, to keep tabs on the lawyer. When Dener wired them what was afoot, Nockles rushed to Los Angeles, but it was too late.

Steffens was a sentimentalist, it is true, but he was also a veteran reporter who had "no respect for law or lawyers" and had made a special study of the way in which big business corrupted government for the sake of power. Darrow was notoriously a cynic. The McNamaras had spent their lives in fighting the ruthless brutality of employers. How could these men have been ingenuous enough to expect their most relentless adversaries to give up the chance for revenge, to let Schmidty and Caplan go free, and to sit around the conference table, in sweetness and light, with the union leaders of the city?

People said then that Steffens had let his journalistic fervor and his pride at being a power in politics get the better of his judgment, while Darrow had been afraid that the charge of bribery might stick. However that may be, the damage was done. Harriman buttons filled the gutters the day the confession was announced, and the Socialist party was given an ignominious beating. Schmidty and Caplan were fugitives, and Tveitmoe himself, the mighty leader of west-coast labor, was one of many union chiefs accused of being involved with the McNamaras. It was a sad California that we returned to.

Bob opened a printing shop, for which I solicited orders. Soon we had a summons from Emma Goldman. She had been run out of San Diego, and Dr. Ben Reitman, her companion and lecture manager, had been kidnaped and tortured. Vigilantes in San Diego were carrying on open war against the I.W.W. Several Wobblies had lost their lives, and scores had been beaten.

San Francisco regarded San Diego as one of its rivals, and the authorities were more hospitable than they had been on Emma's preceding visit to the Golden Gate city. She and Reitman spoke to

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tremendous crowds. Robust, with longish hair and tusks of black mustache on either side of his full lips, Ben Reitman had a theatrical air, but nothing could have been more genuine than the expression of horror on his face when he stood up to tell of his experiences. It was not only horror but incredulity and disillusionment with the human race. I have seen the same look in photographs of victims of the Nazi torture camps.

Ben had been kidnaped from his hotel, and driven twenty miles into the desert while his captors kicked him, beat him, pulled his hair, shoved their fingers into his eyes and nose, and subjected him to "every torture that a God-fearing, respectable businessman is capable of conceiving." One of them said: "Don't break his nose. I promised the doctor in the other car that pleasure." At the county line the two cars drew up, and the men stripped Reitman, knocked him down, forced him to kiss the flag, and burned I.W.W. on his buttocks with lighted cigars. They poured a can of tar over his head, and, lacking feathers, rubbed handfuls of sagebrush on his body. Reitman told his audiences: "A gentle-looking businessman whom I later found to be active in church work attempted to push a cane into my rectum. One unassuming banker twisted my testicles. These and many other things they did to me until they tired of the fun." But they had their standards. They gave him his underwear, as a concession to modesty, and they returned his pocketbook and watch before they sent him on his way with kicks and blows.

Emma's speeches roused public opinion, and Governor (later U.S. Senator) Hiram Johnson appointed Colonel Harris Weinstock to investigate the San Diego outrages. A liberal with a high standard of civic behavior, Colonel Weinstock made a thorough study and issued a courageous report. I aided in the investigation.

As usual, Emma swept us into her various activities. Revolution was going on in Mexico, and Mexicans were organizing in the United States to aid the fight against Dictator Porfirio Diáz. Traditionally the United States had allowed foreign revolutionary groups to organize here against tyranny in their own countries, but the Mexicans were constantly persecuted. Some had been arrested in this country, and others had been shot while trying to cross the border. When a border guard was killed, fourteen Mexicans were arrested. Three

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were given long prison terms, and eleven were held for later trial with death sentences over their heads.

I gave most of my time to work for these victims of persecution. I was dumbfounded when Eric Morton told me that "reactionary" Sam Gompers was working for the same cause and was actively supporting some of the revolutionary leaders. I had thought that only Anarchists were concerned about the Mexican revolution!

At Eric's suggestion I interviewed Fremont Older. The great editor and social reformer, I found, was well informed about the Mexican prisoners. He intimated that the oil and sugar corporations, who were supporting Diáz because he kept labor cowed, might be bribing the border guards to harass the revolutionaries.

I had spoken to him with my accustomed vehemence, as if the fate of the world depended on our righting this particular injustice. The weather-beaten journalist, his forehead high and lined and his nose rather bent, stretched his big-boned frame back in his swivel chair, and eyed me quizzically. "The trouble with you radicals," he said, "is that you believe in justice. There is no such thing. Pity, however, does exist. Why don't you appeal to people's sense of pity? Another thing—every time a member of the social organism begins to ail, you radicals demand an operation on the entire body. Why not just treat the sick limb? When you have a headache, do you cut your head off?"

As we shook hands, he smiled at me. "I'm glad the attacks of the churches on your trial marriage didn't embitter you," he said. "Here you are, doing the job that the churches are supposed to do."

Nan Fritz, my earliest friend in San Francisco, had married Jack Lawson, although Dr. Rose Fritz, Nan's foster mother, did not approve of the match, and Jack's family was equally opposed to it. Nan's love for Jack bordered on insanity. She listened with rapture to his discourses on life, politics, literature, music, the arts. He demanded complete freedom, going and coming as he chose, sometimes staying away for days and nights at a time, and she never demurred.

We took a house together, with a garden. Jack insisted on the garden. "It's much more exciting to deal with plants than with human beings," he said. And he exhibited his erudition by naming and describing a variety of plants, birds, and animals. No one could

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evoke as Jack could the exhilaration inspired by the greenness of grass, and a tiny dab of color on the wings of a butterfly would set him off in a rhapsody.

Jack was a poet by avocation and a Bohemian by disposition. He argued that we would save money, and that appealed to us, for Bob's printing business was feeling the effect of the 1914 depression and of my preoccupation with radical causes. Then we would make our home a center of education. He would swear off liquor, would stay home nights, would lecture us on history and philosophy. Nan would teach me French, which I wanted to learn so that I could understand the untranslatable quotations in Mencken and Nathan's *Smart Set*. Our life would be full of wisdom and joy!

San Francisco was the first American city to foster a kind of Latin Quarter. Gay, poor, young, unconventional households like ours mushroomed on Telegraph Hill when Greenwich Village was just part of Little Italy. We studied—at least Nan and I did, taking courses at the University of California—and we had some wonderful evenings around the dinner table. The gregarious Jack corralled Frenchmen and Spaniards for us to practice languages on, and he found recipes for everything from oyster dishes to chili, chop suey, and tamales for us—him and me—to experiment with, though Bob and I and Toy, the poodle, stuck rigidly to vegetarianism. Jack and I were the cooks, while Nan and Bob did the dishes; namely, every plate, pot, pan, and eating utensil in the house, for Jack was the kind of chef who dirties everything.

Jack, the non-Jew, loved to play solemn Hebrew prayers on the phonograph. Toy would howl and wail, his paws scratching at the phonograph. Emma Goldman says in her autobiography that Toy was an anti-Semite, but I think he was moved beyond endurance by the sorrowful music.

We were happy in our little home, and rather smug. Then one evening Jack came in, and at first we thought he was drunk, but he wasn't. "Come on, all of you," he said. "I want to show you something." He walked us down to the Mission districts, where long lines of unemployed stood in front of the soup kitchens. "Have a look at the beautiful world we live in!" he shouted.

I joined a citizens' committee that was being organized, at the suggestion of Fremont Older, to collect food, clothing, and bedding

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for the jobless. Tent communities were established on vacant lots, and unemployed teachers, doctors, and ministers served their fellows.

The press attacked our committee, arguing that San Francisco was making itself responsible for the unemployed of other cities and even of other states. There was some justice in this assertion, but the papers had no constructive measures to suggest. Then, abruptly, the tune changed, and all emphasis was placed on the responsibility of the state. Agitators, some of them probably planted but others perfectly sincere, began to urge a march on the state capital. "On to Sacramento!" was the cry. The relief workers tried to discourage the marchers but with no success.

On the day appointed for the exodus the city supplied free ferry tickets, and thousands crossed the bay to begin their march. A perfect technique had been evolved, and at each town deputy sheriffs met the army of the jobless, fed it, and urged it on. Much of it evaporated on the hot highways. Those marchers who did reach Sacramento were met with hoses and pickhandles and driven away.

In a cold rage Jack and I designed and Bob printed thousands of cards denouncing Governor Johnson, who had been elected as a progressive. The cards showed a torch on one side and a pickhandle on the other, with a short account of the treatment of the unemployed, and an inscription, big and black, "Pickhandle Johnson." The name stuck for some time, but I am afraid that it proved more of an asset than a liability to the governor.

Not all of Jack's exploits were so serious. One rainy night he and a pal of his, Ben Zuller, came climbing in through a window, both of them drenched and muddy. I caught them at it, and wanted to know what was up. "That's the end of that," Jack whispered exultantly. "No more flag defacing our view!"

I knew what he meant. We took great pride in our magnificent view of the Twin Peaks, but every holiday a flag was raised over them, and invariably Jack cursed at this defilement of the beauties of nature. My temper flared. "You were lucky enough to be born under that flag," I said to Jack. "Maybe you can do what you like about it. But you, Ben, you were glad enough to see that flag once. What right have you got to tear it down?"

"Well, I didn't wanna," Ben muttered, "but I had to help Jack. If they put him in the clink, I wanna be in, too."

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A day or so later, after a terrific hullabaloo, an Italian alien, described in the press as an "Anarchist," an "enemy of American institutions," was taken into custody for sawing off the flagpole to burn in his kitchen stove. Jack and Ben had vanished. Indignation was growing against the Italian colony, and Bob and Nan and I, uncertain what to do, went to the police court. The Italian, who lived at the foot of the Peaks, explained that he found a long pole near his house one morning and chopped it up for firewood. If it was the flagpole, he said humbly, he'd buy a new one. After his priest had vouched for him, the judge said that he would let him go on condition that he erect the new flagpole provided by the Flag Association and cement the base.

Next Sunday Jack and Ben returned, penitent and solemn as the judge. They had heard about the arrest while off among the ranches on a souse. They worked with the gang of Italians who were helping their unlucky fellow countryman, and they insisted on paying for the cement. The job took all day, but afterward there was plenty of red wine.

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vii

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER

THE FLAGPOLE EPISODE had a curious sequel. The incident preyed on Jack's mind, for he realized that his heavy drinking was likely some time to get him into serious trouble. He clung to us, and especially to me, for Nan was too gentle and too much in love with him to spur him into self-control. And one day he came to us with a wonderful scheme. A circus had for sale a little house on wheels and a pair of horses to draw it. We would buy it and live in it and see America. What did we know of the real America, he asked us with his irresistible eloquence. We were city people, and America was a land of farms and small towns. We would study American folkways, and, incidentally, the great open spaces would cure him of the liquor habit.

We did it. We bought the house on wheels and the sorrel horse and mare, named Comet and Babe. We added a folding couch, a movable upper berth, pictures, books, flowered cretonne curtains, and a name—Aloha Oe. Nan and I designed blouses and skirts of olive drab, with modest, wide bloomers underneath, and bought high-laced boots. Bob installed a hand press.

It was a beautiful morning when we set out. The horses were docile enough while we were putting on their harnesses, but when we started to back Comet into the shafts, he looked at us suspiciously. He turned his head, sized up the big wagon, and then looked at us again in obvious disapproval. Suddenly he neighed loudly in screaming protest, and instantly Babe followed his example. Comet merely refused to be put between the shafts, but Babe reared up on her

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hind legs. Our two dogs, Toy and Tam, protesting against the unseemly behavior of the horses, joined in the uproar.

While Nan calmed the dogs, Jack and Bob finally persuaded the horses to get between the shafts. We felt that we had won a great victory, but Comet, quite well aware that his harness was improperly fastened, knew better. As soon as Jack tugged at the reins and emitted his first triumphant "Giddap," Comet lunged forward and then reared back on his hind legs, breaking most of the straps. Babe promptly imitated him.

Of course a crowd had begun to gather, and we were offered all sorts of advice, most of it not in the least helpful. At last a milkman looked our outfit over and asked us where we were planning to go. "Yosemite and the Sierras," we said. He guffawed. "You got to get a team of horses that will work, then," he told us, "not them circus actors."

I knew in my heart that he was right, but I was determined that one way or another we would leave the city that day. After a council of war, Jack and Bob made the rounds of the stables, and they finally appeared with a solid, proletarian horse named Brownie. We hitched Brownie up with Comet, and tied Babe to the back of the wagon. A friendly stableman gave us some good advice about routes, and lectured Comet on the way horses should act.

Comet seemed to be impressed, but it was all a dodge. Brownie pulled with all his might at the first "Giddap," but Comet dragged back. This puzzled and challenged Brownie, who started off at a gallop. Comet had to go along, but he tried to bite Brownie, who thereupon accelerated his pace. We hurtled through the streets of San Francisco, pans rattling, dogs barking; and children, cats, dogs, and chickens barely escaped with their lives from under the wheels of our chariot.

Only after we were some distance out of town did the speed abate. Doubtless Brownie thought he had taught Comet a lesson, and certainly Comet acted as if all notions of rebellion had been driven out of his head. Wearily he dragged along, his spirit plainly broken. Now and then he tried to stop altogether. "I will be good," he seemed to say, "but please let me rest for a minute." But Brownie did not trust him, and neither did we. We pushed on until, tired and hungry, we reached Collman after twilight.

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We unharnessed the horses, tying Brownie to one tree and Babe and Comet to another. We fed them and treated them gently. But perhaps Comet was ashamed of his defeat; perhaps Babe jeered at him. At any rate he suddenly fell down in convulsions. Babe whinnied and whimpered, and we were in tears. Running to the village, Jack found that the only veterinary was getting ready to go to a wedding and had put on his dress suit. At first he refused to come, and Jack threatened to drag him. Jack had a gift for starting quarrels that ended in friendship, and in the end the doctor accompanied him. Incredibly pompous in his dress suit, he announced that Comet had colic and told us how to treat him. With the aid of the crowd that had gathered, we got Comet up, and took him to the stable that the doctor had recommended, and the vet went to his wedding.

Babe ran away that night, just after we had eaten our late supper and fallen into a sleep of exhaustion. We spent most of the night looking for her, and in the end we found her back in her stable in San Francisco. But we did find her, and Comet did recover. With only a few minor crises to enliven our journey, we progressed through the Santa Clara Valley and in due season reached Stockton.

Stockton was on the eve of a jubilee rodeo. Bob printed price lists, handbills, and throwaways on the little press, while Jack roamed the town, fraternizing with the cowboys and cattlemen in their twelve-gallon hats.

Jack learned everything there was to know about the city, and he told us about Stockton's bull pen, center of organized prostitution at its worst. I wanted to see it. Jack and Bob hooted when I announced my decision, but their laughter only intensified my determination, and when they realized that I was serious, they began to try to dissuade me. Since they could not keep me from going, they insisted on accompanying me to the entrance and waiting outside.

I was horribly frightened as I walked up to the big four-story, red-brick building under which the bull pen was located, but I would not turn back. At the barred iron door a guard with purple nose and gold teeth asked me what I wanted, and I told him I was looking for a friend from San Francisco, giving a name at random.

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He glanced at a list. "I don't think she's here, kid, but you can go in and ask the whores." The door swung open, and in I went.

I walked down a ramp, through a tunnel, and into a narrow, filthy alley lighted by colored lamps above two long rows of doors and windows. Startled by the sights and sounds of this subterranean city, I stopped short, blocking the line of customers. "Out of the way, dearie!" said a tall blonde, who was posed in her doorway in a chemise. I stepped closer to her, and she asked me what I wanted. I gave her the name of my imaginary girl friend, and she shouted it across the alley.

Cowboys were jostling me, hooting and howling in anticipation. Across the alley departing customers praised the wares they had sampled or raged about dirty bitches. Doors slammed behind couples, and other doors opened. My girl friend was being paged up and down the alley, and meanwhile the blonde talked to me, interrupting herself to call out to the passers-by. She was in a bad stall, she said; those in the center were best because by then the men had had a chance to look over the field and were ready to choose.

"Better move on," the blonde said, and, shoulders hunched, I did. The girls watched me curiously, willing to cut my throat if I were a competitor, eager to protect me if I were not. A girl who looked like a small, starved animal called me to her window. "Kid, take a tip from me," she whispered. "It's hell in here. Go to the joints where a doc comes once in a while." A big woman, her breasts uncovered, cursed a cowboy who had taken my arm, and then coaxed him to come to hot mama.

A man's voice drawled in my ear, "Where's your stall, bronco?" Before I could shy away, a girl who was dangling her naked legs out of a window kicked him in the stomach. "Go on, kid," she shouted. "Beat it while you got your shoes on!"

I did. I darted across the alley, thrusting myself into the crowd that was moving slowly toward the exit. Hands reached out, and I really ran, head down and elbows working. Breathlessly I told the guard that I couldn't find my friend, and bolted into the open air. Bob and Jack began to question me, but I was beyond speech. I just shook my head at them and scurried as fast as I could out of Stockton to Aloha Oe, parked under the shade trees by the river.

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We had to leave Aloha Oe in Stockton, for it was too unwieldy for the rocky, narrow mountain trails into Yosemite. Nan and Jack went ahead in a light buggy drawn by Comet. After saving up some money for the road, Bob and I continued the journey in a delivery wagon lined with oilcloth and hauled by the proletarian Brownie.

Brownie now revealed his temperament. Only I could drive him; if Bob took up the reins, he would halt in his tracks. He would trot uphill, no matter how I tugged him back, but he had to be led downhill. He refused to be separated from us at night, and if we tied him to some distant tree, he would gnaw through the rope, hasten back to the wagon, and poke his head into our domicile.

We lumbered through the hop fields in the San Joaquin Valley, and watched men, women, and small children picking hops in the scorching heat. In Stockton we had been told that the hop pickers were hobos, who wouldn't settle down in a house if they could. This is the kind of delusion with which people who don't want to be disturbed soothe their consciences. Sleeping in the open like herds of exhausted animals, the pickers were worse off than slaves.

We talked with hopeful settlers from every part of the country, with migratory fruit pickers, with cowboys. We had always thought that cowboys weren't workers at all but picturesque adventurers. Then one day a cowboy asked us if we had ever heard how cowboys were blacklisted. He called a porter from a near-by saloon, and showed us his thumb. One joint had been amputated. "This here mark," the cowboy said, "means that he cain't never work cattle no more."

It was an ingenious method of branding a man who was suspected of stealing cattle or otherwise violating the code of the region. If the man was caught in the act, his whole thumb would be chopped off. The punishment, dating from a time when law had not penetrated into the cattle country, was administered by the individual rancher. It was used to take care of troublemakers of any kind, and the cowboys were beginning to organize a revolt.

Pioneering was still alive in the America of those days, and we met many migratory families. Weary of the uncertainty and strain of city living, they wanted independence, no matter what hardships it cost. Many of these people were poorly equipped for the life they were planning to lead, but they had the kind of determination that

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brings success. And certainly pioneers could succeed. In remote mountain hamlets we found families that were living in rugged simplicity and yet were richly contented. Neighborly and cooperative to a degree I had never known, they practiced many of the principles I had come to believe in, and practiced them without splitting theoretical hairs.

In Coulterville we found ecstatic letters from Nan and Jack, who were already in Yosemite. The scenery, Jack wrote, made him "drink deep of starlight instead of liquor."

On their advice, we boarded with Mrs. Jones. We had never met anyone like this incarnation of the western pioneer woman with her fine tradition of neighborliness. She was embarrassed at charging us anything for board, and we were embarrassed by the smallness of the charge. That night, as we sat around the table in the light of a kerosene lamp, talking things over, we mentioned our hand press, and instantly Mrs. Jones was excited. Coulterville, deep in the mountains, transacted most of its business by way of barter. On Saturdays goods were displayed in the stores and on the streets, with lists of what they should fetch in trade. These lists had always been written in longhand, and now we could print them.

It worked out as she had predicted, and we did a lively business, being paid in food supplies for our printing. The two principal items in Mrs. Jones's house were a spinning wheel and a big Bible. She was a great reader of the Bible, but she never seemed to get beyond the story of Noah and the rain that fell for forty days and forty nights, and when we learned that the Coulterville area had no rainfall for six months out of the year, we could understand why. Her husband, she told us, had lost his life in a forest fire.

We were to learn from personal experience why the people of Coulterville lived in constant terror. Late one night we were waked by the hideous cry of "Fire!" The tindery woods on the surrounding mountains had caught, and the fire was raging down upon the town, which lay at the bottom of a bowl. The shallow creek had already been pumped dry.

We ran to the barn, and Mrs. Jones threw a blanket over Brownie's head and tied it securely, so that he would be unable to see the fire and rush into it after the manner of horses. Outdoors bright moonlight faded in the glare of a sky that seemed itself to be

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in flames. But the most horrible sight was that of thousands and thousands of birds that had been driven from their roosts in the forest, a ceiling of birds under a roof of flame and smoke, screaming and beating their wings.

Bob joined the men of the settlement. Some were dragging wet sacks, others were barricading the town with bags of sand and flour, others were digging a fire break. I watched sheets of flame leap from tree to tree with incredible speed. Shots rang out as cattle and horses headed for the conflagration. Sparks streamed down, and we threw ourselves upon them.

Long after dawn the wind shifted, and for the time being the town was safe, though the mountains still burned and the danger was not over. A day later the fire began to die out, and the sky showed blue again. The church bells rang, and we prayed in the streets, all of us, in blackface, with red-rimmed eyes. After kegs of beer had been rolled out, and there had been a lot of dancing and kissing, the town slept. For twenty-four hours and more shutters were closed everywhere.

We hated to say good-by to Mrs. Jones. Not only had we been through fire together; we had touched in her the very fiber of America, and the thread was as strong and as honest as the product of her spinning wheel. The last we saw of her, she was sitting on her porch among the charred hills, her Bible open on her knees. No doubt she was reading again about that fine, just man, Noah, and the long, long rain.

At Bower's Cave we gave up Toy for the time being, since dogs and liquor are forbidden in Yosemite National Park, and we relieved Brownie of the printing press. His new freedom went to that solid citizen's head, and he turned giddy as a pup, until he got a first-degree burn by tangling himself up in his rope, and we had to camp and nurse him.

I found an old man fishing for trout, and I persuaded him to come back and look at Brownie. "Tain't likely he can haul you tomorrow," our new friend, Edmund Manor, said pessimistically. He looked the wagon over. "Them wheels are as bad off as the horse's leg," he observed. "Better soak 'em with wet sacks."

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He shook his head over our food supplies. "Start fishing," he advised.

"We never eat fish," Bob informed him. "You see, we're vegetarians."

"That kind, eh?" Without a word he strode off.

But soon he was back, this time with a box of tools, and, again without a word, proceeded to fix our wagon. Suddenly he burst out laughing. "Vegetarians, eh? Well, what of it? I'm a Methodist myself." He refused to accept any pay. "Why don't you come fishing?" he urged. "They're biting good today."

Bob flatly refused, but I was tempted. I thought of Mr. Manor as I had seen him with the icy stream boiling around him. It had looked like fun. "I'll try it," I said to Bob. "I'd like to fish just once. I'll throw back anything I catch."

But when I did catch two small fish, I couldn't bear to throw them back. Surely, I told myself, Bob doesn't intend for us to starve. "I didn't even have to use worms," I said glibly as I slunk into camp with my catch.

Bob was not deceived. "Are you going to eat those fish?" he demanded. He stalked off.

I shut my eyes and scraped the fish. Feeling exactly like Lady Macbeth, I cut them open. I rolled them in seasoned flour and held the pan over the fire. I shut my eyes tighter, but this time because the scent of paradise was in my nostrils. I laid the aromatic fish on a platter, and looked at Bob. He went on brushing flies off Brownie. There the platter sat until the fish were cold.

Supperless we rolled up in our blankets in the wagon. Bob's accusing voice came out of the darkness. "How would you like somebody to push a hook through your eye?"

"Mr. Manor says fish don't feel."

"How does he know? Is he a fish?"

"How do *you* know? Are *you* a fish?"

But at dawn I sneaked off to fish with Mr. Manor—and no fooling this time! I returned with more fish, and scraped them resolutely. I glanced at Bob. His lips twitched, his eyes met mine, and all of a sudden we were howling at our silliness. He finished cleaning the fish, and I cooked them, and we both ate them.

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Yosemite seemed like the Garden of Eden. Jack and Nan had both found jobs, and Bob and I quickly secured work in one of the camps. We made many friends among the workers and the vacationists in the park, and at the end of the season we hated to leave.

Continuing our examination of American life, we rambled on toward the Sierras. Our route took us through the dusty streets of mining towns. Jack mingled with the hard-drinking miners, and, of course, he fell off the wagon. For once we couldn't blame him, for the saloons were the only animated spots in these dreary towns. After his long hours in the blackness and grime of the pits, the average miner wanted a drink, the stronger the better, and who could wonder?

In one of these towns we saw a miner with a gas-corroded face, the lamp on his cap still burning, carry his dead son out of the pit mouth like a bag of sand. The boy, thirteen, was his father's helper. We followed the miner into his house, where he put the body on a sofa. Then, pushing his wife and children aside, he headed for the saloon. Jack went with him. The boy was buried that afternoon, with no bells or candles or prayers. In the saloon his father and Jack toasted Death and wept into their cups.

By the time we reached Truckee, Jack had had enough, and he and Nan left us. Bob and I idled on into Nevada. In Virginia City we heard from grandchildren and great-grandchildren of oldtime prospectors about the great days when John W. Mackay, James G. Fair, A. H. J. Sutro and other legendary millionaires struck it rich. They also boasted of the days when David Belasco, one of the noblemen of the American theater, was associated with their city. In Reno Bob did printing for lawyers and boarding houses, and I learned something about another of the American folkways, divorce.

Winter was coming on fast, and we turned toward home. As we neared San Francisco, we were startled to see pictures of Schmidty and Dave Caplan on telegraph poles: "REWARD—Wanted for murder . . ."

Bob jumped off the wagon to buy our first newspapers in months, and we learned that most of Europe had been at war since early August.

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viii

THE SPY

ONCE MORE we returned to a San Francisco that was gripped by depression. At least our San Francisco was depressed. Actually business was prospering in the city, which was preparing for the World's Fair, and our new printing shop did very well. But radicals were filled with gloom. For one thing, the labor movement, which had declined after the confession of the McNamara brothers, had suffered a further blow in the arrest of Schmidt and Caplan. But this event was overshadowed by the war in Europe. Most radicals, having assumed that the working classes of Europe would stand together against war, were horrified to find the proletarians of the various nations engaged in fighting each other. And although the radicals professed to be neutral, they were in their hearts either pro-Ally or pro-German, and this new schism weakened the radical forces.

As for Schmidty and Dave, they had been simultaneously arrested, though one was living in New York City and the other was hiding on a chicken farm in the neighborhood of Seattle. The manner of the arrest was a striking demonstration of William J. Burns's power and a clear indication of treachery in radical circles. The men were charged with posing as commercial buyers of explosives and securing from a powder plant in San Francisco a solution of nitroglycerine that they converted into dynamite—the dynamite that destroyed the Los Angeles *Times* Building.

Alexander Berkman and his friend, Eleanor Fitzgerald, were in Los Angeles, organizing the defense of Schmidty and Caplan, and we formed an auxiliary committee in San Francisco. Flora Caplan

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came back to town with her children, but she was cautioned to avoid her radical friends, and I saw little of her.

After our return from our wanderings, we had taken a two-story house on Collingwood Street, and because we had more rooms than we needed, our home became a center for visiting radicals. One day there was a knock, and there on my doorstep stood a grotesquely tall, bony, sickly-looking boy with dull eyes, a long face, and long ears. "My mother sent me to you," he said. "I'm from Home Colony—Gertrude Vose's son, Donald. Remember me?"

I did now. I remembered him as he was when he egged on the youngsters of that utopia against their parents. He was taller but just as shifty-eyed and jittery as ever. Lighting a cigarette, he fished out a letter.

"Where is your mother?"

"In the colony. She'll never leave that place."

Toy remembered him, too. Visitors always had to pass the fastidious inspection of our little white poodle, and Toy, who had detested Donald at the colony, snapped at him until ordered to stop. Then, howling, he pattered to his corner of the porch and stretched his paws across his plate, as if protecting it from Donald.

"I'm expecting a job in a couple of days, and I haven't got a room," Donald explained in a sulky tone.

I had never liked the boy, and I did not like his looks now, but Gertrude was a dear, and we had plenty of room, and, of course, we took him in.

At just this time Annie and Sadie Edelstadt were staying with us, the sister-in-law and the niece of the poet whose labor songs we had sung at the Rubensteins' long ago. David Edelstadt, one of the originators of Yiddish poetry—as distinguished from Hebrew poetry, which is, of course, as old as the Bible—was the Stephen Foster of the coal mines, factories, and sweatshops. Himself a sweatshop worker, he died of tuberculosis, and is buried in Denver, quite forgotten, across the road from the national sanitorium.

It meant a great deal to me to have the poet's relatives in my house, but I did not pay much attention either to them or to Donald, for my energies were absorbed in a new project. We had bought a Ford, which I was learning to drive and to repair, and now I was

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dreaming of an automobile home—an up-to-date version of Aloha Oe.

One evening Bob and I came home from the shop to find a letter from Anarchist friends of ours, Lydia and Joe, with whom we had entered a kind of partnership. Joe was a frail consumptive from the New York East Side, whereas Lydia, who weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, was as western as the wide Pacific. They were now homesteading on one hundred and sixty acres of land on the state line between California and Oregon. With funds supplied by Jack and Nan Lawson and by Bob and me, they were clearing and fencing the land, and the rest of us planned at some point to join them. We still were convinced that we wanted to settle down on a farm in our old age.

"Well," I said to Bob as I read the letter, "Lydia and Joe are coming for a visit, and we'll have to ask Donald to leave."

The next morning I knocked on Donald's door. When there was no answer, I pushed the door open and was dismayed by the disorder I saw. The contents of two suitcases were all over the room, and the floor was strewn with cigarette butts and matches. Suddenly I noticed some leaflets announcing lectures that Emma Goldman and Sasha Berkman had given several months earlier. Wondering why Donald should have saved these leaflets, I bent over to pick one up, and my hand touched something. Rushing downstairs, I raced to the shop. "Donald has a gun," I cried. "He's a spy."

"You can't be sure of that," Bob began.

But I was sure. I could see it all, and while Bob continued to insist that I must not make hasty judgments, I was deciding what to do. The man to advise me, I realized, was Eric Morton, and that night Bob and I went to see him.

Although he was high in the labor councils of the west coast, Eric supported himself by his trade, and his family lived in a small, rickety frame house with the simplest of furnishings. When we arrived, he was playing on the floor with his three-year-old daughter. His wife, Anna, who was a sister of Esther Fox, now Mrs. William Z. Foster, served us tea, while Eric drank beer and talked about the McNamara case.

When Eric paused a moment in his cursing of Steffens, Darrow,

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and Gompers, I got in a word. "We think there's a spy living in our house," I said.

Eric froze.

He heard me through, and then swallowed a glass of beer in one tremendous gulp. "Little one," he said, "we're going to catch one of Burns's pigeons."

Eric's first step was to search Donald's possessions. We had promised to get Donald out of the house, but he simplified the problem for us by announcing that he was going to be away all day. Nevertheless, Bob patrolled the street while Eric and two of his friends carried out the search. The evidence was conclusive. Donald not only had two revolvers and a belt of cartridges; his notebooks were full of names and addresses, and there were entries in code that Eric, who was familiar with Burns's labor-espionage jargon, could translate.

With the information Eric gathered, we could reconstruct exactly what had happened. Many persons in Home Colony knew where Caplan was hiding, and Donald had no trouble locating the fugitive. When Donald had gone to the chicken farm near Seattle, Caplan had naturally trusted Gertie Vose's son, and soon Donald had learned that Schmidty was in New York. The Burns agency ordered Donald to go to New York, and he crossed the continent armed with letters from his mother to Emma Goldman and from Caplan to Schmidty. Soon he was able to give the Burns operatives the most detailed information about Schmidty's goings and comings, and thus it was that Burns contrived his exactly simultaneous arrest of Schmidt and Caplan, though they were separated by thousands of miles.

But Burns was not through with Donald. He planned that the lad should appear in court as a bona fide radical, to testify that he knew both conspirators well, that they had admitted providing the dynamite for the McNamaras, and that Schmidty had been one of those directly responsible for the explosion. Burns ordered Donald back to Caplan's hideout. David had an infected tooth, and Donald was nursing him when the police arrived. Then he came to us. In our house he was safely tucked away till the trial, and the visit would bear out his story of being an associate of Anarchists.

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"That rat isn't going to stay in my house another second!" I exploded.

The three men surrounded me, protesting. "Look," Eric said, "this is a wonderful chance. You got to help us, Lucy."

The next day Eric came to the printing shop to report the plans that he and a group of prominent labor men had evolved. Donald was to be trailed for a couple of weeks, so that more could be learned about Burns's machinations. Then he would be brought before a secret labor council and given the choice of either openly repudiating Burns or being detained until after the trial. My role was to keep him busy. "You have a car," Eric said. "Ask him to teach you to drive it. We'll be following you all the time. He'll have to slip away to telephone. We'll be right on his trail. In time you'll get word to take him to a distant road. Are you willing to risk it?"

I gulped. "All right," I said.

We rode day after day. And at least once a day Donald would say that he had a telephone call to make—some job that was in the offing. Of course we had to talk, and I tried to see if this Judas had hidden virtues. Except for a certain feeling for his mother, he had none. He had not the least sense of right and wrong and only the most rudimentary intelligence.

This was the moron—he was little more than that—that Burns had found it so easy to trap. As Eric's counterespionage got under way, we learned more of Donald's story. He was involved in petty thievery on a passenger boat in Puget Sound, and was caught. A Burns detective intervened and saved him from arrest. That was the beginning. Learning how useful Donald could be, the detective took care to involve him so deeply that the boy could not escape.

After several weeks of joyriding with Donald, I got a message from Eric: "Today is the day." Donald and I were to drive that evening into the outskirts and turn off on a certain side road. Eric and his pals would seize Donald, and I would come back alone.

I may say here and now that I wasn't cut out for crime. Not only did my hands and feet tremble but my conscience chose this inopportune moment to balk. Wasn't this a form of direct action after all, and hadn't direct action been proven worse than useless in the dynamiting? Moreover, my imagination didn't fail to conjure up the

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possibility that Burns and his men might be setting a trap of their own.

Donald loved to drive, and to drive recklessly, and he was in fine form that evening. Finally I said that I hadn't had much practice driving at night and would like to take the wheel. He was so obliging that I was sure something was wrong. I took the appointed road and approached where Eric ought to be. No one appeared, and, summoning all the craft that was in me, I deliberately stalled the motor.

Another few minutes passed while Donald cranked. When he got into the car, my trembling hand pulled down the throttle with a jerk, and we shot ahead. All at once I could see a form in the ditch, and I slowed down.

"Gwan, step on it!" Donald exclaimed.

"It's a lovely night," I said, trying to peer into the darkness.

A car suddenly shot out of an intersecting road, but, to my amazement, it turned away from us and sped toward the city.

"Here, you drive home," I said to Donald, spent. I leaned back weakly and shut my eyes.

Because I was too exhausted to expostulate with him, Donald drove home at his own pace, and when he jumped out of the car, he ripped off his lumber jacket and threw it up to the roof of the garage with an exultant whoop.

It was Schmidty who put an end to the kidnaping plans, after long and difficult negotiations between the prisoner in Los Angeles and his friends in San Francisco. "Nothing doing," he said. "If Vose got killed, Burns would be tickled to death. He'd hang Dave and me all the quicker." To me Schmidty sent a message: "Tell Lucy she may have risked her liberty for me, but I risked my stomach for her in that vegetarian café."

Eric reluctantly accepted Schmidt's advice, but he begged me to keep Donald. "We've learned a lot about Burns's witnesses," he said, "and we can learn more. Vose has told the Burns office that you're not suspicious of him. We got to get all we can out of him."

By this time, however, the rumor was spreading that Donald was going to testify against Schmidt and Caplan. Of course there was an uproar. The son and grandson of Anarchists! I could not join in the

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denunciations, and the story spread that I was shielding Donald. After all, he roomed with us, and I had been seen riding with him.

Mad as a smoked-out bee, I ran to Eric, and he finally agreed that I could tell Flora Caplan and Sasha Berkman the truth. Flora, who had been hurt because I seemed so indifferent, put her arms around me and wept. Sasha wanted to shoot Donald, and I had all I could do to restrain him.

At last the time came, just before the beginning of the trial, when Donald left of his own accord. He offered no explanations, and we asked for none. We stood in the window and watched him go down the street, while Toy barked deliriously. We were sure there were men shadowing Donald—Eric's men and probably Burns's men, too.

Schmidty had generously insisted that he and Caplan should be tried separately. He was known as a close friend of James B. McNamara and as an expert handler of dynamite, and the case against him was stronger than the case against Caplan. "If we're tried together," Schmidty said, "Dave will share my sentence. If they've already got me, they may let up on Dave. Anyway, he'll get a lighter sentence."

Schmidty handled his defense brilliantly, showing precisely how and why violence had entered into the relations between capital and labor. But unfortunately his overwhelming indictment of the capitalist system made little impression on a public that was absorbed in the progress of the European war. Schmidty's Anarchist comrades blamed him for the public apathy, and urged him to conduct his trial in a more revolutionary manner. They wanted him to make speeches in the manner of the Russian terrorists: "Yes, I did set dynamite to blast the building constructed by the enemies of labor. It was revenge for the martyred heroes of trade unionism and a bid for the honest rights of workers. You may sentence me to the gallows, but others will arise"—and so forth. Instead of this, Schmidty steadfastly denied that he had had a hand in planting the dynamite in the *Times* Building. He admitted that he had sometimes blown up buildings under construction to counteract the blacklist, but he had never taken or plotted to take human life. I thought he conducted himself admirably, but when he was given a life sentence, as he predicted, some radicals

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were just as dissatisfied with him because he didn't confess as they had been with the McNamaras, who did.

Among other things, Schmidty exposed the methods used by William J. Burns and the nature of the tools that the famous detective employed. I shall never forget his comment on our spy. Turning to the judge, he said: "Let me ask you—do you believe Donald Vose? You would not whip your dog on the testimony of Donald Vose. No honest man would. Any man who would believe Donald Vose would not deserve to have a dog."

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ix

ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE

WE COULDN'T bear to stay in a house that had been polluted by the presence of Donald Vose, and we moved in with four Italian Anarchists who had a home on Telegraph Hill. We all contributed what we could and took what we needed out of our home—a touch of communism that worked very well. Victor, Nick, and Bambino might have libertarian principles, but they always behaved in the most chivalrous way toward Cilia, the fourth member of the quartet. All of them wrote pamphlets in Italian commenting on current events from the Anarchist point of view, and paid for their publication out of their meager earnings.

To this house came Jack Lawson one night, full of grievances and also full of excitement. His grievances were directed against us. During the Vose affair we had had to avoid Jack, for fear that his impulsiveness might do some damage. This bothered him, and in any case he was feeling a little cast down because he had recently become a father and had discovered that his new status involved certain responsibilities.

His excitement, however, triumphed over his sense of injury. What Jack had on his mind was the case of Joe Hill, the same Joe Hill whose speech had been shouted down at the Seattle rally. The Wobbly composer, whose full name was Joseph Hillstrom, had been condemned to death in Salt Lake City on the charge of having killed a policeman during a strike riot. His guilt was so much open to doubt that President Wilson had intervened in the case, but without effect. All appeals to the governor of Utah had failed, and Joe was to die

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on November 19, 1915, by hanging or shooting, whichever he chose, as provided by the laws of Utah.

Jack's frenzy persuaded us to stage a twenty-four hour outdoor wake. Early in the morning of November 18, while the city was still covered with cold mist, we planted our soapbox at the corner of Market and Kearney and began to talk. As the sun broke through and the sidewalks on the south side of the street grew bone dry, we had a continuous audience of people on their way to work. In the afternoon, when the light trade winds blew in from the sea, the size of the audience mounted. We dispatched a petition to the governor of Utah demanding a stay and one to the governor of California, whom we asked to intercede for the martyr.

As the evening fog closed in, we were again talking to ourselves. Our little group included the gangling figure of aged George Speed, a disciple of the Commonwealth of Christ in Oakland, from whose ranks the various Socialist parties of the West recruited adherents. He was Jack London's early mentor. He had been jailed in every state of the union for picketing in all kinds of strikes—trade and issue did not matter to him. He tramped the sidewalks of America for a better life for workingmen, and was arrested and freed and arrested again. He kept faith and was with us. We sang the Hill ballads: "Don't Take My Papa Away from Me," "Should I Ever Be a Soldier," and the immortal "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." The resourceful Jack and Ben Zuller rounded up the drunks and hobos in the neighboring saloons, and they provided a maudlin chorus. In the gray, misty dawn the first editions of the morning papers announced that Joe Hill had been executed.

I wonder now whether our vigil for Hill wasn't inspired by the revivalism that was sweeping San Francisco at just this time. The World's Fair had brought out the preachers, both native and foreign, and there were tents and tabernacles on every vacant lot. The Holy Rollers, with their writhing and screaming, attracted many San Franciscans, but the greatest show of all was provided by Billy Sunday. The matinee idol of the sinners would rear up on one foot and lash out with his arm like the old baseball pitcher he was, meanwhile bellowing garbled texts from the Bible. He would take one foot in his hands and hobble around the platform, using the doubled-up knee as a pointer to emphasize his outbursts. Snapping upright, he

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would sway, shimmy, shake, twitch his shoulders, tear at his breast, pound his stomach, and whirl like a dervish. When he had his congregation swaying with him, he would elaborate on each of the sins of the flesh and its punishment, actually charting the parts of the body that would be burned in hell. By this time men and women were howling hysterically and throwing money and jewels on the stage.

Bob and I made the round of the tabernacles, and when we encountered radical acquaintances, as we often did, we were disapproving. We were certain that we, unlike the others, were motivated by pure intellectual curiosity. I am not so sure now. Our whole generation was looking for new gods, and the tragedy is that so many were satisfied with mere idols. After all, Bolshevism, Fascism, and Nazism might be regarded as varieties of political Billy Sundayism—with slave camps and gas chambers added.

The World's Fair also provided the setting for the annual convention of the A.F. of L. Since I had kept my union card, I was entitled to attend the Waitresses' Ball, and here I had my first view of the architect of the A.F. of L., the man local labor leaders revered and we radicals vilified. Small, compact, with short legs and a bull head, Gompers led the grand march, his head high, his step firm. His square jaw and prognathous chin made me think of Emma Goldman, but there was a kind of mellow good humor in his face. His wife looked like him, though hers was the soft, placid, devoted face of the ghetto grandmother. "Old Sam" and "Mother," as they were known to all, might have been some humble couple who had suddenly been elevated to a throne and were leading a retinue of husky, broad-beamed courtiers just as recently created.

Later that evening, while I was talking to a group of west coast laborites, Gompers sauntered by with his train. One of the group impulsively grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the great little man. "Sam, you must meet this little lady. Our Edith Cavell." I was flattered by the nickname and blushed. Gompers paused for a moment, his head cocked, and then was swept on. It was just as well that we didn't have to exchange any words, for I was still scornful of Gompers and all his works.

One of the dramatic occurrences of the convention was the elec-

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tion of William Green as a vice president of the A.F. of L. The vigorous general secretary of the Miners' Union won the respect of radicals and conservatives alike. We appreciated even then his unyielding convictions, his warm humanitarianism, and his fresh vision of labor's role as a social force. We especially admired his courageous defense of the Colorado miners, who were struggling against the brutal power of the Rockefeller empire. Young William Green spoke the language of the fighting miners, and he spoke from the heart. We could not know then that he would become the preeminent spokesman for world labor or that his chief adversary in the Colorado battle, Mackenzie King, would become Prime Minister of Canada. How incredulous they would have been if anyone had told them that in due season they would be meeting at inter-American and international conferences as allies in the battle for democracy.

There were always new tasks. Sasha Berkman was proposing to launch a trade-union weekly with an Anarchist bias. There seemed to be an opportunity for such a paper, for many union members disapproved of the conduct of conservative labor leaders in the McNamara case, and the Socialist party had steadily declined since the defeat of Job Harriman. I was interested in the project because Berkman intended to edit the paper for the rank and file of the labor movement, not for the intelligentsia. It is curious that Berkman, who was very retiring and found it difficult to mingle with people, was always trying to reach the masses, whereas Emma Goldman, who could sway huge crowds, felt that it was her function to maintain a vital social consciousness in the select few.

Eleanor Fitzgerald, whose love for Sasha was infinite, pressed me to come in with them. Although she was older than I and a very gifted woman, Fitzi often seemed to me a romantic child with her head in the clouds. She had retained all of the ebullient and fanciful qualities of her Scotch-Irish blood and few of the more practical ones. Her father, a conscientious objector during the Civil War, had become a scout for covered-wagon trains, and had finally taken up land on Lake Wisconsin. Born in a log cabin, Fitzi was a schoolteacher at sixteen. Renouncing her father's Roman Catholicism, she turned to Seventh Day Adventism, her mother's faith, and went to Battle Creek, Michigan, headquarters of the sect, to prepare for

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missionary work in Africa. In time she reached the conclusion, which she announced in the midst of a religious service, that Christ was not in the Church, and became a nurse in a North Dakota sanatorium. By accident she attended a protest rally in Chicago, met Dr. Ben Reitman, and thus became associated with Emma and Sasha.

Fitzi persuaded me to run an "international bazaar" to provide Sasha with a nest egg for the journal, which he insisted on calling *The Blast*. The international aspects of the affair immediately led me into difficulties, for feeling was running high against the Germans. Ernest Bevin, who was to become in due season Foreign Secretary of the British Empire, had spoken to the A.F. of L. convention on German atrocities, winning much sympathy for the Allied cause, and every sinking of a neutral ship intensified anti-German sentiment along the waterfront. However, I insisted that my friend Madeleine Gazza and other radicals of German descent should participate in the bazaar.

Though there were predictions of disaster, the bazaar was peaceful enough and a financial success. Among the people who worked on it were Tom and Rena Mooney and Tom's shadow, Warren K. Billings. Tom had already been in plenty of trouble. He represented the molders' union on the city's labor council, and he protested so persistently against the corruption in municipal politics that he often lost his job and had to rely on his music-teacher wife for support. He had been railroaded to jail during a strike at the gasworks, and had been freed only after three trials. While organizing the local motormen and conductors for the International Car Men's Union, he had felt the wrath of the transit monopoly. Tom's predilection for trouble made Rena's life a hell of anxiety, but it was impossible not to like the man, with his round, cherubic, bushy-browed face, in spite of the note of blustering conceit in his talk that often made Rena turn to him with a rueful "Tom!"

Billings, who had served time in the gasworks case, was an exhuberant boy with a thick mane of red hair. He and I found an interest in common, for I was still resolved on building an automobile home, and Warren, who had studied engineering, was full of suggestions. Then and there he told me how the rear of a truck chassis could be joined to the front and engine of a Ford car, and later he drew blueprints and helped me to find parts.

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On Christmas Eve we gave a party for *The Blast*. Our friends represented eleven nationalities, and the guest of honor was Mrs. Gaetano Bresci. Her story was a strange one. Her husband, a weaver in Paterson, New Jersey, had suddenly disappeared, and his Anarchist comrades assumed that he had deserted them. Even his wife had no idea of his whereabouts until word came that he had assassinated King Humbert of Italy in protest against the oppression of the Italian workers. After his trial and execution, his former associates regarded him as a martyr, and raised funds to support his wife and children, but Mrs. Bresci, a humble wife and mother and a pious Catholic, could not recover from the shock. She had fled across the continent, but even in California ordinary Italians like herself shrank from her, and she was reduced to the companionship of Anarchists, whom she had always resented and now feared more than ever. She and her beautiful daughter were the death's-heads at our table, and we were very happy when we succeeded in bringing smiles to their somber faces.

Sasha, who had for many years been regarded as a satellite of Emma's, was delighted with the chance *The Blast* gave him to assert his independence. He made it a lively paper, with Bob Minor contributing brilliant cartoons and Eric Morton displaying an unsuspected gift for writing limericks as well as a talent for serious journalism. *The Blast*, however, made little impression upon San Francisco labor, and this was chiefly because Sasha dogmatically insisted on what he regarded as a truly revolutionary policy. Emma sent sizzling wires from New York, and those supporters of *The Blast* who would not accept her dictation dropped away. I stayed longer than some, not because I agreed with Emma but because I valued Sasha's qualities and hoped that he would escape from Emma's influence. In the end, however, I, too, had to quit.

The issue that had rent the Anarchist movement was the defense of Dave Caplan. Because Dave was not a union member and had no such behind-the-scenes union support as Schmidty had had, he was completely dependent on the Anarchists, and certain of them, including Emma and Sasha, were resolved that now they would have their true revolutionary martyr. Nothing could have been more ridiculous. Dave had not been a terrorist nor even a workingman. He

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had helped an old friend, Schmidty, transport the dynamite, but he had been ignorant of the purpose for which it was to be used. As some of us could see, he would simply be a laughing-stock if he followed the advice of the extremists and tried to assume a revolutionary role. He would be sacrificing himself for absolutely nothing.

We held a conference in my home. Bob Minor was there, a round-faced, academic appearing chap, a former cartoonist on the New York *World,* who had been converted first to Socialism and then to Anarchism. Separated from his first wife, he had attached himself to Sasha and Fitzi, and followed them everywhere. Lydia Gibson was also there, a lovely, well groomed, vivacious girl, who seemed strangely out of place in our circle. Her husband, Pat Mester, spent several minutes in praising her "Ballad of Youngstown," which had appeared in *The Blast.* Bob Minor, I noticed, couldn't keep his eyes off her. Years later, after he had been married to Mary Heaton Vorse, Lydia became his wife.

Jacob Margolis, a Pittsburgh lawyer and an intimate of Emma's, had been visiting Caplan at her behest to win him over to a "revolutionary" trial. We asked him what Dave had said. Only this, Margolis reported: "I want to live."

Then we were going through all the old arguments. Reb Raney, a vigorous, mannish woman who was campaigning for birth control in San Francisco's Little Italy, supported Margolis. I almost shook my fists in their faces, but it did no good. Margolis announced that he would have to withdraw from the case unless David gave in, and Sasha and Fitzi took the same position. This meant that at the last minute we would have to set up a new defense movement and find new attorneys. What kind of principles were these, I asked myself, that would so cold-bloodedly sacrifice a man's life?

Through all the excitement I had persisted in my dream of a house on wheels, and gradually Bob and I had put the plan into action. Though it had all the conveniences of the modern de luxe trailer, our 1916 Adventurer was not a trailer at all but a room perched on a car chassis. It had been custom-built to Warren Billings's specifications and had cost $2,500. The body had a pine frame, with metal on the outside and beaverboard on the inside, to provide insulation against the heat of the deserts and the cold of the moun-

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tains. It was painted green, with the interior decorated in canary yellow. Eleven windows on all four sides gave it what would now be called a streamlined effect.

The Adventurer waited for us in San Francisco while I went to Los Angeles to testify for David Caplan. The prosecution was seeking to involve David in the actual dynamiting, and was relying heavily on the testimony of Donald Vose. Nathan Coghlan and Edwin McKenzie, Schmidty's attorneys, whom we had retained for David, had discovered that during the period when David was supposed to have helped transport the dynamite to Los Angeles, San Francisco was celebrating the anniversary of Gasper de Partola, first white man to chart the area. Bob and I well remembered that during the festival David had operated a souvenir stand outside our café, and I could testify that he could not have been absent from the city for any length of time at this period.

It was a blazing midsummer day when I entered the Los Angeles courtroom, and I was frightened and dazed. Philip Halperin, a former dress manufacturer whom we had known at Home Colony, was also familiar with Dave's commercial activities during the festival, and he was called to the stand before I was. Distressed at being mixed up with Anarchists and dynamitings, he behaved in so nervous and distracted a manner that the whole courtroom laughed at his antics. This woke me out of my daze, and I was reasonably self-possessed when I took the stand.

Two electric bulbs dangled in front of the judge's boxed-in dais, and all I could think of was an upended coffin with candles before it. I fastened my eyes on the pasty, bony face of Donald Vose, and gave my testimony in a low voice. Every word I uttered was spoken for Donald's benefit, and as I watched him squirm in his seat, his eyes shifting apprehensively, my confidence grew. I had thought that he might try to incriminate me in the dynamiting, and I was certain that there would be some reference to my trial marriage. I looked him straight in the eye, daring him to contradict a syllable of my testimony. Since he could not smoke in the courtroom, he sucked and chewed on unlighted cigarettes, spitting frequently into a near-by cuspidor. Occasionally, as I made some important point, Burns would nudge Donald and whisper to him.

The prosecution examined me only briefly, and as I left the stand,

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I glanced at David. A smile flashed over his swarthy face. Certainly at that point it looked as if he would go free, and the jury did, in fact, disagree. At the second trial, however, he was found guilty, and was given a ten years' sentence.

I hastened north to Bob and the Adventurer. The money I received from the state for my expenses I divided between David in prison and his children. Eagerly I prepared to say good-by to San Francisco.

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ADVENTURER'S PROGRESS

WE STARTED off from San Francisco with an English bulldog lent us by the mayor of the city. I had often seen Mayor Rolph, wearing jodhpurs and a formal vest with white piping, as he inspected his kennels. He and I had got acquainted by way of Toy, and after he had seen the Adventurer, he brought us Bossie. "You'll need a good watchdog on the Mojave," he said. We were to ship Bossie back after crossing the desert. We weren't to let her breed except with a thoroughbred, and if she did have pups, we were to send one to him, keep one for ourselves, and distribute the others among the friends whose addresses he gave us. It was a deal.

A great crowd gathered as we took our departure from the city, and everywhere we went the Adventurer was followed by long trains of children, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Nor were adults less interested. We received many generous offers for our unusual vehicle and innumerable requests for the plans.

In Los Angeles we parked the Adventurer on a side road under sweet-smelling eucalyptus trees. Emma Goldman came to inspect it, examining the gas and electric outlets, the hot and cold water fixtures, the sink and tub, the printing press, the chairs, table, writing desk, bookcases, cupboard, the flower vases, the bird cage, and the small aquarium. We showed her how the driver's seat could be converted into a bed. "How cosy you two are!" she said enviously.

Impulsively she suggested that she might travel with us across the country, lecturing along the way on literary topics and birth control. Emma's force was elemental, like wind or flood, and it is likely

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enough that we would have given in except that the Adventurer, like the ark, was built for two—two dogs, two birds, two goldfish, two human beings, and no more.

We approached San Diego, and I pinched myself as a police escort guided us to a place of honor on the grounds of the San Diego Exposition. It was the novelty of the Adventurer, of course, that won us this attention, plus the touch of respectability given us by Mayor Rolph's Bossie. Whatever may have been done with tar and feathers in San Diego, this was the kind of thing that could happen only in America. It's what I think of when I try to define my country and its democracy—that and the hospitality shown us in the countryside, the gifts of fruit and doughnuts and milk from America's generous heart. Our politics, our philosophy, our descent didn't matter in comparison with such an innovation as the Adventurer.

As long as we stayed in San Diego, the Adventurer was a center of attention. It was inspected by army officers, who thought it might be used as a model for ambulances and model canteens. As a strict pacifist, I ought to have shuddered at the thought, but I handed over Billings's blueprints and allowed the visitors to take pictures.

What is worse, I let our house car be used as a platform for the soliciting of funds for Belgian relief. That was too much for Bob, who insisted that the Adventurer shouldn't be used to work up war hysteria, and we fled the city.

After San Bernardino, whose friendly population was generous with printing orders, we headed across the mountains. One morning, as we prepared our breakfast, an expensive sedan drew up beside us, and its two occupants looked the Adventurer over. We invited them to eat with us, and one of them, a man with a pipestem body so stooped that he seemed hunchbacked, looked at me sharply. "Can you still make as good coffee as you did in the vegetarian restaurant?" he asked.

It was Job Harriman, the man whose political career had been ruined by the McNamara confession. Harriman, who in 1900 was Eugene Debs's running mate on the Socialist party's first presidential ticket, had been stricken with tuberculosis and had been sent to Los Angeles by Morris Hillquit—later a victim of the same disease—and other comrades. He had been a striking-looking man, with black

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bushy hair waving back from a pallid, hollow-cheeked face. His drawn body and feverish eyes made him seem like a wraith, but he could magnetize an audience, and his influence in Los Angeles and California grew with phenomenal speed.

Harriman belonged to the segment of the Socialist party that believed in strengthening the labor movement and favored cooperation with the A.F. of L. His talents as a lawyer were always at the service of the unions, and he won the support of many labor leaders who had distrusted political action. He had plans for cleaning up the labor administration in San Francisco, and, indeed, his vision embraced the whole of the state.

Then, just as victory seemed certain, his career was wrecked through no fault of his own. He had come to Los Angeles expecting to die, and instead had laid the foundations of a brilliant career, only to end in failure and frustration. He seemed glad to discuss the whole incident with us. He told us that he had not had the least inkling of the plans for the confession. "Darrow ruined everything," he said, "for Socialism, for the average citizen, for labor, for the McNamara boys themselves. The history of the class conflict in every country shows some outstanding example of treason; Darrow and Steffens did the job for America."

The McNamaras he completely exonerated. "Men in jail, indicted for murder, are like helpless children. They can be swayed by anyone they trust. The brothers loved each other dearly. James thought John might go free if he himself pleaded guilty; John thought James would hang without a confession. Toward the last they were in a state of hysteria, and the lawyers deliberately worked on their fears."

As for Harriman himself, he had been attacked and betrayed by opponents within the Socialist party, and finally had resigned. He had attempted to establish cooperative colonies, but these had failed. Now, his last shred of health gone, he had exchanged substance for shadow, Marxism for spiritualism.

As he got up to leave, he suggested that he might hitch his powerful car to the Adventurer and help us over the mountain. It seemed like a good idea, but our engine was geared so low that it became badly overheated, and extensive repairs were needed. "That's my lot," said Job Harriman as he said good-by. "I go straight to hell down the paved road of good intentions."

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When I next heard of him, he had been found dead on the doorstep of his California home. He was so alone in the world by that time that only half a dozen persons took the trouble to attend his funeral.

We spent several days on the shore of the yellow Colorado River, near an Indian reservation. The miserable clay hovels the Indians lived in and their ragged clothes filled us with sympathy for these "wards" of the richest government in the world. One night, when we were attending a fire ceremony, a little girl rushed up to one of the men, and we realized that the girl's mother, the man's wife, was in labor. Two heavy-set women strolled languidly to the hut, followed by the forlorn husband and the frantic little girl. How my heart ached! That little girl with her limpid, terrified eyes was I, watching my American brother being born into a mice-infested Chicago basement, just as helpless, just as dazed in the isolation of foreignness and poverty.

Leaving the reservation, we began to cross the desert. The Adventurer was fourteen feet long, over five feet high, and weighed five tons. So that we could drive without plunging hub-deep in the sand, Bob laid down a carpet of gunny sacks. Our progress was slow, but we were getting on. But suddenly there was a great wheezing and squeaking, and when I removed the hubcap on one of the rear wheels, all the bearings poured into my hand. That settled us for the night on the Santa Fe trail. Trains were running not far away, as we could hear, and there were tracks of automobiles and wagons ahead of us, but there were also bleached skeletons to remind us of what we had heard about the dangers of the desert.

We locked ourselves into our house car, but we were not to sleep that night. There were all sorts of weird noises, and then, mingling with the howls of coyotes and the cries of strange birds, there was the plaintive whining of Bossie. Getting up, we discovered that she was in the first throes of labor. We made a soft bed for her and brushed her hot face with moistened paper, while Toy huddled in a corner, moaning in sympathy.

Dawn on the desert, we discovered, was less spectacular than sunset, but it was very welcome. Since Bossie had not yet delivered, Bob agreed to stay with her while I started out for Barstow. My

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pistol cocked, I plowed through the sand. For a long time I saw nothing but gophers and sage hens, but at last a car caught up with me. The driver, a mine promoter, had talked with Bob and knew our situation. He volunteered to take me into Barstow, but was a good deal less than encouraging. "They may take your car and your cash," he said, "and tell you to git. If they do, you git. It all depends on that queen of theirs. Owns the whole shebang, store, saloon, poolroom, everything. Owns the only two trees in town and makes you pay for sitting under 'em. Hates women. Just as soon kill you as look at you."

We stopped in front of a row of wooden houses, and the promoter was gone. Apprehensively I entered the general store and looked around. From behind some barrels, a portly figure loomed up, with the face of a man, short hair, and broad masculine shoulders. Only when I saw the long gray cotton dress, called a Marda robe, did I realize that this was the queen.

I poured out a torrent of nervous words. I said I'd heard that the queen hated women, and I probably had no business asking her a favor, but I liked women and had faith in them, and I hoped that she would help me.

The whites of her eyes grew full and round. "What's your trouble?" she asked gruffly.

After I'd told her, I took all our cash—$50—and laid it on the counter. She waved it away, and clapped her hands. "Get the boys," she said to the harelipped man who shuffled in. "Take the horses and go with her. Go on."

Bossie had had her litter, quintuplets, but two had died. Bob was busy dampening gunny sacks in our water to keep Bossie and her pups cool, and he was feeding the pups canned milk through a rubber syringe. My companions were enthusiastic about Bossie and her family, but they warned us that the queen wouldn't allow dogs in town.

Late that night, after the Adventurer had been hauled into Barstow by a team of eight horses, and the mechanics of the town had informed us that we would have to get a new axle from San Francisco, the queen suddenly appeared at our door. Without preliminary she began to rant. "So they say I ain't got no heart," she shouted. "Them bastards say I ain't got no heart. Drive through and give us

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their dust. Too grand to stop here. They say I ain't got no soul." She launched into a story about a man of the town who had gone insane and beaten his wife to death. The queen had taken care of their baby and had later placed it in a San Bernardino orphan asylum at her own expense. "And they say I ain't got no heart."

With some misgivings I showed her Bossie's puppies and proceeded to feed them by the method Bob had devised. Seeing that she was interested, I impulsively offered her one of the pups. She took and fondled it, and thereafter it was always cuddled in her arms. Her subjects were flabbergasted by this. According to rumor, a dog was involved in some unsavory incident of her past, and she had made it a rule to shoot all dogs on sight.

Barstow had no rain eight months of the year, and its water supply was brought in by tank trains and stored in a concrete cistern. A bucket of water cost a considerable sum, and the queen did us a great favor when she invited us to share in her water supply for our morning toilets. She also permitted us to sit under her two trees without charge.

Every evening the queen would visit us, wearing the inevitable Marda robe, and walking on horny bare feet. She had an amazing talent for invective, and her violent diatribes against the people who said she had no soul went on for hours at a time. Completely illiterate, she was by no means uninformed, and she condemned all economic and political institutions with a thoroughness that the most intransigent Anarchist might have envied.

Time passed slowly in Barstow while we waited for the axle. For weeks we had not seen a newspaper, and our mail was presumably waiting for us in Colorado. We began to feel like desert rats ourselves.

Then one day Bob picked up an old newspaper in a railroad car, and we read about the Preparedness Day bombing. July 22, 1916, had been proclaimed Preparedness Day in San Francisco, and a parade had been organized. As the parade swung up Market Street, a bomb exploded, killing six persons and injuring twenty-five, four of whom later died. A few days afterwards five persons were arrested: Tom Mooney, Rena, Warren Billings, Ed Nolan, and Israel Weinberg. Bob and I stared at each other in consternation as we read the story. Another McNamara case?

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When the queen arrived that night, I was writing hasty notes to Emma, Fitzi, Sasha, Eric, and Nan and Jack. The queen realized that I was upset about something. I told her what had happened, and said that the people who had been arrested were known to us. "It looks like a frame-up," I said. Instantly she launched upon a tirade against bankers, industrialists, politicians, speculators, preachers, and all other respectable members of society.

At last the axle arrived, and the Adventurer was repaired. When we stopped to say good-by to the queen, she noticed the small pistol in my skirt holster. "Can you use it?" she asked. Reluctantly I admitted that I was a poor shot. The queen cackled. "You got to learn to shoot straight, kid," she said. "Messiah ain't a-comin'."

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TOM MOONEY IN THE DEATH HOUSE

MORE THAN ANY other incident in American labor history, the case of Tom Mooney and Warren Billings brought into conflict the forces of reaction and the forces of progress. Not only were the men convicted on evidence that was presently shown to be perjured; the whole conspiracy against them was aimed at the destruction of the labor movement.

By the time Bob and I reached Chicago, Billings had already been sent to jail for life, and the others were about to be tried. Sasha Berkman, who had been rounded up by District Attorney Fickert and given the third degree, wrote and begged me to enlist the support of the Chicago unions for Mooney's defense. "Only a miracle will save Tom from the gallows," Eric Morton wrote.

We arrived in Chicago one blustery day, and were directed by startled traffic cops to the candy and tobacco store that my parents had opened on West Huron Street. Adventurer, parked behind the store, served as our bedroom and printing shop, but we had our meals with my mother and father and my two brothers, Willie and Howard.

It was not long before we had callers—Pete Isaak from San Francisco and Ed Nockles, secretary of the Chicago Federation of Labor. Pete was the son of the Anarchist patriarch, Abe Isaak, who had established a fruit-growing colony in California. Ed Nockles was a tall, heavy man, with a large, round, smooth forehead. He had an easy manner, a kind of priestly tranquillity, and a great gift for get-

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ting on with people. Laborites said, with meaning winks and nods: "Ed knows what it's all about. You can rely on Ed."

Pete was accustomed to Jewish homes, but to Ed my mother's *kaikalech, gefüllte* fish, and tarts were a revelation. They both ate heartily, and then got down to business. In his nervous, indignant manner, Pete pointed out that the Chicago labor movement was of crucial importance in the campaign to save Tom Mooney. It was up to me to see that the Chicago unions did their part.

Bewildered, I looked at Ed, and he took up the argument. He and John Fitzpatrick, the leaders of the C.F. of L., could not go farther than the rank and file was willing to go, and at the moment the rank and file was lethargic. When I had built up a strong sentiment for Mooney and Billings, the leadership could act. I knew the defendants well, and I knew the situation that had led to the frame-up. I was the only person who could do the job.

I protested, but Ed wouldn't listen. He pointed out that I had many friends in the left wing of Chicago labor. "Start with the Jews," he urged me. "Start with the tailors and cloakmakers. They have a vision of social justice. They know what persecution means."

My parents, I could see, were deeply touched by Ed's tribute to the Jewish people. Bob, however, could not conceal his distress. He was thinking that I would be drawn into another whirl of activities and there would be no home life for us. I reminded Ed that Bob and I had just arrived in Chicago and that we had to concern ourselves with earning a living.

"There'll be a salary for you," Ed said.

I flared up. "I'm not going to be paid for working for a cause I believe in."

We argued back and forth. Finally I said: "After I've got a job, I'll help in my spare time."

"What kind of job would give you free time?" Ed asked.

"I might take a short-hour waitress job. I still carry my union card."

Ed was quick to seize his opportunity. "All right. You'll have a job in a Loop restaurant tomorrow."

Now it was my mother's turn to be horrified. From her point of view, it was a disgrace for a married woman to work at any kind of

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job, but for me to work in a public place, where I would be seen by our relatives—that was more than she could bear!

Ed employed all his eloquence to convince her that she should not allow conventions to stand in the way of social justice. At last she reluctantly agreed, and even Bob gave his consent. Ed began to talk about his boyhood in Dubuque, Iowa. There had been a Jew named Slimmer in Dubuque, a man famed throughout the vicinity for his deeds of charity. He gave to every religious institution in town, regardless of creed, and he was constantly helping the sick and needy. His greatest interest, however, was in prison welfare. To him any penal institution was a monstrous degradation of the human spirit. His unceasing efforts to help prisoners made a deep impression on young Ed Nockles. After graduation from college, Ed became a mechanic and joined a union. One of his fellow members was arrested during a strike, and Ed volunteered to take care of his family. Since then he had often worked on behalf of labor prisoners, and never without thinking of Slimmer.

"And you want me to follow in your footsteps," I said ironically.

My usually reticent father could not contain himself. "You!" he cried. "You are just like your grandfather, Chaim the Hospitable!"

Ed got up to go. "You are wonderful people," he said. "God bless you all."

On top of a ladder in the lobby of the Workers' Institute, a young man in paint-daubed overalls was sweating away as he plied his brush. When I asked him to direct me to the president's office, he guffawed. "Right on top of this ladder," he said.

Thus I met Stollar Tobinson and told him that he was chairman of the Chicago Mooney Defense Committee.

"Is there such a committee?" he asked.

"There will be when you appoint it."

Tobinson, a refugee from czarist Russia, was a house painter who had studied law and passed his bar examinations. The Workers' Institute owed everything to his wisdom and energy. Its three-story home on Ashland Boulevard had been built by the contributions and the actual labor of members of the Workmen's Circle. Membership in that body is not limited to wage earners, but all its members are so thoroughly imbued with ideals of freedom and democracy that

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they are concerned with every struggle for the betterment of labor. It is a fraternal organization, providing insurance for many thousands. But it is much more than that. During more than fifty years it has provided a cultural and social center for tens of thousands of families that have come to this country after suffering discrimination and persecution in the Old World. With branches in every state of the union, the Workmen's Circle is a great cultural and moral force. Members of the organization have always had a deep reverence for martyrs in the cause of social progress.

Tobinson saw at once what Fitzpatrick and Nockles were driving at—to create a popular demand for the C.F. of L. to endorse and lead the fight for Mooney. "We'll have a mass meeting," he said. "Who'll we get for speakers?" And he proceeded to name the big three of extreme American radicalism—Bill Haywood, Sasha Berkman, and Jim Larkin.

My job was to find a hall. I was working in the Loop from eleven to two every day, for five dollars a week and my lunch, and the rest of my time I devoted to preparations for the meeting. Of course the owners of respectable auditoriums would have nothing to do with us, and I tried to secure the Hebrew Institute. To my chagrin and Ed Nockles's amazement, the rich Jews who controlled the institute were even less hospitable to the idea than the Gentile owners had been. They would not permit Alexander Berkman to cross their threshold, they told us. He had brought disgrace upon the Jewish people by his attempted assassination of Frick, and they did not want the citizens of Chicago to think that they would countenance such an act. They were indignant that a Jew, Israel Weinberg, was involved in the Mooney case.

The directors not only refused us the use of their auditorium; they hastened to publicize their refusal. Many Jewish workers thereupon started a boycott of the Hebrew Institute. Abraham Cahan, editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, came to Chicago at this time to lecture at the Institute. The *Forward* was not privately owned, but was operated by an organization whose members were faithful to Socialism and to the higher standards in journalism and literature. Its annual profits were distributed to educational and charitable institutions as well as to funds for the relief of starving strikers. It reached a quarter of a million homes, and its success was often com-

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mented upon by American journalists and progressives. It was, of course, Socialist in its editorial policy and a strong advocate of trade unionism, and the Jewish workers took it for granted that the editor would support their boycott of the Institute. On the contrary, he curtly declined to meet a committee composed of Nockles, Tobinson, and me, and announced that he would speak as scheduled.

Cahan's action enraged the Jewish labor leaders, particularly because they felt that he had insulted the C.F. of L. by refusing to see Nockles. Nockles and Fitzpatrick were enormously popular with Jewish unionists, who remembered gratefully their support of the tailors' strike in 1915. Ed himself tried to minimize the incident, but representatives of the unions and of the Workmen's Circle refused to be pacified, and they went so far as to threaten to break up Cahan's meeting.

At this point I had to take a hand. "If you break up the Cahan meeting," I told them, "I will instantly resign. I cannot sanction in any way an act that will inevitably hurt the cause of Mooney and Billings."

With Tobinson's help, I succeeded in quashing the proposed demonstration against Cahan. And from that time on, curiously enough, the famous editor had a bitter animosity toward me, which he vented in many unpleasant ways during a quarter of a century.

We still had the problem of a hall. As we left the stormy session of our group, Ed said to me, "Let's try the Irish." I looked at him. "Jim Larkin is in town," he explained.

Larkin, a six-foot Irish rebel with hawklike beak, was a vehement Socialist and altogether a romantic figure. Many of his friends had been killed and others arrested in the Republican uprising in Ireland in the spring of 1916. Larkin would have been perfectly at home on Irish battlefields, but he was marooned in the United States by the war, and the best he could do was to tour the country on behalf of his comrades. The Irish in America were divided into so many factions that the most tactful of speakers would have had difficulties, and Jim was not tactful. His tour thus far had been a succession of quarrels.

Larkin had already spoken out in support of Mooney, and now, raging and storming against capitalists and policemen, he promised to find us a hall. He did, too. The next day he took Nockles and me

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to a saloon on North Clark Street, explaining that there was a hall on the second floor that would hold several hundred people.

The saloonkeeper, pursing his lips and nervously wiping his hands on his apron, explained that he was a Sinn Feiner and would like to do a good turn for a fellow Irishman, but he'd heard that this Mooney was more red than green, and he was afraid that he'd get into trouble with his customers.

"Bring on your customers," Larkin roared. "They're the type I'd like to talk to. Bring on the Church and the priest. Bring on the preachers and the holy sisters, too. I'll tell 'em."

The saloonkeeper's eyes lit up as he scented a fight. Just then a couple of policemen strolled in through the "ladies' entrance," and the proprietor introduced them to Larkin. They were delighted to meet the great Sinn Feiner, and over their beer promised to come to the meeting and bring the missus. Without further ado, the saloonkeeper agreed to let us have the hall. The deposit was paid out of funds raised by Morris Susskind and Jacob Siegel, Chicago labor editors.

Still chuckling at the thought of an alliance between Sasha Berkman and the Chicago police force, I hurried to the federation offices to make my report. Bill Foster was with John Fitzpatrick, and John said, "Here's your chairman." Bill had changed greatly since the Home Colony days. His own ventures, a Syndicalist League and an International Trade Union Education League, had failed, and he was glad to work for the C.F. of L. No longer did he fulminate against Gompers; he swore by the A.F. of L. and was as wary of radicals as a village grocer. In fact, he was a good deal startled by the way in which his federation activities had brought him back into association with Anarchists and other rebels in this matter of the Mooney case.

There was one last hitch: Bill Haywood refused to take part in the meeting. Nockles, wily strategist that he was, was determined to get Haywood as a speaker, for then he could go to the big union leaders and tell them that the I.W.W. would take all the credit for the affair if they failed to cooperate.

Nockles and I had lunch with Haywood, and I tried to soften him up by talking about Katherine Schmidt, Matt's sister, who had steered Big Bill through all his difficulties as architect of a new labor movement. She had been the spiritual power behind the scenes in every

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Wobbly center. Now she was settled at the foot of the stone walls of San Quentin, so as to be near her imprisoned brother. Praise of the loyal Katherine usually softened one-eyed Haywood. But Big Bill was stubborn and refused to appear on the same platform with Berkman. "What kind of a Red is he?" Haywood asked. "Doesn't belong to the I.W.W., doesn't belong to the Socialist party, doesn't belong to a union. I've asked him to tour for the Wobblies, and he won't do it. He's a prima donna."

My dander was up. "That isn't the only reason you won't speak at the rally," I said.

He glared at me out of his one good eye. "What do you mean by that?"

"Out on the coast they say you're scared since your own trial. You don't want to get mixed up in any more labor cases."

He got to his feet and loomed over me, his huge fist clenched. "Who the hell says that?" People around us stopped chewing to stare.

I pressed my advantage. "Whoever says it, they'll be sure they're right if you back out of this."

"God damn it, I'll speak!" he shouted. "I'll speak to those bastards and tell them plenty."

We had a wonderful crowd, and the rally went off as smoothly as an ice-cream social. Foster and Berkman talked about the Mooney case, but Larkin couldn't resist the opportunity to denounce British imperialism, and both he and Haywood went into lengthy discussions of the proposals of the so-called "Zimmerwald conference" for the cessation of hostilities. What the greater part of the audience, who had come because of Mooney's Irish blood, made of these dialectic displays I can't imagine, but at least they applauded loudly.

Afterward the speakers were entertained in the saloon at a banquet of hot dogs and beer, and a good time was had by all, especially Bill Haywood, who waved his schooner in the air as he urged me to name the bastards who had maligned him.

The prestige of the C.F. of L. was high at that time, for its leaders had taken advantage of wartime prosperity to organize many new industries, including the stockyards. The meetings of its several hundred delegates every Sunday afternoon made news, and I was

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excited and apprehensive when arrangements were made for me to speak on the Mooney case at one of these sessions. Tom had already been convicted and sentenced to death, and we had little time in which to organize a mass demonstration.

I prepared my speech with the care of a young lawyer drawing up his first brief. But when Fitzpatrick introduced me, and I looked out on those hundreds of self-satisfied men, I forgot it. I thought of what these men and the thousands they represented could do for Tom Mooney, and then I thought of the handful of us who were working to save him from the death house. I opened my mouth, and a tirade came out. I asked them how they dared to sit back so contentedly, digesting their Sunday dinners, while we fought their battle for them. Didn't they understand that each of them was a potential Schmidty or Billings or Mooney, that anyone of them might be railroaded to the gallows simply because he was a union man? The bombast moved them, and it moved me too. I was exhausted when I finished, and gaped in amazement as the delegates unanimously voted to hold a Mooney protest rally in the Coliseum.

While I was still standing, dazed, near the platform, a man as spare as a racing whippet pushed his way up to me. "Who are you?" he asked, as he grabbed my hand. "Where do you come from?" He turned to Fitzpatrick, "John, this girl should be sent to us." He turned back to me. "Don't you know me?" he asked.

It was Benjamin Schlesinger, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, which was then on strike in Chicago. I had been following the strike—union girls slugged by hired roughnecks, twelve-hundred strikers arrested and fined, an injunction against picketing—but I had missed meeting the chief of the union that was wiping out the sweatshop.

Lighting one cigarette after another, and constantly coughing, he talked to the delegates around us about the mistreatment of the girls who had been arrested on the picket lines. Abruptly he turned back to me. "You see," he said, "they listen, they're friendly, but then they go home and forget about it. I've got to have somebody who'll keep after them. You're just what I want."

I kept trying to explain that I didn't want a union job, but he paid no attention. Finally, between his coughs and his arguments, I got in a word. "If you can't smoke without coughing, why don't you

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throw away that cigarette?" He looked at me in amazement, turned on his heel, and walked away without another word.

"A nervous wreck," Nockles said. "I never argue with him. I always feel that either he'll pass out or I will." The next minute Schlesinger was back again, making the same demands.

Former Congressman Bourke Cockran had just entered the Mooney case as Mooney's lawyer, and we secured him as our principal speaker. Then we rented the Coliseum. But the response from the unions was lukewarm. Nockles and I went from one meeting to another, and as often as not our plea for support was referred to that graveyard of all good requests, "the executive committee."

One night, as we were on our way to a meeting of the musicians' union, I said to Nockles: "Ed, we've been following the wrong tactics. I'm going to tell these people that we're holding the biggest rally of trade-union members that Chicago has ever seen. Then I'll ask them to furnish bands to play as the unions march into the Coliseum."

"All right," Ed said, "and I'll wait at the door to catch you when you're thrown out."

The scheme worked. Musicians, like all showpeople, are temperamental and emotional. The members voted to march in a body, and, at my suggestion, to bring their wives. The idea spread, and the wives of union members volunteered to sell tickets and distribute pamphlets. For the first time we felt that the rank and file of labor was behind us.

The Workmen's Circle did yeoman service. The czar had just been overthrown, and a wave of messianic fervor was sweeping the Jewish neighborhoods. Now that tyranny had fallen in Russia, it seemed that anything could happen.

When the day came, the unions did parade to the Coliseum with bands at their head. The garment workers, forbidden to picket, marched with flaring banners that set forth their grievances. And the ushers were all girl strikers, to the delight of that coughing ascetic, Ben Schlesinger.

Fiery John H. Walker, one of the leaders of the miners' union and a follower of Gompers, was chairman. Cockran's oratorical power aroused the huge audience to the highest pitch of indignation

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as he described the outrageous betrayal of justice that had gone on in California. There and then he called the Mooney case "the Dreyfus affair of America," and the name stuck.

At the next meeting of the C.F. of L., Fitzpatrick and Nockles reported on the part I had played in the success of the rally without remuneration. A resolution of gratitude was adopted. More than that, I became "big sister" to the labor men in Chicago.

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xii

THEY WANTED TO HELP LENIN

THE SITUATION in the spring of 1917 was difficult and discouraging. President Wilson had been reelected the preceding November because "he kept us out of war," but he had become increasingly belligerent as the winter went by. The pacifists and radicals redoubled their fight, but on April 6th war was declared. The Socialist party, meeting in St. Louis immediately after the declaration of war, registered its opposition to American participation. Soon the great issue was conscription, and Emma Goldman and Sasha Berkman, together with many Wobblies, Socialists, pacifists, and liberals, staged a campaign against compulsory military service. Meanwhile, the fact that Kerensky's provisional government in Russia was continuing the prosecution of the war encouraged some Leftists to regard the Allied cause with greater sympathy.

After the Coliseum meeting I gave up my job as a waitress and went back to working with Bob, although Tom Mooney had urged me to accept a paid position with the defense committee. Many C.F. of L. men formed the habit of visiting our kitchen-salon. Mother was in her glory as she loaded the table with all the snacks and cookies in the cupboard. No longer did my parents envy our rich North Side relatives. "Let them be rich," my father said; "we lead our own lives."

War hysteria mounted. Wobbly centers were raided, and Bill Haywood was locked up. Emma and Sasha, too, were soon behind bars. As persecution increased, radicals looked around for a scapegoat, and once more they picked on Samuel Gompers. He was con-

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stantly winning new gains for labor, but that, according to the radicals, was just the trouble. If he had called for a general strike, they asserted, instead of appealing for national unity, he could have stopped the war. He was too opportunistic, too narrow-minded, too parochial.

An anti-Gompers faction developed in the A.F. of L., and its members did their best to identify Tom Mooney with their cause. On the other hand, the supporters of Gompers became very critical of the C.F. of L. for the aid it had given to Mooney's defense. Unions in the East adopted resolutions denouncing the part that Fitzpatrick and Nockles had played in the Coliseum rally. Fitzpatrick would gravely hand me a sheaf of letters and resolutions, saying: "Confess, girlie; Tom is preparing the revolution through you. I have it right here." And while the conservatives were charging that John and Ed were German agents, the radicals were claiming that they had adopted the Mooney cause for their own opportunistic ends and were sabotaging a "genuine revolutionary" defense.

Two frequent visitors to our kitchen-salon were Stollar Tobinson and Bill Shatoff, an Anarchist Wobbly of Russian descent. They were aflame with the idea of assembling a band of American radicals to go to Russia and aid the revolution. In no time five hundred persons—native Americans as well as the Russian-born—were pledged to the expedition, which was to sail across the Pacific and enter Russia by way of Siberia. We pestered Nockles, who pestered Gompers, who pestered the Washington officials, until finally permission was granted.

One summer evening, when the first party was about to leave, several of them dropped in to say good-by to the family. Saul Yanofsky, in town on a lecture tour, was visiting us. Sardonically regarding the pilgrims, he bleated: "Are you really going to Russia? What does the revolution need of New York tailors and Chicago housepainters and Seattle tinsmiths? Why, I wouldn't hire you as janitors!"

Yanofsky, himself an immigrant from Russia, was editor of the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme* and a tremendous power on New York's East Side. Authors, actors, and labor leaders feared and respected his criticism. Yanofsky, like Abraham Cahan, could make or break a

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reputation, and on Friday evenings the Jewish intelligentsia gathered in the East Side cafés and waited with curiosity and dread for the *Forward* and weekly *Stimme*. "Go back to your tailor shop," Yanofsky might say to some hopeful young actor. "Why are you wasting paper?" he would ask a poet. Converted to Anarchism after the Haymarket tragedy, he was merciless in his denunciation of those Anarchists, such as Johann Most, who advocated violence. Emma Goldman, he once charged, had become an Anarchist out of wantonness and not out of idealism. Lightning-fast in his thinking, he was a masterful coiner of epigrams, and his speeches were a startling blend of pathos and satire. He was short and slight, always unkempt, and in spite of his Vandyke beard, almost boyish in appearance.

That night Yanofsky talked about Lenin's return to his native land through the good offices of Imperial Germany. "No liberator came in that railroad car, but a Mephistopheles!" he asserted. When Sam Agursky, one of the company, argued that there was no alternative, Yanofsky pointed out that other revolutionaries, including Prince Kropotkin, had returned by way of Sweden.

For a time he raged, but then he began to ask the pilgrims how they were fixed for food and money, and it was not long before he was praising their courage and admitting that if he were younger he'd probably be just as quixotic. "Look at them!" he said to me. "I am their teacher. I raised a generation of idiots."

In the course of the evening Father drew me aside, and talked to me more earnestly than he had in all the years since we faced Chicago together. He could see that Bob and I were affected by the excitement of the pilgrims, and he urged me not to be swept away. He repeated what my grandfather had prophesied: "There'll be no happiness in Russia in our lifetime."

Bob and I had been deeply moved by the Russian revolution, Bob especially, and he talked seriously to Tobinson about the possibility of our joining the pilgrims later on. For the present, however, we decided to start moving again. We planned to go on to New York in the Adventurer, and while Bob earned our bread and butter and gas with the hand press, I would try to persuade labor centrals to organize Mooney defense committees. I would carry credentials from the C.F. of L., and it was my intention to try to convince critics on

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both the Left and the Right of the importance of the work Fitzpatrick and Nockles were doing on Mooney's behalf.

The Workers' Institute gave a farewell picnic that summer for us and for Stollar Tobinson, their president. We were never to see Tobinson again, but we were to hear of him. Some years later I encountered his wife by accident in New York City. I have never seen a more dejected, lifeless woman. She had brought their younger child with her, but left the boy in Russia with his father. She could hardly talk about what she had experienced, but she did not need to. More years passed, and we read in the papers that Tobinson, who had taken the name of Krosnotchokov, had been arrested. Then came word that the man who had been governor of Siberia and head of the Soviet Industrial Bank had been liquidated by a firing squad.

Quite as extraordinary was the career of Bill Shatoff. A gorilla of a man, with the features of a battered pug and a coarse vocabulary, he antagonized less vigorous people, but he had a good mind, and he was decent and almost childishly innocent. During his ten years in this country, he worked as a printer, tinsmith, machinist, longshoreman, and fisherman, organized for the Wobblies in the steel mills and the stockyards, and presided over an Anarchist educational center in New York. After his arrival in Russia, he became chief of the Petrograd police, and Lincoln Steffens, visiting Russia with the Bullitt Commission in 1919, rode in the fine car he had confiscated. Still later, when the northern and southern sections of the Turkestan-Siberian Railroad were joined, Vladimir Sergeyevich Shatoff was the hero of the occasion. Eugene Lyons found him in Alma-Ata, and reported that the walls of his temporary headquarters were covered with "verses celebrating stick-to-itive-ness, punctuality, hard work," verses that "would have gone straight to the heart of any Rotarian in Kalamazoo or Los Angeles." "The I.W.W. agitator turned builder," commented Lyons, "bringing the slogans of an American boom to arid Asia." The end of Shatoff's saga is lost in Soviet obscurity.

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EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

WE SET FORTH in a spruced-up Adventurer, but this was a less pleasant trip than the others. Not only were we engaged on serious business; every day brought reports of new persecutions. Emma and Sasha had been found guilty of obstructing the draft, and sentenced to two years in prison and a $10,000 fine, and ordered deported. In Butte, Montana, a half-Indian Wobbly named Frank Little, who was working with striking miners, was hanged from a railroad trestle. I knew Frank. His soul was of a silk fabric. I had not believed that such things could happen in my America, land of freedom and decency.

Our first stop in New York City was at the one-room office of *Mother Earth* on the corner of Lafayette and Spring streets. Here we learned from Fitzi that Sasha had been indicted in the Mooney case and that District Attorney Fickert was trying to extradite him from New York. A letter to me from Edwin McKenzie, who had been Schmidty's lawyer and Dave Caplan's and was now retained for Mooney, explained Fickert's strategy. The ambitious D. A. had had Berkman indicted in the last days of Rena Mooney's trial, hoping to influence the jury by introducing an avowed Anarchist into the case. He also hoped to keep the case alive if Rena should be found innocent, as in fact she was.

The immediate task, Fitzi pointed out, was to bring pressure upon the governor of New York, so that he would refuse to permit the extradition of Berkman. "The Central Federated Union is leery of us," Fitzi said. "The United Hebrew Trades are all right, but they

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can't do much because of the war hysteria." Fitzi looked as if she hadn't slept in weeks.

Our campaign began in the office of the United Hebrew Trades. I walked up to Max Pine and Morris Feinstone, and began to lecture them about the importance of the Mooney case and the necessity of preventing the extradition of Berkman. Suddenly I remembered that I hadn't introduced myself, and reached for my credentials.

Pine pursed his lips, and his smooth, ruddy face took on an expression of mock solemnity. "Credentials?" he asked. "What are credentials? I myself can write out credentials. I get paid for it. A starvation wage, of course." He smiled at me. "Why do you come running to us for help? Are there no non-Jews in the world that you have to come to us?"

For a moment I was completely taken aback, but Pine quickly assured me that he would do his best for Mooney and Berkman. He could not resist another sarcasm, however: "If I were rotting in jail, would Mooney put himself out for me? No, only we of the East Side risk our necks for every Tom, Dick, and Harry."

There was justification for his bitterness. The Hebrew Trades had supported the other unions of the city at every turn, and yet Jews were looked on with contempt by many trade-union leaders. The East Siders had given generously to every great humanitarian cause, and now they were being denounced as unpatriotic.

More subdued, I brought up the money problem, saying that Fitzi had suggested a theater benefit. Pine was opposed, but dapper Morris Feinstone argued for the idea. "All right," Pine said. "We'll have a theater benefit. Let's try Adler. After all, Berkman deserves a decent troupe."

The head of the royal family of the Jewish stage, the equivalent of the Barrymores, was an extremely handsome old man and well aware of it. He had heavenly blue eyes and a leonine mane of pure white hair. To watch Jacob Adler march to or from the Grand Street Theater, with deliberate step and benign dignity, escorted by adoring fans, was to watch a royal progress.

We found him at rehearsal with a cerise satin robe thrown over his shoulders. "What, trouble again?" he asked, as he saw Pine.

"Do I ever bring good tidings?" Pine inquired with a grin. He nodded in my direction. "She is the trouble."

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Certain that I was an actress and that there was some union grievance involved, Adler looked at me sternly. Pine broke in, and explained about the proposed benefit for Berkman. Adler looked relieved, and then he frowned. "That young man in trouble once more? Are there still more prisons for him to grace?" He struck a grandiose pose. "This Berkman has been haunting prisons all his life, and I have been playing benefit performances for him all my life."

But his eyes filled with tears as we explained the situation, and soon he summoned the owner and business manager of the theater. Mr. Goldstein began by raising objections, but he was easily won over by Pine and Adler. "You can be sure that the intelligentsia will turn out," Pine said.

"That is what I like. Only genteel people should patronize my theater. . . ."

"Our theater," growled Adler.

Kibitzing is wise-cracking with a difference—a sort of witty, ironic carping, a bantering running commentary on any enterprise. The East Side kibitzed the world in Shulem's Café at Division and Canal streets, expressly named the Kibitzarnia. Statesmen, political theories, economic doctrines, literature and art, military strategy—everything came under the scrutiny of the kibitzers.

Pine ushered us into the Kibitzarnia late one Friday afternoon. By that time the Yiddish journalists had put to bed their Saturday paper, the big one of the week, and were recuperating over glasses of tea or coffee while breaking toothpicks with their fingernails. As soon as Pine sat down, he was surrounded. When his friends learned who we were, some of them began to praise Justice Brandeis for signing the petition to the United States Supreme Court on behalf of Emma and Sasha. But, others asked, should not Brandeis as a Jew have safeguarded himself and his people by staying clear of Anarchists at such a time? Ah, then Jews should refuse to support a righteous cause in deference to narrow-minded prejudice! And they were off.

Pine liked to play the proletarian with these intellectuals. "I am an ignoramus," he bragged, and he expressed himself in simple, blunt terms though he could use a polished vocabulary. "Berkman

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is a writer," he challenged them. "What are you doing on the sidelines while he is being hauled off to California to the gallows?"

Just then Yanofsky appeared, followed by Moishe Nadir. Yanofsky was all for aid to Berkman, and his support proved of great value to us. Nadir, a poet and essayist, accepted Yanofsky's lead. Moishe later lost himself and his gift in Communism. He reneged at the time of the Stalin-Hitler pact, but died soon after, spiritually exhausted. In the campaign to save Berkman, he was a staunch worker, and he and Morris Feinstone accompanied me to many meetings of United Hebrew Trades-Unions. After my speeches he would say: "Send her to President Wilson; she can stop the war."

The benefit was a moral as well as financial success. Speakers such as Sholem Asch addressed the audience between the acts. As soon as the performance was over, Bob and I drove to the old Tombs with its forbidding gray walls, watchtowers, and Bridge of Sighs. Although it was after midnight, the guards agreed to take my note to Berkman, and the next day I had a reply:

> I am particularly glad that you got Adler. He is a fine actor and a fine fellow. I think he played a benefit performance on my behalf in 1906, before I came out last time.

While we lived in our car in Riverside Drive Park, I carried on my campaign in the unions. Pine, I discovered, had not exaggerated the plight of Jewish labor. The Central Federated Union was out on a superpatriotic spree, and all Jewish labor leaders were suspected of being rebels.

As in Chicago, I got along best with the Irish. They abhorred England as much as the Jews loathed czarist Russia, and had the same ambiguous feelings toward the war. Moreover, they seemed very much like the East Siders in their emotional make-up. Timothy Healy, president of the International Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen, was one of our supporters. Taciturn, with a heavy, drooping mustache, he seemed an old grouch, and was really a warm-hearted advocate of social justice, and his organization never failed him. Edward I. Hannah, president of the C.F.U. and head of the smallest national body with the longest name—International Union of Pavers, Hammermen, Flag Layers, Bridge and Stone Curb Setters

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—was another good friend. Jo Coffin, one of the first woman linotypists, and Ann Hogan of the Stenographers' Union showed the real Irish fighting spirit.

Emma, out on bail till the Supreme Court reviewed her case, was surprised at my success. She was lecturing on the right of birth control, which was conspicuously unclaimed just then by the wives of draft-dodgers. "I see a sympathizer in every one of those pregnant young women," Emma wrote me. "God bless them, for each bloated abdomen is a protest against the war. But at the same time I see a repudiation in the prospective mothers. Their condition proves that they did not follow my lectures on birth control. The war brides, on the other hand, come to me to learn how to keep up the morale of the army; yet the War Department declares me unpatriotic."

We made plans for a conference at the Hotel McAlpin, and I went to report to Morris Hillquit, accompanied by Morris Sigman, a leader of the cloakmakers who had narrowly escaped a death sentence on a trumped-up murder charge. Hillquit was then the Socialist candidate for mayor, and it was difficult for him to decide whether or not to support the Berkman plea. On the one hand, association with an Anarchist might damage his mayoralty campaign, and, on the other, it was possible that the participation of a prominent Socialist might hurt Berkman's cause by alienating some of the conservative West Side leaders who had reluctantly agreed to back our appeal. As he looked over the list of labor officials who had promised to attend the McAlpin conference, the calm, efficient lawyer expressed his approval.

The conference itself was like a wedding reception at which two sets of in-laws have to be kept out of each other's hair. Harry Weinberger saved the situation. Harry was no Anarchist, but he had a strong sense of justice, and he was willing to defend Anarchists or any other minority group that was in trouble. His love of freedom and his interest in the theater led to his struggles against the censorship or suppression of plays. Although he was an intellectual through and through, he looked like a prizefighter, and he had a gift for mixing with all kinds of people. That evening at the McAlpin he told one story after another, and the laughter with which he greeted his own jokes was so contagious that soon everyone was in a good humor.

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Several hundred union leaders made the trip to Albany to interview Governor Whitman. On the Albany train we decided that we had to have the prestige of the State Federation of Labor. This was in the days before such men as George Meany, Thomas A. Murray, Joseph P. Ryan, Thomas C. Lyons, and Harold C. Hanover ushered in a new era for New York labor, and the state leaders were notoriously conservative. I therefore told Pine that the only thing was to stage a hold-up. "Lead me with a halter," he sighed.

While the delegates proceeded to the executive mansion, Pine and I rushed to state headquarters. A couple of building-trades officials were sitting around the office, and I plunged into my story: "A labor delegation is waiting on the governor right now. We didn't have time to get in touch with you in advance. We're appealing to the governor against any kind of help to the antilabor politicians in California. Of course the State Federation must be represented."

Bewildered but obliging, the men bounded to their feet, grabbed their hats, and hurried after us to find out what the chattering female was so wrought up about. On the way I had time to tell them only a few of the details, but they seemed calm enough as they nodded to their Manhattan acquaintances.

The governor was very friendly to the Albany group, to their obvious pride, and he showed great courtesy to Morris Hillquit as the leader of a rival party. After Weinberger and Hillquit had eloquently presented the case for Berkman, Governor Whitman said that inasmuch as Berkman had been indicted by a Federal Court and was awaiting the decision of the United States Supreme Court, New York would not surrender him to California. "New York," he added with an ironic smile, "is still a member of the Federal Union." Fitzi, whose extraordinary strength of character was usually impervious to any touch of sentimentalism, put her arm around my shoulder, and I noticed that her eyes were filled with tears.

My German-American friend, Madeline Gazza, secretary of the International Workers' Defense League, wrote:

Oh, if you had been here, you'd have been as crazy as the rest of us. Just picture us waiting fifty-one hours for the verdict, everyone on the verge of a breakdown, the tense faces of relatives and friends worn to bags of bones as they fainted and cried. Then everyone went

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crazy with joy, laughing, crying, hugging and kissing everyone in sight, including the newsboys, who were shouting "Rena Mooney Acquitted."

Rena had been found innocent, though she was still being held in jail on some technicality no one could understand. Ed Nolan had been released without trial. Fremont Older was digging into the mess behind the charges, and the facts he had unearthed were leading to a clamor for Fickert's impeachment. President Wilson had appointed a committee to investigate, which was an unprecedented interference with state rights, and the members were labor men or friends of labor.

Our job was to keep interest in the Mooney case alive in New York City. Every Saturday night a group of volunteers peddled Mooney-Billings buttons in theater lobbies and ballrooms. These girls were factory workers, and it was no slight sacrifice for them to give up the freest night of the week to make the rounds of the public halls, paying their carfare with their own hard-earned pennies. Dvorah Rothbard was one of the group, a shy, fragile immigrant girl who had happened into a Mooney-Berkman meeting one night and had been so much moved that she tore from her finger the thin gold ring given her by her brothers before she left her Russian home and with it started a shower of jewelry and cash upon the platform. Later she studied evenings and became a teacher, and is now an executive officer in America for Pioneer Women, a division of the labor movement in Israel, helping to establish institutions in the new state for working girls from the lands of persecution. Another was Ethel Mirsky, who was only eighteen. Soon afterward her young husband was deported to Russia, and she volunteered to go with him. The husband, Samuel Lippmann, died in one of the purges. For over twenty years nothing was heard of Ethel, and then, in 1947, her sister Rose learned that she had been—and still was—in a Soviet prison. Rose remained in New York to struggle in the shop and on the picket lines until the dressmakers won their battle for decent conditions in the factory. She was selected by the union as a price settler for piecework, and her decisions were accepted with trust by both manufacturers and workers. To the end of her life she hoped to save her sister Ethel.

The winter of 1917-1918 in New York was a winter of icy rains

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and driving snow, of shivering people lining up for a bucket of coal, of the heatless "Hoover" Mondays to save fuel. For Bob and me it was a desperate winter. Bob could not get a job in a union shop, or become a member of the printers' union for that matter. We mixed with the chief labor men in the city, but neither of us dreamed of asking a favor of them for ourselves. Probably I should have taken a job after Sasha had been saved from extradition, but the pace of events in San Francisco made it seem imperative to keep on with the work I was doing. And so we lived on such wages as Bob earned, and when the bad weather forced us to store the Adventurer, we set up a cot in the *Mother Earth* office and squatted in the frigid loft building.

While out on bail, Emma and Sasha were also homeless, and were living with various friends. Sometimes after a lecture, they would climb up to the freezing office. Fitzi and Pauline Turkle, the general factotum of *Mother Earth,* who had the face of Da Vinci's Madonna, would pound their typewriters, while I made coffee on the tiny gas burner with which—very cautiously—we broke the factory-building laws. Often Harry Weinberger would be there as well. The Provincetown Players were among his clients, and he would rhapsodize over the genius of O'Neill and the technique of Susan Glaspell. Emma regarded herself as an authority on the drama, and we would argue and scrap with all the abandon of a close family group.

During those evenings, Emma and Sasha resolved not to fight against deportation but to go to Bolshevik Russia. Accustomed to speaking out their minds in public, they consulted their consciences in front of the rest of us in long, Hamlet-like soliloquies. They monologued themselves into a sort of Bolshevist trance, and became convinced that all their Anarchist ideals were being realized in Lenin's police state. Bob was their ardent disciple, while I remained skeptical.

My current project was a bazaar for the benefit of the Mooney Defense Fund, and I was trying to enlist the support of every union in the city and thus unite all labor forces. Emma was a little scornful of my preoccupation with this affair. To her the Mooney case was only part of the general struggle for freedom; for me the freeing of Tom Mooney was an end in itself. Emma summed me up in *Living My Life:*

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Lucy was a vital creature with unlimited energy whom none could escape. . . . She understood Realpolitik long before that term had come into vogue. . . . She would grow impatient with our idea that neither love nor war justified all means. We, on the other hand, were anything but sympathetic with her tendency to get results even if the goal were lost in the process.

The Supreme Court upheld the convictions of Emma and Sasha, and there was a farewell meeting at Cooper Union. Afterward many of us went to the Greenwich Village studio of Emma's niece and favorite, Stella Ballantine. I remember some of the people who were there: Carlo Tresca, eternally young and full of whimsical humor; Leonard D. Abbott, Anarchist editor and educator, modest and calm; Harry Weinberger, his fighter's chin stuck out, all ready to begin the next round even if he had lost this one; Fitzi and Pauline Turkle, the latter surveying the world with a faint, sad apprehension; my friends of the United Hebrew Trades, Max Pine and Morris Finestone; Charney B. Vladeck, a revolutionary orator and Socialist alderman, who was city editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward;* and Harry Lang, its labor editor, who had studied in a Talmudist seminary in Russia and worked as an organizer and secretary in the building and needle trade-unions in New York.

Characteristically, Emma used the last hours of her liberty to try to organize a campaign for general amnesty for political prisoners. Harry Weinberger urged her to define her terms, pointing out that Mooney, for instance, would not be regarded by most lawyers as a political prisoner. Brushing all such technicalities aside, Emma then and there organized the Amnesty League for Political Prisoners, and declared us all charter members. As the wax candles sputtered and the big attic room sank into coldness and darkness, Max Pine said: "We're conspirators, underground revolutionaries. Where are our masks?"

The next day Emma and Sasha surrendered to the United States marshal.

In Harlem Casino the building-trades mechanics erected booths for the bazaar, while union bakers were baking cakes, organized shoemakers were making shoes, artists were collecting pictures and books, and young actors and actresses were rehearsing entertainment. Art

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Young helped John Sloan and Robert Minor to set up the art section, and then planted himself at the booth that sold "ladies' yokes made in jail," knitted by Rena Mooney. Frank Harris, dressed as a circus barker, presided over the bookstalls, and he had with him the staff of *Pearson's Magazine*, which he had transformed into an unorthodox and vitriolic journal of opinion. The staff of the *Liberator*, successor to the *The Masses*, was also present. The intelligentsia and the proletariat joined hands, and the money for Mooney's defense rolled in.

Spring came, and, in spite of the war, the world looked a little brighter. Rena Mooney and Israel Weinberg were practically cleared. President Wilson's commission had reported that the case against Mooney and Billings was based on false testimony and inflammatory journalism, and the President's appeal was before the governor of California. Once more America seemed to be the land of justice and happiness.

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xiv

THAT MAN GOMPERS

"TOMORROW MORNING I leave for the death cell," Tom Mooney wrote me.

> In the future, I am sorry to say, it will be impossible for me to write to you. . . . If worst comes to worst, I feel that I am physically and mentally able to meet the occasion, but I am confident beyond all doubt that the workers of the nation, well-informed as they are on this case and alive to the situation, will never permit the consummation of this judicial assassination.

I had thought that I was through with the Mooney case, but Tom's letter was a summons that I could not disregard. At this time my sister, whose husband had been drafted, wrote and offered us a partnership in her flourishing business. We talked for two days, and then Bob went to Chicago and I to Washington.

To my reverent, first-generation American soul Washington was a huge emblem. As I stepped out of the station, my eyes lighted on the Capitol dome, and the sight was as familiar as if I had lived with it all my life. The headquarters of the Washington Central Labor Union, on the other hand, was not exactly inspiring. The central occupied a drab store, and visiting labor committees sat on wooden benches around an old-fashioned stove.

Because Mrs. La Follette and Mrs. Clark were interested in woman suffrage, I was able to get in touch with them, and through them I reached their husbands. I was frightened to death when I met Senator La Follette, and I jabbered on at a great rate. He finally stopped me with a smile and a gesture of his fine head. He not

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only agreed to speak at the protest meeting on "the day of Mooney's crucifixion and our national disgrace," but then and there telephoned to Secretary of Labor Wilson. "It all depends on Gompers," rejoined the metallic voice over the telephone, but, at La Follette's urgent request, the Secretary consented to see me.

Speaker Champ Clark was also cordial and sympathetic, and he promised to talk with Gompers and to do whatever else he could to help the meeting. He was outspoken, however, in his criticisms of President Wilson, and I began to have an uncomfortable feeling that I had made a mistake. Secretary Wilson, when I saw him the next day, made it clear that I had indeed committed a major blunder by seeking the aid of two opponents of the administration. I should have consulted Gompers first, he told me. Perhaps, as a result of my indiscretion, the labor delegation would not be permitted to see President Wilson. But he agreed to appear at the rally, and I rented the Belasco Theater.

Outside Gompers's office, in a room in which several men were cooling their heels, I was met by an apparition that only Poe could have imagined—a bony woman with chalk-white, translucent skin on face and hands. Her thin lips were drawn tight as a pale cord, and her eyes were sunk in her skull. She wore loose black garments and ungainly high-laced shoes. This was R. Lee Guard, Miss Guard, Gompers's secretary.

With absolute impersonality she listened to my business, and then informed me that Mr. Gompers could not see me. "There's a war on; you'll have to wait."

"I'd wait if Mooney could wait."

"He'll have to wait, too."

"He'd like to, but Mr. Gompers will have to persuade the hangman."

She looked up then, but she would give me no assurances. I could come back in a day or two. I came back, and again she shook her head. "Will I have to wait till the war is over?"

"Try tomorrow. . . ."

Fitzi wrote that she was having trouble in New York: unions were refusing to be represented at the rally unless it was approved by Gompers. I was stymied in Washington. Stalking into the federa-

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tion building on my third try, I encountered John Fitzpatrick of Chicago, who had been warming the mourners' bench for two days without getting in to see his boss. "You might as well forget about Sam and do the best you can without him," he said.

But I have never been willing to give up a fight without at least a parting shot at the enemy. I went into a telegraph office and wrote a message to Gompers in pure vitriol. Whatever I had heard Socialists, Anarchists, and Wobblies say about him in the past two decades, whatever union leaders had said in talking about the McNamara case, I put into my letter. "I now understand why," I wrote, "the great masses of workers despise you, curse you, and eagerly await your death." I instructed a messenger to deliver the letter to Gompers in person and to bring back his signature.

A while later, feeling much better, I stopped in to say good-by to the local boys before catching the train to New York. A chorus greeted me: "By God, you've done it! Sam Gompers himself was in here looking for you. He wanted us to send a posse after you. He wants you to call him right away."

When Miss Guard saw me this time, the blood rushed to her parchment cheeks. As she opened the door of the private office, I glanced with embarrassment and satisfaction at the waiting men, and out of the corner of my eye I caught John Fitzpatrick's grin.

The head man of American labor—a stubby, rotund figure—rose and peered at me over his spectacles. His desk was crowded with papers, inkwells of various sizes, penholders of different periods, blotters, stubs of chalk, seals, clippings, and photographs—topped by a monumental clock. I saw my note in the Western Union envelope lying there, and woke up to the realization of what I had done. I felt myself flushing as red as Miss Guard. Gompers's eyes bored into mine with the assurance of a man who is used to having the other person's drop first, but there was a twinkle down deep in them. "So everyone loathes me," he chuckled. "All people despise me and await my death, Are you among them?"

I had nothing to say. I ducked my face into my bag and hunted for my credentials. He waved them away. "Suppose I should die," he said, "what would you do? If you have any good ideas, I might be willing to cooperate."

Two girls who had been filing letters started to giggle. In a mo-

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ment of great relief, the four of us began to laugh without restraint. I felt at home as all the cordiality of the La Follettes had not been able to make me feel at home. There was no mystery of background between Gompers and me.

"May I speak now?" I asked.

"Anything you have on your mind."

I talked about west coast labor, about Eric Morton, about Schmidty and Caplan, about the whole struggle that had led up to the Mooney case. He closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair immobile. I asked him why he had done nothing to help Mooney, he who could have done so much. "We hate you," I said, "but we know you have power."

He let me pour my heart out. Then, opening his eyes, he ordered one of the secretaries to bring me the folder on the Mooney case—"all of it."

When I finished reading the documents in a corner of his office, I was crushed, as if I had been flung out of his seventh-story window. Our raucous protest rallies, it now appeared to me, had been as futile as a child's tantrum. The victories we thought we had won had actually been achieved by the masterly hand that had pulled wires behind the scene. It was Gompers far more than anyone else who had persuaded the President to appoint a special commission, and he had suggested the members. Gompers's hand had plucked at the governor of California, at the attorney general, at the governors of neighboring states, with the insistent idea of reopening the case. Most astounding of all, it was Gompers who had stirred up the movement to impeach Fickert.

I handed the folder to him, too ashamed for speech. Gently he took my hand. "You are a true daughter of our people," he said.

His kindness helped me to regain my balance. "But why," I asked, "haven't we known all this?"

He peered over his spectacles—a habit of his—and smiled. "Sit down," he said, "and let me try to tell you." He talked about the labor movement, speaking not as a high official but as one who had been a factory worker. He talked of violence in the labor struggle, the violence that the employers used against the labor movement and the counterviolence of the workers, and of the difficult role that the A.F. of L. had to play in protecting its members. He referred to the Molly

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Maguire movement among the Pennsylvania miners in the seventies and then to the McNamara case. "It taught us a terrible lesson," he said grimly. Since that affair, he had felt that he must operate, as far as possible, without publicity. "We must help our people," he said, "but we must not endanger the labor movement."

I suggested in a very small voice that all our agitation had been futile. "No," he said quickly, "no! I could not have accomplished too much if I had not been able to say that public opinion was on Mooney's side. Besides, we need indignation like yours. It shows a healthy national conscience." He stopped his pacing. "Where do your ideas come from?" he asked abruptly.

"More or less from Emma Goldman," I answered frankly.

"Oh, that's it," he said. He began to talk about the philosophical Anarchists he had known in his early days in the cigar factories. "Some of the gentlest, most spiritual men I have ever encountered," he called them. He talked about his friend Victor Drury, a musician of great ability, who came to this country after the Paris Commune and who deliberately crushed his hand in a door so that his passion for music would not distract him from his service to the labor movement. He spoke also of his Swedish mentor, Karl Malcolm Ferdinand Laurrell, cigar maker and seafarer, who had given his life to labor and revolutionary movements in Germany and Scandinavia. When I said that I, too, had been a cigar maker, it was as if we had discovered a common ancestor. I said something about the Haymarket martyrs, and he recited almost verbatim the speech he had made to the governor of Illinois. "And we accomplished nothing," he said.

"Will that be repeated in the Mooney case?" I asked.

Gompers struck the desk with his fist, and in his bearing was a proud awareness of thirty years of labor progress. "It will not be repeated!" he said.

When I arrived in Boston, I had a carte blanche endorsement in writing from the Old Man, and I was a Gompers convert to the extent that I did battle for him against the president of the Boston Central Labor Union, Ed McGrady. Ed belonged to labor's younger generation, which was to occupy the promised land: he was assistant Secretary of Labor when the unions made their great gains in the thirties. Ed had unlimited audacity and a great gift for getting along with

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people. If he had lived in the Boston of the 1770's, he would certainly have been a leader in the famous tea party.

McGrady was born in South Boston when it was a kind of Irish ghetto, and one of his earliest memories was of help-wanted ads that read, "No Irish Catholic need apply." He was given his first job by a Jewish grocer, who not only employed him but encouraged and helped him to get more schooling. "The Irish and the Jews must stick together," Ed always said, and he practiced what he preached. There was no such breach between the central body and the United Hebrew Trades in Boston as there was in New York. Max Hamlin, the immigrant secretary of the Hebrew Trades, was one of Ed's closest friends, and they acted together in the interests of labor.

Later, when he was A.F. of L. legislative representative, McGrady came under Gompers's spell, but at the moment I could not get him to share my new devotion to the Old Man. His opposition, unlike that of my other friends, was not a matter of radical theory; it was the expression of an antagonism between the younger generation and the older. New men were advocating new ways, and to them Gompers was the bulwark of the entrenched old order.

So far as its main purpose was concerned, however, my trip to Boston was a success. "There ought to be a Mooney mass meeting on Boston Common," I said.

Tall, slim, athletic Ed McGrady looked at Max: "Why not?"

Short, stubby Max Hamlin looked at Ed: "Why not?"

It was their familiar comedy routine, and it settled the matter then and there.

Back in Washington I flashed a signed card from Gompers: "Miss Guard, please let Miss Robins see me at once."

The magic token worked, as it was to work again and again. Apparently Gompers liked to talk to me, and certainly I loved to listen. He was endlessly interested in human beings, and I was always struck by the shrewdness of his comments. One day I happened to mention William Z. Foster, of whom I thought very well at that time. Gompers also thought well of him, and was considering appointing him as secretary of a committee to organize the steel workers, but he expressed a certain reservation. At a meeting of the Chicago Federation that Gompers was attending, Foster had confessed his "sin" of

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radicalism and affirmed his loyalty to the principles of the A.F. of L. "It was all right," Gompers said, "but he mustn't go on doing it." I asked why not. "Well, either it's a trick, or he hates his youth—and that's bad."

He talked of many political leaders and particularly of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, whom he loved to contrast. T. R. he called a *cuchem*, a wise man. He had known T. R. even before the latter was police commissioner of New York City, and they had conferred on many occasions. When T. R. became President, as a result of the assassination of McKinley, he had planned to call for severe anti-Anarchist measures in his message to Congress. Gompers had sharply challenged this wholesale indictment of Anarchists, asserting that many of them were gentle idealists, and T. R. had changed his message.

"You could tell him he was wrong," Gompers said, "and he would listen. But not Wilson, not the stubborn professor. Oh, no! He is a man of the book. He must always be right. If you disagree with him openly, you are lost."

One day Gompers cited Wilson's administration of the espionage laws as an example of his wrongheadedness. "The real saboteurs get away, and only the idealists are punished."

"But you're the one who's been persecuting the idealists," I said.

Gompers's mouth dropped open. Although the charge had been made again and again, he was hurt that it came from me. "I am not a man-hunter," he cried. Once more he explained his reasons for believing that Germany must be defeated and that labor should fully support the war. "But I do not believe that a man should be put in jail for disagreeing with me," he concluded.

Despite my great admiration, I often quarreled with him, and he pretended that I was a savage and nicknamed me "Indian." Introducing me to his friends, he built me up, as he had built up others. His eagerness to advance the careers of his associates was an admirable trait, and yet there was an element of egotism in it, for he was displaying his power. He was perfectly well aware that I saw him as a great man, the greatest on my horizon.

One day he took me to lunch with Secretary Wilson in a small, quiet restaurant. They discussed the newborn republic of Czechoslovakia, and spoke admirably of Thomas Masaryk, whose vision

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had thus been fulfilled, in the manner of men who knew what it was and what it cost to attain visions. Speaking quite freely, as if I were one of them and as well informed, they bragged about the ways in which they had helped each other to their present positions. "It took thirty years," Gompers said, "to win a seat for labor in the cabinet, but only thirty minutes to convince the President that Bill was the man for the job." "But, Sam," Bill Wilson rejoined, "you know that if you had not been appointed to the President's advisory council, I should have resigned from office, and the President knew it, too."

Gompers had the homely habit of tucking his napkin into his collar and letting it sprawl over his ample chest. Wilson followed his example. "I can't let Sam make himself conspicuous," he said to me. Their lightheartedness seemed very strange. I expected important men, dealing with the world's affairs, to be careworn and sober. Radical groups were always grim, and anyone who displayed a sense of humor was accused of betraying the revolution. Was it the sense of how little they were accomplishing that made radicals so glum? Sam Gompers and Bill Wilson were lighthearted and merry with the consciousness of achievement.

Through Secretary Wilson, Gompers had prevailed on the President to receive a Mooney delegation, and I called on Joseph Tumulty, Woodrow Wilson's personal secretary, to make arrangements. My spine tingled as I entered the White House—I, a girl from Kiev and Korostyshev, from New York's Mott Street and Chicago's Morgan Street. I am not the only one to have had such thoughts in the cool portico of the White House. It is a great moment when one stands there, aware of being a living challenge to centuries of false distinctions between man and man.

Mr. Tumulty was pleasant but cautious in promising that the President would do what he could. I tried to find out whether the names of La Follette and Clark had prejudiced our case, and the secretary, a little flushed, said that we should be sure that the personnel of the delegation wouldn't embarrass the President. A.F. of L. unionists would be all right, and if Gompers drew up the list, that would be fine. We set the time.

The Mooney Convention opened. There were delays in examining the credentials, and in the sweltering heat the delegates grew more

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and more impatient. When John Dickman of the Washington Central Labor Union attempted to call the meeting to order, such a hullabaloo broke loose that he had to let Ed Nockles of Chicago take over. Every problem that has ever disrupted a union meeting plagued us. There were delegations from two rival unions of the metal trades, and each demanded that the other be expelled. Some delegates wanted to oust the representatives of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers on the ground that the convention was sponsored by the A.F. of L. I had great respect for the Amalgamated. I knew of the lofty character of Joseph Schlossberg, and I was personally acquainted with many of the younger leaders—poetic Alex Cohen, outspoken Louis Hollander, thoughtful Abraham Miller, goodhearted Sam Levin. I pled with their opponents for a truce to save Mooney. All kinds of struggles went on. Radicals wanted to introduce resolutions calling for the recognition of Soviet Russia, and it appeared that almost every delegation had a pet resolution of one kind or another.

When the bedlam was at its height, I could no longer contain myself, and suddenly I rent the air with a banshee shriek: "Brother Chairman! Brother Chairman!" Two men hoisted me to their shoulders and hurled me onto the platform, where I stood panting like a scared rabbit. Then I burst into tears. "Delegates!" I wailed. Miraculously silence followed. I blessed the mothers and wives and sisters and daughters and all the female relatives of these men who had taught them to dread a woman's tears. "Soon," I began, still sobbing, "Tom Mooney's neck may be encircled by the rope."

Exactly what I said next I can't recall. Friends later gave me a highly colored version of my speech. According to them, I told the delegates that they had assembled in answer to my appeal to the unions, and therefore they had to do as I said. We had to pick the right committee to go to the President the next day, and Dickman, Nockles, and I would select the committee with the advice of Sam Gompers.

Before I finished laying down the law in this despotic way, the future Communist strategist, Jack Johnstone, a delegate from the Chicago stockyards, leaped to his feet to say that he knew me and they had better do as I said. He moved that Dickman, Nockles, and I be given full power to choose the committee. The motion carried, and the convention adjourned. Ed Nockles nearly collapsed with

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relief. As the delegates were drifting out of the hall, someone from the jewelry workers came to life with a start, and began to clamor for the reopening of the meeting, so that he could present resolutions from his union, but the crowd pushed on through the exits into the scorching streets.

Gompers had wired me that he would be waiting in his office to advise us about the committee. I was still jittery, and he scolded me. "Why are you so upset, Indian? You got what you wanted. Think of the kernel in the nut, not the shell. Mooney still lives, doesn't he? And I know that he will not be put to death tomorrow, either. Well, then, let's go to work on the committee."

He chose the delegation as if he were casting a play, with an expert's eye for dramatic effect. He would meditate while the rest of us grew impatient, and then come out with a name and a colorful characterization. Andy Furuseth, Ben Schlesinger, John L. Lewis, Frank Morrison, the secretary of the A.F. of L.—so it went. I was the only rank-and-filer, and I suggested that Fremont Older, who was in the capital, might be added to the list. Gompers approved, and then Nockles said that Bourke Cockran wanted to be the delegation's spokesman.

Gompers opened his eyes wide. "Does he wish that?"

"Very much."

Gompers's eyes narrowed, and he smiled enigmatically.

Next morning we gathered in the office of George Creel, at the time one of the administration's most popular members, for a last-minute rehearsal. Morrison, who looked and acted like a parson, was to introduce the delegates, and Cockran was to read our declaration.

Tumulty welcomed us cordially, and then looked startled. He was in the President's office for as much as five minutes, and when he came out he was obviously flustered. "There has been a mistake," he stammered, "a—a conflict of dates. The President has an appointment. A very urgent appointment. You will have to arrange for another time."

"But, Mr. Tumulty," I cried, "I just telephoned from Mr. Creel's office."

"I know. It is all my fault. I am very sorry."

"Please be frank, Mr. Tumulty," I begged. "It is so important."

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"I am being frank," he said valiantly. "It is a mistake. I—I miscalculated the time."

We were very low as we made our retreat to George Creel's office, all but Bourke Cockran, whose round, beatific face wore a knowing smirk. Finally Cockran said: "Of course Wilson wouldn't receive the delegation. He wouldn't receive any delegation with Bourke Cockran on it. He isn't enough of a gentleman for that."

The bad feeling between the President and the Tammany lawyer went back to the 1912 Democratic convention. Cockran had been one of Champ Clark's principal backers, and he not only had lined up the New York vote for the Missourian but had created strong labor support for him. So powerful was the Clark movement at one point that Wilson had ordered the New Jersey delegation to withdraw his name. And all this the President had never forgotten or forgiven.

We were all equally angry at both Cockran and the President. Only Gompers was unsurprised and undiscouraged. The newspapers headlined the President's refusal to see the Mooney delegation, but Gompers never relaxed his quiet, determined struggle. Ed Nolan, who was heading the Mooney defense, wired me congratulations on the success of National Mooney Day. And soon we had assurance that in a few weeks the governor of California would commute Tom's sentence to life imprisonment. At least we had won an armistice. So long as Tom lived, the case could be reopened.

I felt that I had won an honorable discharge, and I made plans to return to Chicago. My last night in Washington was spent in Gompers's home in Cleveland Park. He had a pretty little garden around the house, which he exhibited with great pride. It was a wonderful thing for a boy who had grown up in the slums of London and New York to have a little spot of green with trees and birds.

I met the sons—Sam Jr., Henry, and Alexander—with their wives and children, and the daughter, Sadie, who had a charming voice and was doing her father proud by entertaining in the army camps. There were members of the New York and Boston branches, too, who were visiting Mama and Papa Gompers. Mama Gompers took me into the family, as she did anyone whom her husband brought to the house, and soon I was sharing in the jokes and the arguments. I was told about the "Very Old Man," Samuel Gompers's

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father, Solomon, who was living in Boston, aged ninety. The Very Old Man, a cigar maker by trade from his earliest years, was proud of his son, not because he was president of the A.F. of L. and a leading figure in American life, but because he was vice president of the Cigarmakers' International.

It was extraordinary to see Gompers in the midst of his family. No man could have been fonder of his children and grandchildren, and yet he insisted on occupying the center of the stage. If some other member of the family seemed to be attracting the attention of the group, Gompers was quite capable of stealing the show. Since he was away from home a great deal of the time, his children naturally had interests that lay outside his life, and this he resented. He wanted to be in everything, the center of everything.

I realized that he was bothered far more than he would ever admit by the attacks of the radicals. Many of these radicals were his own people, the Jews of the East Side, and he was hurt. He wanted them to understand and admit that he had been true to his ideals. He wanted them to acknowledge his great contribution to the cause of labor. That, I began to perceive, was the basis of his interest in me. I belonged to the very group that was attacking him, and I had quickly come to regard him as a great man. Perhaps that was why he had invited me to his home—to show his family that there was one Jewish radical who appreciated him.

Late that night, when I left Gompers's home to go straight to the railroad station, the grand old man stood in the doorway. "Indian," he called, "I'm not saying good-by." I knew it was his whim never to say good-by to those of whom he was fond.

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XV

STRIFE

THE FEW DAYS I spent in New York on my way home were full of debate. The persecution of the radicals was continuing. Several disciples of Emma Goldman's, including my friends Mollie Steiner and Jacob Abrams, had been arrested for distributing leaflets against American intervention in Russia. Big Bill Haywood and more than a hundred other Wobblies had been tried in Chicago without even a pretense of fairness and given long sentences. Eugene Debs had been indicted for his speech in Canton, Ohio. My acquaintances blamed everything on Gompers, and they ridiculed my attempt to explain his great contributions to the cause of labor and freedom.

In Chicago my family was prospering. My parents' candy and cigar store was doing well, and Mother was saving money and planning to move to a better neighborhood. Bob, too, was making money in the men's furnishing store about which my sister had been so optimistic, for workingmen were earning big wages—this was the autumn of 1918—and spending them freely. But again there was the shadow of Gompers. My father, of course, was proud of my knowing the leader of American labor, but Bob was bitter about my change of heart.

Like all radicals, Bob admired Debs as much as he hated Gompers. I agreed with much of what Debs had said in his Canton speech—his condemnation of excessive war profits, his protest against the persecution of conscientious objectors. I thrilled as much as Bob did to the eloquence of Debs's defense: "While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there

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is a soul in prison, I am not free." But I could not go along with Debs when he disparaged Gompers and praised Haywood, and I could not go along with Bob when his enthusiasm for Debs led him to condemn everything that Gompers had ever done.

Gompers had sailed for Europe on an army transport in the latter part of the summer, and soon I began to have letters from him. He wrote of experiences on the transport—which was sunk by a submarine on its return voyage—and of blackouts and air raids in London. He wrote of visiting his old home in the East End, and of meeting "about forty relatives living in London, some of them wealthy merchants, others enormously poor, all clinging to my Aunt Clara, the matriarch of the tribe."

The American Labor Mission took part in an interallied labor conference. Many of the labor leaders of other countries were eager to commit the conference to Socialist principles, but Gompers insisted on dissociating American labor from the European class struggle. A letter he wrote me at this time still has its significance:

> Indian, build your house upon facts, not upon theories. Here, more than at home, I am confronted and deeply influenced by one of the most wholesome lessons that the war teaches men of labor, and that is that although wage-earners are a distinct group in society, they are, as well, an integral part of the nation. The ties that bind workingmen to their national governments are stronger and more intimate than those international ties that unite the workingmen of all countries. Remind me, when I come home, to give you a peep at the fraternal correspondence between groups of labor men of various lands and origins, including myself, during the first two years of the war. Each of us was endeavoring to maintain the international ideal. We seriously thought that the international labor ties would be stronger than national. It was wishful thinking and personal friendship. I learned this at home and learned more here on this side.

The mission went to France, conferred with leading generals, and visited the trenches. In Italy Gompers spoke to huge crowds in Rome, Venice, and Turin. It was just after his speech in Turin that he received word of the death of his only daughter and youngest child, Sadie.

Gompers's first engagement after his return to the United States was in Chicago, and he wired me to have breakfast with Mrs. Gom-

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pers and him. Because I still saw through the eyes of the radicals, I couldn't quite get rid of the idea that the rank and file of labor hated their chief, and it surprised me to find the hotel lobby full of union men eager for a glimpse of Old Sam. A band was playing, and the florists were rushing in with wreaths and baskets of flowers from all over the state.

Gompers was alone when I entered his suite, and I immediately began to urge him to adopt a friendlier attitude toward the radicals who opposed the war. He handed me a sheaf of telegrams from the unions of Chicago. "This is my mandate," he said. "My people have expressed their confidence in me."

He stretched out his right hand to show me a ring, a large, jet-black onyx stone in an ornate gold setting. On his arrival in Turin he had had to appear on his hotel balcony to satisfy the thousands massed below. Deeply affected, he had found it hard to settle down, and had taken a stroll to walk off his mood. The ring had caught his eye, and he had bought it for Sadie. The next morning he learned that she was dead.

"Now I shall wear it for the rest of my life," he said tearfully. "When I feel that my life is drawing to a close, I'll send it to you for you to wear. The day that you receive this ring, you will know that I am taking leave of you, of the world."

Mrs. Gompers wandered in like a ghostly visitor, dressed in black, bent and listless. It was obvious that the will to live had been crushed in her. It seemed as if every triumph in her husband's career had been balanced by a misfortune at home. And always, she said, she had had to bear the burden alone. While her husband was organizing the first national union in America, their first-born had died in their tenement home on New York's Houston Street. She was alone when they lost a second baby. While Gompers was in Omaha, speaking in commemoration of the newly created Labor Day, his mother had died in his wife's arms. He had been in Des Moines, struggling to hold the Western Federation of Miners in the A.F. of L., when his married daughter, Rosa, had died. When a younger son, Abe, died of tuberculosis in Denver, Gompers had been at a convention in New York. And when Sadie was stricken with influenza, he was across the ocean.

It was not a complaint. It was a solemn recital. So often there is

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such a tale in the background of an idealist's career. She was dry-eyed, but Gompers's wrinkled face quivered, and he stumbled over to her and put his hand on her head. They were just two old people, Papa and Mama Gompers, mourning their dead. With an expression of pathetic resignation, Mrs. Gompers looked up at me. "Lucy," she said, "you look after him. He's just a stubborn little boy."

I was still overcome with pity as we rode down in the elevator, but when we stepped into the lobby, Gompers's head came up and his step was firm. Every man there sprang to his feet, and there were cries of "God bless you, Sam," "Carry on, Sam," and "Brace up, young fellow."

It was soon after this that the war ended, and American labor entered a critical period. Employment began to decline, and union membership fell off. Industrialists began a new drive for the open shop. The discontent of the rank and file in the unions was intensified by the high salaries that had been voted to many officials during the wartime boom.

The admirers and imitators of the Russian Bolsheviks saw their great opportunity in these strains and stresses. They could point to the persecution of pacifists, Socialists, Wobblies, and even mild liberals as evidence that the ruling class was destroying freedom of thought and expression in order to maintain its power. They could play upon the dissatisfactions of the rank and file, and build up a mass of resentment against the A.F. of L. leadership. Eventually, they hoped, they could take over the A.F. of L. itself.

Inadvertently the Chicago Federation of Labor gave the American Bolsheviks the kind of opening they were looking for. Ed Nolan, trying to keep alive the fight for Tom Mooney, proposed that a Mooney Congress should be held in Chicago, and the Chicago Federation supported the idea.

No sooner had we started working on the project than we ran into the Left-Wingers. John Fitzpatrick, at the first meeting of the organizing committee, moved that I should be sent to Washington to consult with Gompers. The committee split sharply and Fitzpatrick won only by threatening to withdraw the Central's support.

What stood out clearly and depressingly at that meeting was the difference between the new radicalism and the old. The old-time

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radicals I had known did not always live up to their lofty standards, but they were deeply and fanatically concerned with ethical values. They could assert, as Eric Morton once did, that a terrorist should prove the disinterestedness of his act by killing himself afterward. The new radicals would obviously use brass knuckles in the dark without a qualm.

In fact they were getting ready to do just that. A letter was currently circulating among Left-Wingers, outlining a definite plan for capturing the western section of the A.F. of L. at the Mooney Congress:

> We will have a representation at Chicago of about 3,000 delegates. . . . We understand on the best of authority that Sam Gompers will instruct the eastern organizations to stay away from Chicago. This will play right into our hands. . . . We can sled through a motion to withdraw from the American Federation of Labor, and in so doing, every radical faction west of the Mississippi will join us. We will be able to pull nearly every organization west of Chicago, which will represent over a million members of the A.F. of L.

The extremists of the Right, however, were just as stupid, and I fared no better with them. The very week of the armistice Gompers had notified me that he would back a drive to free espionage-law prisoners if the Chicago Federation would initiate it. Fitzpatrick said, "Good for Sam!" and took me to a session of the reconstruction committee. As I spoke, the faces of the committee members grew stony cold, and I heard mutterings about spies and slackers. And that was that.

I set out for Washington to confer with Gompers. On the way I had further proof of the hold that the Old Man had on American labor. He wired me to meet him in New York, and the telegram was delivered to me at midnight on the train. The next morning I was treated by the conductor and brakemen as if I were the Queen of Sheba.

Gompers always stopped at the Continental Hotel in New York, and as a result it had become the informal headquarters of the labor movement. When Gompers was in residence, the lobby would fill up with labor officials, and some of them would wait hours for the privilege of saying, "Hello, Sam." Although he was short of stature

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and by no means impressive in appearance, he dominated the lobby as soon as he entered it. His wonderful vitality made itself felt as he moved through the throng, telling stories, pausing to give a serious word of advice to this person or that, clapping everybody on the shoulder, calling everybody by his first name.

With Guy Oyster, his confidential secretary, he listened in his room to my report on our work for the Mooney Congress and the opposition we had encountered. He knew better than anyone else the meaning of the Left-Wing drive to capture the A.F. of L. "This is American Bolshevism," he said solemnly. But he did not denounce his enemies; he explained them. In a long house robe that made him look smaller and older, he paced the floor with short, jerky steps, soliloquizing. "What can you expect?" he asked. "We have been through a terrible war. We are not a militaristic people, and that is good; but because we do not have military traditions, we made many blunders. I know. I saw the boys in the camps and the trenches. We were filled with idealistic talk during the war, and now we are learning what war costs. Is it any wonder that many people are disillusioned? Another thing: greedy employers are fighting to recapture the privileges they lost during the war. They are intensifying the bitterness and disillusionment. The soil is ready, and of course the weeds will grow."

He stopped his pacing a moment. "Indian, I will tell you something more. There will be plenty of honest enthusiasts at your congress, but there will also be spies and provocateurs, hired by industry or even—mind you—employed by the Department of Justice. Tell John and Ed not to be upset over this, but they must be firm."

I said that we expected motions for a general strike on behalf of Mooney and Billings. He shrugged his shoulders. "John and Ed have enough experience to know what that would mean. It would destroy all that American labor has won in fifty years."

No matter how serious the situation, Gompers had to have his joke. That evening he led me up to a full-length mirror, and, with the snickering Oyster as witness, made me swear to perform this ritual every night. "Look yourself straight in the eye," he said. "Now ask yourself this question: Have I done anything today that was mean, selfish, or unfair? If you can honestly answer, 'No,' then you will sleep well no matter what anyone has said or done against you.

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And you will awaken in the morning, fresh, eager, and unafraid to do battle with the world for the right as you see it." Bidding me to hold the pose, he got out his camera and took a picture of me looking myself in the eye, and promised to send it to me to remind me of my vow.

He had bought a present for me, he said bashfully. "I seldom buy gifts, but I got this in Laredo from the old Mexican woman who crocheted it." He brought out a collar, and told me how he had happened to buy it. He was attending a conference of Pan American labor, and the conference was successful, but all the time his mind was preoccupied with a nagging worry about the forthcoming peace conference. He knew that many prominent men had urged President Wilson to include him in the American peace commission, but word had reached him that the President was not favorably disposed, and it hurt him to think that labor might be ignored in this way. While he was taking a solitary and unhappy walk, an old crone had shown him the collar, and at once its design had caught his attention. "Look!" he said to me. "There is no knot, no break; it is one continuous design with no beginning and no end." Studying it somehow restored his poise and enabled him to plan labor's next moves. He placed it gently around my neck. "Wear it well for me," he said.

In comparison with the Mooney Congress in Chicago, the convention in Washington had been nothing but a disorderly kindergarten class. However, we had a strong group, and were determined to steer the congress. In addition to John Fitzpatrick and Ed Nockles, our coterie included Andy Furuseth, John Walker, and Alexander Howat, who was destined to be a trouble-shooter in the Kansas mines. There was also E. B. Ault, who had at one time led the "Forward Movement" in Seattle, Washington, an organization of professional and business men who supported the A.F. of L. though they were not union members. We were all of the hard-boiled type, fixed in character and opinion.

The Leftists took the floor ten at a time, yelling and screaming, and they won some of their demands. The congress defeated a resolution favoring free, uncensored passports and visas to and from Russia, and rejected a proposal for the establishment of workers', soldiers', and sailors' soviets—"Labor Blocks Bolsheviki Plot," read the news-

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paper headlines—but it did resolve that the German and Russian people had a right to work out their own destinies. On the Leftists' proposal for a general strike on behalf of Mooney and Billings, the congress compromised: a referendum was to be held.

The discord at home continued. I had definitely gone over to the Right, and Bob inclined to the Left. We agreed, however, in our determination to help Mooney and Billings, and he did not object to my touring the East.

Ed Nolan and I began our campaign in Pennsylvania because the unions of that state were notoriously indifferent to problems that did not affect their immediate welfare. On the whole the response was satisfying. Night after night I canvassed the unions with my metaphorical tin cup and got results. The building trades, the boilermakers, the electricians, all pledged themselves for high sums. One freezing night, after I had spoken to two other meetings, I was escorted to the platform of a smoky clubroom in which the hoisting engineers had gathered. Fatigue and the smoke were too much for me, and when I opened my mouth, not a sound escaped. The men were so sorry for me that they voted $500 then and there for the Mooney cause. Ed was delighted with my success, and wrote me an enthusiastic letter after his return to San Francisco.

Gompers was in Paris that winter as a representative of the United States on the Commission on International Labor Legislation. One night, after a very successful meeting of cloak-and-suit makers, I cabled him that his name had been greeted by a tremendous ovation. The wire was handed him just after he had left a conference with President Wilson. He showed it to everyone he met, and American diplomats and newspapermen at the peace conference had it as a standing joke that Sam Gompers got more excited about a bunch of Philadelphia tailors than he did about all the statesmen in Europe.

Wherever I spoke, the question of the general strike came up, and I always read the Chicago resolution, which was carefully worded. It was apparent to me and to the practical union men with whom I was dealing that talk of a general strike was ridiculous. Suddenly, however, I had a telegram from Ed Nolan. The San Francisco Defense League had worked out an elaborate plan: there would be a five-day strike beginning on July 4; if this did not free Mooney, there would be another five-day strike beginning on Labor Day; if this also

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failed, a third strike would start on November 19, the anniversary of the commutation of Mooney's sentence; and if this didn't work, laborers would stay off their jobs indefinitely. What is more, a direct vote was to be taken, instead of the vote by unions that had been provided for in the Chicago proceedings. And immediately bundles and bundles of ballots began to arrive. The whole business would have been funny if it hadn't been insane.

I wrote Nolan a stiff letter of resignation, arguing that at the very least the Defense League ought to place the proposal before the next convention of the A.F. of L. Ed's reply was full of protestations of friendship, but he assured me that there was no need to wait for the federation convention: "This is a rank-and-file movement. The ice is breaking on the river Neva."

A few days later I read a cable that Nolan had sent to Lenin. "The International Workers Defense League," Ed pompously announced, "is an industrial organization with branches in all large cities and industrial centers on the American continent." The league was calling for "a general day of protest on October 8th to compel American recognition of the Soviet government of Russia." "No matter what position a few reactionary leaders of labor have taken," Ed assured Lenin, "the rank and file of America in the forests, mines, mills, and factories do recognize the Soviet government as the first labor republic in the world's history." The ice was indeed breaking on the river Neva.

Shortly after Gompers's return from Paris, he was in a taxicab accident in New York. In addition to broken ribs, he suffered internal injuries, and was never thereafter free from pain. During the week after the accident he would not let me in to see him, and it was therefore a surprise when he sent word for me to come to his room at the Continental. I noticed at once that his head lay laxly on the pillow, and from his pallid, withered face his eyes peered out in a strange and disconcerting way. He asked his nurse to leave us alone. "Indian," he whispered, "I didn't want you to see me looking like a corpse, but there are things more important than vanity. Something is happening to me. I want no one to know it but you." He gripped my hand, but his voice was calm and stoical. "I am going blind. There's a cloud over my eyes, and it's growing thicker. The

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doctors say it is temporary, a result of the accident. I know better. I am going blind just the way my father did."

I scolded him for being morbid, saying that the doctors were more likely to be right than he was. He brushed the words aside. "Don't you talk like that. I didn't expect moth-eaten consolation from you. I want help. I want you to be near me whenever you can."

Oyster and I and a few friends spent hours with him. He said no more about his blindness, but he was a bad patient. He mended slowly, moaned and tossed, and peevishly refused food and medicine. Sometimes he was deep in gloom. Mother Gompers, who had handed in her resignation to life when Sadie died, had come from Washington to be with him, and so had chubby-faced Ella, wife of the youngest Gompers son, who had given up her own home to take care of her mother-in-law. It was sad to watch the old Gompers couple—she with her seeing eyes fixed on the next world and he in his near-blindness straining to serve this one.

The only labor man he would receive was Matthew Woll. Matt Woll was a black-haired, raven-eyed young man, who always wore a wing collar and bow tie. Born in the tiny duchy of Luxemburg, he had been educated in a Chicago parochial school. He rose to be president of his union, the photoengravers', but it was a very small union. Woll felt that he had always been outside the main stream of life, and he began to study law. It was Gompers who persuaded him to remain in the labor movement. "Stay close to me," he said. "You will have your chances." And Woll did have the opportunity to exercise all his talents—as editor, politician, negotiator, strike-strategist, and ambassador to the world of business and to the churches. Thus Gompers saved for the labor movement one of its ablest men.

Woll was carrying on many of Gompers's governmental duties, and they conferred about these. In particular there was the question whether the International Labor Charter would be included in the Treaty of Versailles. Gompers resolutely concealed his blindness from Woll by memorizing documents that Oyster or I read to him. By a tremendous effort of his iron will, he was able to carry on as if nothing had happened.

Gompers urged me to take a salaried job with the A.F. of L., but such a move, even if it had not been against my principles, was unthinkable in view of Bob's feelings about the federation. Even my

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informal association with Gompers seemed to Bob, as he wrote me, "a betrayal of radicalism and a repudiation of our way of life." Bob gave up the business in Chicago that spring and came east. He was relieved by my refusal to work for the A.F. of L., but he was still troubled about my "self-delusion."

In June, 1919, the A.F. of L. convened in Atlantic City. For two weeks Gompers presided over its sessions without giving the delegates the slightest inkling of his semiblindness. He was obsessed with the fear that his opponents would discover his disability. "Your Socialists," he said bitterly, "have always called me blind. What a field day they would have if they knew the truth!"

Blindness increased Gompers's complexities. He had always been troubled because he was so short and because he knew he was not attractive to look at. As a result, he was often an exhibitionist. He wanted to show his fellow men that he could do everything they could do, and better. He had to prove to them that he could outdrink them and beat them at cards, though he had no great desire for either liquor or gambling. He sometimes showed off in an even worse manner. I remember one day during the convention when he drove up to the hotel in a large automobile with a young woman delegate. He called for his secretary, and made himself conspicuous so that the delegates would be sure to see him, and then drove off like a Don Juan. When I reprimanded him, telling him that he, the great man, need not stoop to such petty displays, he said frankly that he had to impress other men, but urged me to believe in him no matter what gossip I might hear.

Oyster and I read him the many letters and documents that he had to be familiar with. I sat at the press table, close to the platform, ready to signal him if there were any flaw in his performance. After each meeting I met him at the steps of the platform, so that he could appear to be escorting me from the hall.

Since I was always with Gompers, the leaders of the various factions played up to me, hoping to win access to the chief. Amused, Gompers seriously instructed me in the tactics of leadership: "Here is something to remember, Indian. When I am facing enemies of labor, I defend even our errors, and if there is no defense, I find the best possible excuse. But to trade-unionists themselves I am merciless

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in pointing out foolishness and wrong-doing. Remember, too, that there is room in the labor movement for both extreme radicals and extreme conservatives. In fact, both are necessary to the success of our work."

From my experiences at the convention, I learned how well the A.F. of L. reflected the complexities and contradictions of American life. I learned that a unionist might have what seemed to me completely unenlightened views on social problems and still be a fiery advocate of direct action to meet a particular situation. I discovered that the leaders who spoke most vigorously against independent political action for labor were often deeply involved in the politics of their local communities. Conservatives, who theoretically favored class collaboration, would damn Gompers for being too friendly with employers, and radicals would take advantage of that friendliness to get a strike settlement.

I found that jurisdictional disputes are not, as most people suppose, wars between rival labor gangs. In the main the disputes grow out of technological problems, not out of labor politics. They multiply because of the constant development of new techniques in industry. So long as there is a free play of economic forces in America, such disputes are inevitable.

My education was proceeding most satisfactorily, but I was not getting on with the job that I had set for myself. My plea for a national campaign to free political prisoners was answered by lifted eyebrows. Radicals were in bad repute at this convention, partly because of the absurd propaganda of the Mooney Defense League, partly because of Bill Foster's behavior. In spite of all the advantages of Gompers's support and John Fitzpatrick's cooperation, Foster had failed to line up all sorts of metal workers' unions behind the organizational drive in the steel industry. He could impress amateurs, but men of character and experience and executive ability, men who represented wage earners of every craft throughout the country, saw through him. Because of his failure, he was reverting to his earlier habit of sniping at Gompers. He was soon to find his place in the Communist ranks, after plunging tens of thousands of steelworkers into a strike that brought them nothing but misery. He had some following at the convention, but the older leaders felt that he was dis-

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playing the irresponsibility and cynicism of the typical extremist, and they were full of contempt for him and all his kind.

The convention wound on from day to day, and Gompers was successful in his great deception. Although he could not see the faces of the men on the floor, his magnificent memory enabled him to recognize them by their voices and by such outlines as he could perceive. There were hundreds of men in the hall, milling around with the brawling vigor of convention democracy, and Gompers ruled them all. He allowed them the greatest laxity, and yet he was as perfectly in control as if they had been an orchestra and he the conductor.

Of course the Russian issue plagued the convention. John Reed was the shining light of the press table, the American authority on Russia's social upheaval, envied by all his colleagues. He had the boyish, captivating quality of Jack London, and though he was editing a Communist newspaper, everyone took it for granted that this Harvard graduate with a typically American background could not be an irresponsible doctrinaire. His account of the Russian Revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World*, had just been published, and had made a great impression.

Jack knew how to use his charm and his prestige for his own purposes. Margaret Bondfield, the first woman delegate from the British Trade Union Congress to the A.F. of L., was a brisk, bossy, efficient woman who seemed to belong in a schoolroom, not on a picket line. Because of his doctor's orders, Gompers was not present at the session at which the British delegates were formally introduced. Reed convinced Miss Bondfield that Gompers was deliberately snubbing her because of her radicalism, and she took occasion to praise the shop-steward system, which was then having a vogue in England, and to criticize the signing of contracts with employers. This was interpreted by the press as a defense of the outlaw strike, and the resulting publicity embarrassed the A.F. of L. leadership.

Then Reed had all the members of the press section sign an invitation to Miss Bondfield for an off-the-record interview, in the course of which she admitted that the shop-steward system was in effect a step toward the Soviet method of factory management. The other English representative, white-bearded S. Finney, did his tactful best

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by calling his lady colleague's report "vastly exaggerated." He came to Gompers, very much agitated. Inviting him to sit down with us on a bench on the Steel Pier, Gompers said, "May I offer you my remedy, sir? When people vex you to the point of desperation, come down here and listen to the roar of the ocean. It is older than we are—and it will go on."

But, philosophical though he might be, the Old Man did not disregard the practical aspects of the situation. Isolationists seized upon Miss Bondfield's naïve remarks as an excuse to denounce cooperation with European labor movements and to attack the proposed International Labor Office, which Gompers was working so hard to establish as part of the League of Nations. The Irish, of course, were carrying on their perpetual feud against England, and Jack Reed and his Communist buddy, Jim Larkin, egged them on in their attacks on the British Empire and the League of Nations.

In alliance with the Communists, Irish delegates to the conventions, including many staunch conservatives, organized a parade on behalf of a free Ireland. I happened to pass by as the parade was forming outside of the hall, and Charles Sweeny, a dashing young Irish propagandist, nudged me toward the standard bearers. In a mischievous moment I accepted his dare, and thus I found myself leading the parade as we marched into the convention. It had always been a sacred rule of the A.F. of L. that there should be no propaganda demonstrations at conventions. Gompers rose in his dignity, demanding that the parade disband. His word sufficed. Afterward he scolded me like an irate parent, and I was ashamed of my impetuousness.

The schemes of outsiders, however, were gentle breezes in comparison with the tempest of opposition that Gompers's internationalism faced in the ranks of labor. One of the chief problems was the opposition of Andy Furuseth, to the League of Nations. Without any official designation, sent by no one, invited by no one, Furuseth had gone to the peace conference. In his habitually frayed shirt and stringy tie, he wandered among the world's diplomats, engaging them in private debate. His shabby dress and scornful tone reminded President Wilson of the prophet Amos. The statesmen of every nation tolerated his eccentricity because they knew the high regard in which he was held by the President, and there were many colorful stories of his

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clashes with Clemenceau. Andy came back from Paris full of contempt for the League of Nations and full of bitterness against Wilson and Gompers, his old friends. At the convention his biblical eloquence strengthened the hand of the Communists, the Irish group, and the isolationists.

Gompers had fought hard for the inclusion of a labor charter in the peace treaty. The idea of an International Labor Office within the structure of the League of Nations had no charm even for President Wilson—not until Professor James T. Shotwell, who was a leading brain-truster at the Peace Conference, sided with Gompers. The charter endorsed the right of labor to organize, a reasonable standard of living, the eight-hour day, the abolition of child labor, and so forth. Although Gompers knew, as he admitted at the convention, that the charter was not all that labor could desire, he felt that it represented a great step forward. In the same way he saw the shortcomings of the Versailles treaty, but he knew that the cause of international cooperation would suffer if the A.F. of L. failed to advocate its ratification.

There was personal pride at stake, and much more than that. The labor charter was a product of his deepest thoughts and fondest dreams. All through the long years of his astute leadership of American labor, he had kept alive the international ideal, and now it was threatened by an unholy alliance of diverse elements.

The savior of Gompers's position and, indeed, of internationalism as a practical force in the American labor movement, was William Green. During the preceding year the secretary of the United Mine Workers had accompanied Gompers to Europe as a fellow-member of the Labor Commission for World Peace. He had met continental labor leaders and acquired a direct familiarity with their problems. But internationalism had had its place in the vision of the American labor leader from his earliest childhood. His father, a coal digger, had brought his Welsh bride to the shores of the Coshocton. Both families had been devout Christian Socialists, and Green was linked to Keir Hardie, founder of the British Labor Party.

I remember Green's telling me once about sitting on the front steps on summer evenings and listening to his mother and father and the neighbors as they reminisced about the old homeland. "Two things,"

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he said, "linked their new life with the old—the church and the union. And there was the same spirit in both."

It was with this background, then, that Green had studied the problems of European labor. He returned to take up the struggle for One World. He fought the isolationism of John L. Lewis in his own union, and in the A.F. of L. convention he defended the Versailles covenant, the League of Nations, and the international labor charter with an appeal so majestic and so full of deep emotion that it brought tears to many eyes and led to a rousing ovation for Gompers.

Highly regarded by all factions of labor for his integrity and independence, Green carried the day for internationalism in a clear and practical way. Many of the delegates must have remembered what Gompers had so often said about Green: "Bill Green cannot be sold a bill of goods. Bill doesn't accept a theory mechanically. Bill learns the lessons of experience with his heart; he lives ideas as well as events."

All this time I was working on my own pet cause, amnesty for political prisoners. What I could learn about the attitude of the resolutions committee was not encouraging. James Duncan, a sturdy veteran of the building trades, was chairman of the committee, and he had believed from his early days that the only function of a labor organization was to improve the conditions of labor. John P. Frey, historian and ardent polemicist, had reached the same position by a more philosophical route, and was regarded as more of a Gompersite than Gompers himself. I took my fears to Gompers. "This convention," he said, "must not go on record against the release of political prisoners." It was a chilling statement, but I was soon to learn its significance.

Latin-faced John Frey, the editor of the *International Molders' Journal*, read in his cold, metallic voice the recommendations of the committee: "Your committee recommends that . . . all laws in any way limiting or infringing upon the rights of free speech, or of a free press, or of freedom of assembly, which were enacted as war measures, shall be repealed. . . . No recommendation is presented for a general pardon of those who were sentenced under the Espionage Act."

Instantly Ben Schlesinger was on his feet, and his eloquent plea

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for amnesty seemed to move the delegates. As soon as he sat down, however, an elderly man rose in the center of the floor, and his booming voice roared through the auditorium. "When our boys were suffering all the cruel tragedies of war," he shouted, "when the best blood of America was mingling with the blood of other nations, where were the jailbirds for whom our friend has made such voluminous apologies? They were poisoning the wells of Americanism and hampering the eleventh-hour efforts this country was making to defend itself." Delegate Weaver of the Musicians' Union took a dramatic pose as the applause rose madly about him, and I knew that our cause was lost.

But not quite. "Indian," said Gompers when we reached the open air, "do not read the radical newspapers tomorrow. They will be jubilant over labor's going reactionary. Read the *Ladies' Home Journal* instead, and go on with your work for an amnesty campaign, I will help."

"But how can you?"

"Very simply. I did not take part in the debate; I have not committed myself. I have the right to choose my own church. We are administered by parliamentary law, not by police. The convention did not instruct its officers to abstain from work for amnesty. It simply took the attitude of not recommending. I am free." He grinned at me. "Take your beating like a man. Smile and go on with the fight."

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xvi

THE CAMPAIGN FOR AMNESTY

DESPITE THE CONDITION of his eyes, Gompers went to Europe again in the summer of 1919, this time to reorganize the International Federation of Trade Unions. He wanted me to accompany him. I knew that he had come to depend on me, and I also knew how much I could learn from a European trip under his guidance, but I was eager to get on with the amnesty campaign, and in any case, I realized that my partnership with Bob would end if our paths diverged any further. Already we had had to make a compromise agreement: I would not officially ally myself with the A.F. of L. and he would not join the Communist party.

Gompers was intensely interested in our political differences, and when Bob refused to meet him, he commented tolerantly, "A naïve person, but honest." Gompers had a boundless interest in and affection for all kinds of people. I read him letters from Emma and Sasha, who were still in prison awaiting deportation. The letters abused him vigorously, but he puffed on his cigar and chuckled. On one outburst of Emma's he commented soberly, "A deeply wounded soul." But then he added ironically: "She doesn't seem to be very happy about being shipped to the workers' paradise, does she?"

Bob and I sold the Adventurer, and it seemed as if we had lost a link in the chain that held us together. For many months Toy and Monkey, our tiny poodle and the pet born on the sands of the Mojave Desert, had stayed contentedly with my parents, but after our home on wheels was taken from the yard, they ran away and never returned.

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Gompers had suggested that the campaign might well begin on the East Side. "It is the birthplace of great humanitarian causes," he said, with the pride he always showed when he spoke of the East Side. Local leaders approved the suggestion. An assembly of all New York centrals was planned, and we prepared a statement of principles. I took our rough draft to Morris Hillquit, who scratched and scribbled until every sentence took perfect form. It was poetry and music as far as I was concerned.

From the very first I encountered stubborn opposition. Many unions had lost members in the war, and they felt that the amnesty campaign was an insult to their dead comrades. Resentment against our activities reawakened and intensified old feuds. James Holland, head of the New York State Federation of Labor, used the amnesty campaign as a weapon in his war with young David Dubinsky. Dubinsky, who had taken part in the underground movement in Poland, had been arrested and exiled, and had escaped from Siberia, was an aggressive new influence among the garment cutters. He had attacked the clique that was linked with Tammany Hall and had thus incurred Holland's anger. When Garment Workers Local 17, the union of reefermakers, graciously granted the use of its headquarters for the amnesty campaign, Holland shrieked that the garment workers had entered a conspiracy to undermine American institutions.

The radicals should have supported us, but we did not want their support, and they were not willing to give it. On our side, we were dependent on the A.F. of L., and we did not want to be identified in the public mind with the Leftists. For their part, they were suspicious of our connections with Gompers, and each group—Socialists, Anarchists, Communists—had its special interests to serve in the fight for the freedom of political prisoners.

William Green wrote us, "It seems to me that labor should be sufficiently discriminating to ask amnesty only for those who justly deserve it." John Frey sought to make an even sharper distinction: "In many cases which have come to my attention, the term 'political prisoners' had been applied to those who had said or done things which were outside and beyond mere questions of political import. . . . I cannot take the position, as an American, that anyone who

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utilizes free speech for the purpose of advocating assassination or the malicious destruction of property should be held guiltless."

The situation was confusing enough at best. The Justice Department had authority over those sentenced under the espionage laws, and, without making any distinction, placed Eugene V. Debs on the same roster as saboteurs and spies who had served the enemy in the most venal manner. The War Department had power over three types of war prisoners: conscientious objectors, draft dodgers, and soldiers who had committed some crime or broken military discipline. Neither department would admit that there were any political prisoners.

I turned for help to Morris Hillquit. "The courts don't like the term," he said, "but it's accurate enough. It would be a good thing if you could make Americans realize that people are arrested for their political beliefs and that they aren't common lawbreakers."

Gompers returned from the International Labor Congress in Amsterdam. The conference had been full of strife, and in the end he had felt obliged to withdraw. He was exhausted and overwrought, but I had to see him as soon as possible.

I found him leafing through the pages of a German genealogy of the Gompers family with the assistance of Harry Lang. Some time before I had arranged for Lang to interview Gompers. The *Forward* had always criticized Gompers, but the two men had quickly become intimate, and Lang had written an extraordinarily vivid account of the meeting. He had woven into his story a description of the Gompers clan, which had played a distinguished role in Jewish intellectual history for three centuries or more, and this not only had thrilled Jewish trade-unionists, who saw the president of the A.F. of L. in an entirely new perspective, but had delighted Gompers himself. In Amsterdam Gompers had encountered a young rabbi who belonged to the Dutch branch of the family, and had promised to secure for him the book from which Lang had quoted. It was this volume that they were reading together, perhaps as a kind of memorial to Gompers's father, who had just died at the age of ninety-two—as an orthodox family would have read the Book of Job. Lang read a passage aloud about Dr. Emric Gompertz, who had taught the famous philosopher Moses Mendelssohn. Another passage described the relationship of the clan by marriage with the financier and philan-

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thropist, Sir Moses Montefiore. As he read, Lang commented on the conditions of Jewish life in various periods, and Gompers was much struck with some of the anecdotes he told. In this friendly atmosphere I chimed in with stories of my grandfather, Reb Chaim the Hospitable.

Finally, with something of his old gaiety, Gompers said, "The three of us remind me of what the farmer told the gentleman who bragged about his ancestors: 'The most important members of your family are like potatoes—they're underground!' "

Finally he began to ask me questions about the amnesty campaign. I showed him the statement that Hillquit had helped us draw up, told him about our conference and the establishment of the Central Labor Bodies Conference for the Release of Political Prisoners. I went into the difficulties we had faced—the feuds within the unions, the hostility of the press, and all the rest of it. Calmly he assured me that we had made an excellent beginning. "Don't worry about attacks," he said. "Just keep on fighting."

From the reefermakers' office on Second Avenue we began sending out letters to forty thousand units of the A.F. of L. My staff consisted of black-eyed, black-haired Rose Pivar, just out of high school. She had no experience in the labor movement, no background of radical doctrine. Her only qualification was a knowledge of shorthand and typing. Soon, however, she was passionately devoted to the cause of amnesty.

Experience in the Mooney campaign had shown me that routine appeals receive scant attention at union meetings. Outsiders are likely to think of a union meeting as a gathering of heavy-jawed politicians who are seeking their own ends. As a matter of fact, the average union meeting is given over to simple, warmhearted discussion of a great variety of social and personal problems. Each industry has its own problems, its own terminology, its own folklore. I individualized each amnesty appeal, keeping in mind the distinctive characteristics of the trade and the locality.

Our office became a kind of unofficial A.F. of L. consulate, and many humanitarian causes were referred to us. Alexander Kahn, then attorney for the *Jewish Daily Forward* and now its general manager, was dealing with the problem of more than a hundred

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thousand homeless orphans in eastern Europe. Generous families had promised to provide for these children, but they were kept out of the country by the new immigration laws. Since the A.F. of L. had played a major part in restricting immigration, Kahn felt that a word from Gompers would have great influence on the State Department. Kahn prepared a statement, and Gompers sent it to Secretary Lansing with a letter of endorsement.

On the first anniversary of the end of the World War, I went to Washington with a report on the number of prisoners held under the espionage acts. Gompers told me that some months before Lincoln Steffens had prepared a memorandum on amnesty and that Colonel House had given it to President Wilson with his personal approval. The President had angrily thrown the document on the floor. It seemed to me for a moment that the situation was hopeless, but Gompers said defiantly, "The battle had just begun."

Gompers spoke that day to the International Labor Office, which was holding its first gathering in Washington. I reminded him that November 11 was the anniversary of the hanging of the Haymarket martyrs, and we talked about their fight for the eight-hour day. There was an echo of our conversation in Gompers's speech:

> When an administration for the time being fails to stand by the principles of democracy, then we have no alternative but to assert that American freedom and justice must prevail against any temporary administration of the affairs of our country. . . . We are living in our times as best we can, but our lives are but passing incidents with respect to the continuity of progress and civilization. So what matters it if you or I are put in jail for upholding the principles of justice?

The newspaper headlines read: "What Matters Jail If We Are Right? Asks Gompers." The speech gave great impetus to our work.

One day Rose Pivar, with a flushed face, handed me a newspaper clipping: the Musicians' Union, in convention in Pittsburgh, had voted down a resolution favoring freedom for political prisoners. I took the train to Pittsburgh, and handed my credentials to Joseph Weber, president of the union. "I am sorry," he said, "but the convention has acted, and we can't reopen the subject."

"Just let me address the convention," I begged him. "You have

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nothing to lose. If I can't convince the members, your position will be all the stronger, and I shall have no complaint."

In his earlier days Weber had been influenced by the *Volkeszeitung,* the organ of the German Social Democrats in the United States, and he was not altogether happy about the action of his union. My earnestness touched his latent idealism; he granted my request.

As I stood before the delegates, trembling with fright, I caught sight of Mr. Weaver, the man who had stampeded the Atlantic City convention of the A.F. of L. How I longed to conquer him in his own camp! I spoke with all the vigor I possessed, and the applause, which grew louder and louder, was intoxicating. Finally I handed our resolution to President Weber and asked him to read it. He not only read it but urged its adoption, and it was carried overwhelmingly. Once again musicians lived up to their tradition of humanitarianism.

More and more I was convinced that humanitarianism was still dominant in the labor movement. Experiences at conventions of bricklayers, masons, and carpenters confirmed that faith. The ice was beginning to break.

As our campaign grew in strength, union locals all over the country began writing the War Department. The answer was always the same: "There are no political prisoners in the United States; you are being led astray by designing people."

Gompers arranged for Hugh Frayne and me to have a talk with Secretary of War Newton D. Baker. Baker, who had begun his political career as an associate of Tom Johnson, the Cleveland reformer, was popular with labor. He met us with the old formula: "As members of the labor movement, you are very welcome, but there must be no mistake. There are no political prisoners in the United States, and there never have been."

Before we could reply, he called in a tall, thin gentleman in army uniform, whom he introduced as Colonel Penn. Frayne, who represented the A.F. of L. in New York and was a member of our committee, was dressed, as usual, like a church elder, in a dark suit with white piping round the vest. In his calm, solemn voice he began to explain our mission, while the colonel pulled at his mustache. Finally Penn broke in: "We have no political prisoners in the United States,

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and no law by which the so-called 'political offenders' could be freed."

Frayne leaned forward earnestly. "That may be true, colonel, but you must realize that we had no precedent to guide us when we decided to draft our boys and march them off to France. I was a member of the War Industries Board, and my son saw service in Flanders. I know that where there is a will there is a way. There are political prisoners, and they can and should be freed now that the war is over."

I opened my briefcase, and took out copies of the letters Colonel Penn had sent to local unions. "We came here," I said, "to discuss the communications you have been sending to labor bodies. You have told them that they were being led astray by designing people. That is not fair."

Just as the colonel was about to reply, the clock struck twelve. His stern face lit up with an appealing smile. "Folks," he said, "I see that you are anxious to discuss this proposition at some length. Let's have some food first. I invite you to be my guests at a genuine army lunch. It's not a nice place to look at, rough you know, but the corned beef and cabbage . . . We'll have to hurry, though."

As we entered the bare, smoky lunch room, soldiers were lining up at the long counter. The colonel led us to a galvanized iron table, and immediately each of us was handed a plate heaped up with fat corned beef, juicy cabbage, and steaming potatoes. "Ah, that looks good," said our military host. "Go right to it."

Frayne tried hard to convince the colonel that he ought to speak to Secretary Baker in our favor. Penn nodded with friendly eyes, but he turned to me to ask, between mouthfuls, "Like it?"

On our return to the office, Colonel Penn devoted the afternoon to showing us the records of about six hundred conscientious objectors, whose sentences ranged from one to twenty years. We also found that some fifteen thousand men had been convicted by courts-martial, and we decided to include them in our appeal. He agreed to receive petitions for the release of any individual, whether a conscientious objector or an army prisoner, and to recognize our organization as the agency through which petitions were to be submitted. Secretary Baker ratified Penn's decisions, and Adjutant General Harris gave us access to the files. Colonel Penn also telephoned the

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attorney general's office, in an attempt to secure an interview for us, but he was not successful, and I gathered from his expression that he was not treated with much courtesy.

Out of our work with conscientious objectors rose endless trouble for the organization and for me. The conscientious objectors refused to perform any task that might seem to have a military character, and some of them even balked at keeping their own cells in order. It was rumored that the authorities, in order to break the stubbornness of the internees, were mistreating them. Hunger strikes broke out in several prisons.

We conferred with Judge Julian W. Mack, who was a member of the board of inquiry that had been set up by the War Department. An outstanding figure both in American liberalism and in world Jewry, Judge Mack was a man to be trusted. He assured us that nothing stood in the way of the release of all conscientious objectors except the refractory behavior of a small minority. When we made this known in a public statement, our office was besieged by parents and wives, all of them prepared to urge their menfolk to obey regulations if that would speed their release.

At the same time we were vigorously attacked by liberals and radicals, who maintained that we were acting as agents of the administration. Norman Thomas, the new prophet of Socialism, scolded us in private letters. Fresh from the church and not yet immersed in party politics, he spoke with moral authority, and his rebuke gave me great pain. The Civil Liberties Union, in an open letter published in the radical press, asserted that we were either "simpletons who gave credence to the misleading statements of the War Department" or "out-and-out knaves doing the inquisitorial work of making heretics recant."

We were attacked from every side. The New York *Times* commented editorially:

In the war Mr. Gompers was a sound and active American patriot. His services, and those of the Federation, in carrying on the war have been gratefully and frequently acknowledged. Why is the same Mr. Gompers, if indeed he be the same Mr. Gompers, if some sudden, swift, progressive malady of radicalism has not attacked him in the past few months, now pleading and working for the benefit

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of those who, whether as so-called conscientious objectors or as unconscientious seditionaries and disloyalists, did all they could to defeat the United States in the war? What does he mean by a "political prisoner"? There is not in the United States a "political prisoner." The persons to whom the sympathetic souls of Mr. Gompers and the other Federation leaders are now so kind were all, from the meanest malingerer to the egregious Mr. Debs himself, resisters and defiers of our laws and government. What has organized labor to do with that, why should it be willing to do anything for such unworthy citizens, such false and cowardly Americans, if they are to be called Americans? What good to itself, what good to the United States does labor look for from this surprising move?

We were supporting Harry Weinberger's legal fight to set aside the order for the deportation of Emma Goldman. Since Emma was an American citizen, the struggle might have succeeded, but Emma, always loyal to Sasha Berkman, refused to go through with it. If Sasha was going to the Bolshevik land of his ideal, she would go with him.

Of course Emma and Sasha were indignant at our statement on the conscientious objectors. In fact, everything that I did these days was further proof in the eyes of many radicals that I had sold out. They called me traitor, reactionary, jingo.

I talked about Emma with Louis Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor. He had been Emma's friend for many years and had defended her in the Czolgosz days. He and his wife visited her then in jail and worked for her release. Now it fell to his lot to sign her deportation papers. "It is easy to smile at Emma's political burblings," he said to me, "but one feels a condemnation from her heart." I knew what he meant.

When Emma arrived at Grand Central Terminal, on her way from the Missouri prison to Ellis Island, I was among the crowd of friends in the station to greet her. I had a feeling that I was not wanted, and I held my distance while Emma's comrades pushed and shoved toward her. Spying me over the heads of the crowd, she threw me a kiss with her fingertips. Then, removing a silk bandanna from around her shoulders, she tossed it to me as a remembrance—a symbol of the tie that bound us in spite of all that had happened.

Christmas week came, and suddenly we learned that at 4:20 A.M. on the 21st of December the aged *Buford* had sailed with its cargo of

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political offenders. No one knew in advance. The relatives of the doomed-to-exile were not given the privilege of a last embrace that is accorded to the families of murderers. Such was the conduct of our government in that shameful period.

Friends of Emma and Sasha were beside themselves when they heard what had happened. It was no wonder that radicals talked about the degeneration of American ideals. Poor Bob, bowed down with agony, begged me to see the error of my ways.

Yet our amnesty campaign was making progress. I was greatly encouraged by a letter saying that William Green was planning to give more active support to our work. The United Mine Workers had hundreds of thousands of militant members. If it supported us, we could hope that the next convention of the A.F. of L. would endorse our program.

The labor world was now full of admiration for Green because of his righteous and chivalrous action on behalf of strikers in West Virginia. When the striking miners were evicted from their company-owned houses, Green, as secretary-treasurer of the union, leased a tract of land in the strike area and created a temporary settlement for the workers. The employers sought an injunction, and Green, who was the legal guardian of the miners' property and funds as well as custodian of their morale, was the defendant. After listening to Judge Anderson's statement of reasons for issuing an injunction, he suddenly rose to his feet, without consulting the union's lawyers, and addressed the court:

> Your Honor, you do not understand the situation. The West Virginia miner families are the wards of our international union. They are living on land leased by our organization and in tents we purchased. Every scrap of food they have, we buy for them. We cannot let these men and women starve. If you issue this injunction, I must choose whether to obey it and let the miners and their families perish, or violate it and go to jail. Your Honor, I cannot, I will not let these women and children starve. I am ready for jail.

Judge Anderson reconsidered his decision.

Perhaps because of this direct experience of social injustice, Green modified his previous stand on amnesty. He notified us: "I will mail to all local unions of the United Mine Workers copies of

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the literature on amnesty you were kind enough to transmit to me." To Attorney General Palmer he wired: "I join with President Gompers in a request that a general amnesty be extended to all political prisoners."

The time was ripe for a new effort on a national scale, and I began to call on members of Congress who might be sympathetic. Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, reading our resolution, suddenly paused. "Whereas, in all democratic countries of Europe associated with us in the prosecution of the war, full amnesty has been granted . . ." he read aloud. "Are you sure of that?" he asked me.

I said that Morris Hillquit, who had drafted the resolution, was in touch with the situation in Europe through his Socialist contacts, and that of course Samuel Gompers knew exactly what was going on across the Atlantic. Chamberlain squinted thoughtfully, and the next day he introduced a resolution in the Senate asking the Secretary of State to procure and furnish information regarding British, French, Italian, and Belgian policy in the matter of political prisoners.

A good deal alarmed, I wrote at once to Socialist leaders in five countries: to Ramsay MacDonald, who was still in disrepute because of his opposition to the war but was destined to become the first Labor prime minister of England; to Karl Marx's grandson, Jean Longuet, who was idolized by the Left-Wing of the French Socialists; to Émile Vandervelde, leader of the Belgian Socialists and at that time minister of justice in the Belgian cabinet; to Constantino Lazzari, secretary of the Italian Socialist party and veteran of many years in Italian prisons; and to Philipp Scheidemann, the bookbinder and journalist who had become the leader of German Social Democracy. A personal note of recommendation accompanied each of my letters. Hillquit wrote to Lazzari, Longuet, and Scheidemann; Gompers to Vandervelde; and Vladeck to MacDonald.

Meanwhile Senator France had introduced our resolution with the dubious phrase about amnesty in Europe. The senator from Maryland was treated by some of his colleagues with uncertainty. A doctor by profession, married to a wealthy widow, he had entered politics because of his interest in social legislation, and his rise had been rapid in his own state. In the Senate, however, he was ignored by conservative Republicans, and at the same time he was

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overshadowed by such rebel leaders as Borah and La Follette, and was pretty much disregarded by members of his own faction. He was generous and well intentioned, but an indifferent politician. Through me he suddenly saw the labor movement, and he was enthusiastic about the revelation.

The replies to my letters began to come in, and we were stunned. No European country had granted a general amnesty. Each nation had decided individual cases on their merits, and in some countries the party in power, while releasing its partisans, had promptly jailed its enemies.

Gompers chuckled when he heard the story. "So you are worried about it," he said. "Tell me, Indian, who appointed you to keep an accurate account of world events? Since the newspapers go on saying that political prisoners have been granted general amnesty in Europe, the joke is on them."

Gompers was right. As it turned out, Senator Chamberlain never did receive the information he sought from the State Department, and the issue was never clearly brought out in the Senate. Hillquit was worried, and Senator France anticipated trouble. Indeed, for a long time the fear of exposure hung over our heads, but we could not spend too much time thinking about it, for there were constantly greater and greater tasks ahead.

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xvii

THE GREAT PRISONER

NO AMNESTY CAMPAIGN could avoid the issue posed by the imprisonment of Eugene V. Debs. If we had been inclined to forget Debs, as we were not, the radicals would not have permitted it. At this time a new radical organization came into being, the American Freedom Foundation, with headquarters in Chicago. The A.F.F. was pledged to "expose the utter futility of passing resolutions by Congress, which is nothing but begging favors from politicians whose bread and butter depends on betraying the people in favor of the private owners of industry." Because of the outrages of A. Mitchell Palmer's Department of Justice, many usually sane persons were convinced of the necessity of violent tactics, and the A.F.F. had a number of fine individuals among its supporters, notably the veteran Socialist labor leader, James H. Maurer of Pennsylvania. Most of their adherents, however, would have been called fellow travelers if the term had then been in use. They concentrated their fire on Gompers. One of their most bellicose spokesmen was Jack Billow. Remember the name.

A sensational exposé of conditions in the Atlanta, Georgia, jail aroused widespread concern. Women were whipped, and other barbaric practices were common. Liberals began to ask about the Federal penitentiaries. Were they any better? One could believe anything of the Department of Justice as it was being conducted by Palmer.

Harry Lang went to the heart of the matter at a conference of the central bodies when he proposed that Gompers appoint a commission

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to investigate conditions in the Atlanta Penitentiary and to confer on the amnesty campaign with Debs and other political prisoners. Immediately there were whispered misgivings. For a quarter of a century Debs had attacked Gompers with forthright vituperation, and Gompers had replied in kind. "All that bitterness can't be overlooked," labor veterans said. But Lang insisted that both Gompers and Debs were sincere and would ignore the past.

Lang was right. Gompers accepted the suggestion, and appointed Lang, Jerome Jones, and me to serve as a committee of three. The choice of Jones was a matter of deliberate strategy, for he was president of the Southern Labor Congress, with headquarters in Atlanta, and editor of the *Journal of Labor*, which was devoted to the problems of organized labor in the South. When I reached Atlanta and met Jones, I could understand why Gompers held him in such high regard. His interests touched every aspect of life in Atlanta—politics, religion, philanthropy, sport—and he was chairman or secretary of a dozen civic organizations. Yet always he thought of himself as a spokesman for labor, and whatever he did strengthened labor's position. It was obvious that his thoughts were bounded by the Mason-Dixon line—he left the rest of the world to Sam Gompers—but below the line labor was Jerome Jones and Jerome Jones was labor.

To the surprise of my Washington friends, D. S. Dickerson, superintendent of Federal prisons, had given me a letter of introduction to Warden Zerbst. As Lang, Jones, and I drove up to the ponderous walls of the penitentiary, a cold chill seized my heart. The heavy doors swung open, and in a moment the warden was smiling at us. I handed him the letter. He glanced at it and said, "You would have been just as welcome without it."

I smiled back. "After what we had heard, we were afraid to take a chance."

"What do people say—that I eat prisoners alive?"

"Just about that."

"Who have you talked with?"

"A very dear friend of mine, for one, Alexander Berkman. He said he would rather die than accept your hospitality again."

"I see," the warden drawled. "But there are two sides to every story. You'll see for yourself." He turned to Jones. "I heard one of

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your speeches on conditions at the jail. Tell me the truth—were things as bad as all that?"

Launched on his favorite topic, Jones recited one incident after another until the warden broke in. "I suppose it's bad taste for me to let you run down a rival hotel." He lifted the telephone and asked a guard to bring Debs.

With heart beating furiously and mind working nervously, I listened to the footsteps in the corridor. The door opened, and we were all on our feet at once. A tall figure in prison uniform appeared, followed by a husky, red-faced guard with a club in his hand and a revolver on his hip. The faces of Harry Lang and Jerome Jones turned ashen gray. "You can leave Mr. Debs here," Warden Zerbst said sharply. Both Debs and the guard looked up in amazement. The guard dropped back, and Debs came toward us with arms outstretched.

Debs and Jones had been associated twenty years before in an attempt to organize the streetcar workers of the South, and although they had subsequently disagreed about labor policies, each warmly respected the other. They reminisced about the old days when they had tramped from town to town, dodging the agents of the transit companies.

After a few minutes the warden got up and left. Debs's eyes followed him with astonishment. Taking a long breath, he straightened his narrow, round shoulders and said shyly, "This is the first time that I have talked to anyone without a guard at my side." He added quickly, "I do not mind, but it embarrasses my friends."

While I unpacked a heavy briefcase, Lang and Jones talked to Debs about conditions in the labor movement and the Socialist party. He asked about Lang's associates on the *Forward*, and spoke warmly of the support that the East Side had always given him.

I handed him a copy of our amnesty resolution, saying: "This was worked out by Hillquit and Gompers. Gompers wants you to see in it a hearty message of good will, personal greetings, and the best of wishes."

"Is that possible?" The No. 1 political prisoner leaned forward and pressed my hand, his blue eyes moist. "Is that possible? It is more than twenty years since Sam and I have talked together. Tell him that I am grateful and will never forget."

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I showed him copies of letters and resolutions, and his face shone. "But, comrades," he said quickly, "I do not want appeals made for my release alone. We must free all political prisoners."

We had brought several gifts for him: a silver-headed walking stick from the United Hebrew Trades, a cigar case from the New York Joint Board of Cloakmakers, a cap from the capmakers' union, a pipe and tobacco from the Workmen's Circle, shirts from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. A flush of gratitude spread over his elongated features and high forehead.

When Warden Zerbst returned, he spoke of the enormous farm that had recently been acquired by the prison. Debs was immediately interested, and began to discuss cattle raising with the assurance of an expert. Zerbst said that perhaps we would like to visit the farm, and I replied lightly, "Certainly—if Mr. Debs can go, too."

Zerbst looked at me, and then burst out laughing. "It might be arranged."

The next day we interviewed a large group of political prisoners. Again the guards were dismissed, and the men talked freely. Some of them were Anarchists, some Socialists, and they talked and argued in the familiar fashion. Others, however, bore no radical stamp. They were individualistic rebels in the American tradition, men who believed that they had a right to criticize their own government when they disagreed with its policies.

When we had finished the interviews, the warden sent for Debs, and he came into the room with a warm, tender smile on his face. "You are looking much better today," I said.

"It makes me happy when I can help some poor devil," he replied. He told us about a Negro boy who had been given a life sentence for killing his stepmother. "He had murder in his heart," Debs said. "The guards beat him but they cannot break his spirit. This morning they took him out of solitary confinement. He was as mean as ever, and a guard slugged him. I washed the blood from his face, and the boy said, 'Mr. Debs, this is the first time in my life anyone was ever kind to me, especially a white.' " Debs turned to Warden Zerbst. "It is our rotten system that does it all. It encourages the basest passions until hatred rules the world."

When we were ready to leave, the warden handed Debs a long

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cape. "I think you had better throw this over you," he suggested, "before we begin our sightseeing tour."

It was a gay party that drove away from the prison. As we passed through the streets of the city, Debs commented with delight on the people and all the life and movement. But in the country his joy became ecstatic. "How wonderful!" he cried. "Nature in all its springtime glory. And I did not dream that I would be seeing it today. I wish all the inmates could be here. It would make them better men."

The farm was part of the prison economy. The Department of Justice allotted a paltry sum for the upkeep of each prisoner, and Warden Zerbst, with the greatest difficulty, persuaded the authorities to purchase the farm. The experiment had been successful, for the prisoners had better food and at the same time expenses were reduced. That satisfied Washington, but to the warden the chief importance of the farm lay in its contribution to the morale of the prisoners. They worked without prison walls around them and to a great extent without guards, and they became self-respecting human beings.

The prisoners surrounded Debs with familiar friendliness. One of them said: "We want you here, Mr. Debs. We are almost like free men, but we miss something. You know, something like religion. We have a church, but we want something else. We need you, Mr. Debs. We could talk to you, and you could talk to us."

I took the warden aside. "Why can't Debs be transferred here? He isn't well. It would be a godsend for him."

Mr. Zerbst replied that he would be willing but that the Department of Justice might not approve. He spoke of the transfer of Debs to Atlanta from Moundsville, West Virginia. This maneuver had been accomplished with such secrecy that many of Debs's friends had placed a sinister interpretation upon it. The truth, Zerbst said, was that the Department had heard that the Communists were planning to raid the prison and carry Debs off to Russia, while a group of superpatriots were talking of breaking into the jail and lynching him. "Maybe it was all talk," the warden said, "but the Department wasn't taking any chances. They might feel that he himself would be in danger if he were out here—and he might be."

I reported this to Debs, who scoffed at the idea of danger. "And

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anyway," he said, "if the prisoners here want me, I am not going to worry about what may happen."

In a cage built by a prisoner, a cat and a mouse were playing together peacefully. "There you are," said Debs. "We human beings, no matter how much we talk about brotherhood, are always hurting and destroying each other, but these two dumb animals become friends as soon as they are trapped by a common enemy."

I asked him about the conflict between him and Gompers. Tremulously he embraced me with his long arm. "Comrade, you have opened a wound. Nothing troubles me more than the fratricide in our movement. I will do anything I can to end it. I want to be friends. I wish Sam to know that."

Seeing Debs with his arm around my shoulder, Warden Zerbst reached for his camera. An enlargement of his snapshot adorns my home.

Amid the sights and sounds of the farmyard, the committee held its second conference with the country's foremost political prisoner. Jerome Jones said that he would visit Debs frequently, and I promised to write him and to visit him as often as I could. Warden Zerbst agreed to work with us in the amnesty campaign.

That evening Lang and I left for Cleveland, where we were to meet Samuel Gompers at the national convention of his own trade organization and report to him on our findings in Atlanta. Debs and Warden Zerbst escorted us to the train. Unrecognized by the crowds in the railroad station, Debs waved his farewell to us with tears in his eyes. I knew that I had found a wonderful friend.

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POLITICIANS, LEFT AND RIGHT

IT WAS A PLEASURE to see Gompers in the midst of the cigar makers. I could only think of a big brother who has made good in the outside world. His family is proud of him, but they are relieved to discover that he behaves just like anybody else when he is at home.

Gompers was delighted with our report on our meeting with Debs, and he told me that our amnesty resolution would certainly be adopted by the cigar makers, although another resolution was going to be introduced on behalf of the American Freedom Foundation by Jack Billow. Gompers looked at me somberly. "We have an idea that that man is a spy."

I was flabbergasted. When I met Billow, he greeted me with a broad smile. As usual, he was full of radical talk, and he told me that he was going to introduce a resolution for the recognition of Soviet Russia as well as the A.F.F's resolution on political prisoners. I asked him if he expected to have them adopted. "Oh, no," he growled. "Not with Gompers here. He's no good."

Just before the resolutions committee made its report, the presiding officer asked me to say a few words. It was the first time I had ever made a public address in the presence of Gompers, and I was nervous. I began to describe my impressions of Debs. There were many Socialists among the cigar makers, and they sat spellbound. Their emotion intensified my own, and I simply broke down. After the tumultuous applause, Gompers endorsed the amnesty campaign and praised my part in it. To me he whispered, "Indian, don't ever

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worry again about making a speech." He asked for and was given a unanimous vote for Senator France's amnesty bill.

Jack Billow raced around the hall, telling the delegates that the resolution was too weak and that the workers should employ mass action. A few weeks later he was unmasked for what he was. The union's investigators intercepted his reports to a detective agency. Jack Billow was Agent No. 80.

Mrs. Gompers died, and immediately Gompers threw himself into public activity, as he always did when struggling against private grief. Governor Allen of Kansas had won popular acclaim for a scheme of compulsory arbitration, and Gompers challenged him to a debate in Carnegie Hall.

He invited Harry Lang and me to his home in Washington. We were warmly welcomed by good-natured Ella, Al's wife, who had taken over the household affairs after Sadie's death and throughout Mother Gompers's invalidism. He was playful, warning me about spoiling my figure while he piled my plate high. Then suddenly, as Ella brought in a marrow bone for the chief, complete stillness fell over the gathering. Mother Gompers had always prepared this treat, his favorite dish. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he picked up the bone.

Later in the evening Gompers talked to us about the Carnegie Hall debate. He was anxious to have an audience of sympathetic, intelligent workers, and he urged Lang to make sure that the East Side was well represented. "They understand the importance of this."

He had what he wanted. The half of Carnegie Hall assigned to labor was filled with the most alert and best informed workers in the city. After the speeches, bouquets of flowers poured in from many labor groups. Gompers was touched. He plucked an American Beauty from one of the bouquets, and presented it to Governor Allen, saying, "American labor wants everyone as a friend." The applause was stormy.

Once more the A.F. of L. was holding its annual convention, this time in Montreal. In the year that had elapsed since the Atlantic City convention, there had been great changes in public sentiment. After presenting our resolution, hard-boiled John Frey said: "Your com-

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mittee recommends concurrence with the amnesty resolution, and I move the adoption of the committee's report." With no warning I was invited to speak, and for the first time I addressed an A.F. of L. convention. The vote for the resolution was unanimous.

The sessions were adjourned for a few days, so that Gompers and other leaders could place labor's planks before the platform committee of the Republican national convention. Gompers suggested that I accompany the party, in order to bring up the matter of amnesty. Norman Hapgood, who represented the finest traditions in American journalism, had been one of our strong supporters and a helpful adviser on strategy. I wired to ask him whether the platform committee would give me a hearing if I had Gompers's blessing. He replied that no one would dare reject me.

Gompers was jealous in a peculiar way. He resented my asking Hapgood for advice, just as he frequently criticized me for relying too heavily on Senator France. He thought that I showed "too much enthusiasm" for France, and that France exhibited "an excessive personal interest" in me. When he was in this mood, he would quibble endlessly, but he never lost sight of his major aims.

With the country turning strongly against Wilson, the Republicans had hopes of capturing A.F. of L. support. Taking advantage of the situation, Gompers presented his program with all the flourish of a first-rate actor. Senators and governors sat enthralled, and they applauded vigorously. Senator France, a greenhorn at national conventions, was convinced that the Republican platform would include every recommendation Gompers had made.

I was quite as optimistic. I described Debs, Prisoner No. 9653, and appealed for the release of all political prisoners, if only on the basis of American sportsmanship. Senator France led the applause, and I was sure we had won. But Gompers said, "We shall accomplish nothing here. It was a good show, and we were right, both of us, to beard the elephant in his den. But never trust politicians."

Gompers mingled with the bankers, industrialists, corporation lawyers, and political bosses in the lobby of the auditorium, and he was hailed on all sides. The radical press spoke of his "crawling to the capitalistic parties to bargain for favors with the workingman's vote." I saw him many times in action, and he neither begged nor bargained. He confronted the economic royalists face to face and

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defended the interests of his class. To me he said: "Take all you can get from politicians, but never assume that they are altruists." And again, "Be among them, but not one of them." I learned more practical Anarchism from Gompers than from Emma Goldman.

Through Senator France, who was beginning to be spoken of as labor's senator, I met Mrs. Warren G. Harding. The rumor was that she was working hard to get her husband the presidential nomination, while he was hoping to be allowed to return to his home town, where he could leave his collar unbuttoned and his shirtsleeves rolled up. I tried to interest Mrs. Harding in the moral aspects of the amnesty campaign, bolstering my arguments with letters from Mrs. La Follette and Mrs. Champ Clark. She listened affably enough, but I soon perceived that humanitarian causes had little appeal to her. When I happened to say that Senator Borah had promised to support the amnesty resolution, she quickly asked me what I thought of his chances in the convention. She was interested in nothing else.

Thanks to Gompers and Senator France, I knew many of the secrets of the convention. I learned how men buy, sell, barter, and gamble in their desire to make a President and gain political power. In the midst of all the feverish intrigue, I thought of the little immigrant girl who had seen her first President on the streets of Chicago. And I remembered the indomitable Tony, who had lifted me to his shoulders and given me my first lesson in American political science.

Because the Gompers party had proceeded straight from the train to the convention, I was in Chicago for twenty-four hours before I had a chance to telephone my parents. Meanwhile the afternoon papers had reported my appeal to the platform committee. As a result, my mother had a series of calls from our rich North Side relatives, who were overwhelmed by the prominence I had acquired.

I spent my last few hours with my family. Father exhibited his pleasure in his usual diffident manner, squeezing my hand and gazing into my eyes with a shy smile on his glowing face. Mother insisted on preparing one of her most delicious dishes, the baked meat *kaikalech*. Preparations took longer than she had planned, but of course I could not leave without eating heartily of the delicacy. When we finally crowded into cousin Clara's car, I did not have much time, and we found that the streets were congested because of the convention. I was in a panic, for I did not have citizenship papers with me

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or a permit. I had crossed from Canada to the United States as a member of Gompers's party, and I saw no way of getting back if his train had left without me.

It was five minutes after train time when we reached the station, but I rushed for the gate, with the whole family scrambling after me. The gate was closed, but I could see Gompers and Oyster and the conductor standing by the rear of the train. As the gate was opened for me, Gompers raised his cane above his head and shouted: "Come on, Indian; how long do you intend to keep this train waiting?" Even then, however, he would not let me board the train until I had introduced my parents to him. This incident was always referred to in the family circle with pride.

My father had found a quiet moment to ask me about Bob. The question embarrassed me, for I knew well enough that our relationship had reached a crisis. It was easy to agree that I would not work officially for the A.F. of L. and that he would not join the Communist party, but, in fact, I was spending all my time with the leaders of the A.F. of L. and was more and more under the spell of Gompers, while Bob praised every act of the Soviet Union and believed every word that was printed with the imprimatur of the Communist International. For sixteen years we had shared every experience, and now we had nothing in common. We rarely took our meals together, and spoke only of the most commonplace matters. There were no quarrels, no outbursts of anger, but the chasm between us grew wider and wider.

My appearance before the platform committee of the Republican party was positive proof to Bob that I had sold out to reaction. Communist and other radical publications not only attacked our committee but denounced me personally in the vilest terms. Bob was distressed, and yet he could not conceal his feeling that I had asked for it. It would have been bad enough to have him justifying character assassination even if I had not been the victim.

Yet Bob wanted to save me, and at last he proposed the only way of salvation he could conceive of: we would both go to Russia and work for the revolution. Then the ominous silence of our home did explode. I had heard enough from Russian refugees to have serious doubts, even then, about what was happening in the Soviet Union.

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More important, however, was my passion for America. It was deep in me, deeper than anything else, and I could scarcely believe that Bob seriously expected me to forsake my country.

Bob's suggestion made me realize more clearly than ever before the danger in which he stood. How much farther could self-deception and fanaticism go? Just as he wanted to save me, so I sought some way of saving him. Each of us was convinced that the other was abandoning the path we had for so many years taken together.

Events intensified the conflict. One day Bob stopped at my office and urged me to come home and meet a friend. The visitor was Sam Agursky—Commissar Agursky now—who had left Chicago for the land of social revolution with Tobinson and Shatoff. The title thrilled Bob, but I remembered that I had never had a very high opinion of Agursky and that the shrewd Yanovsky had called him a liability to any cause he adopted.

Commissar Agursky had traveled secretly from Russia to the United States, sent by Lenin himself to instruct the American *tovarischi* in the art of propaganda. To prove it he showed us his credentials with Lenin's signature. What is more, he showed us a packet of diamonds, which the American comrades were to sell for the cash they needed in carrying on their work. We had all heard, of course, that the Bolsheviks had seized the jewels of the nobility and were using them to finance world revolution, but the stories had always seemed fantastic. Now I saw with my own eyes one of the agents of the revolution, with costly jewels in his hand that had belonged to the czar. And it was the Chicago nobody, Sam Agursky!

Agursky calmly told us that he intended to stay with us for several weeks. I was appalled by the idea, and yet he was far from well and needed care, and he would be safer with us than with members of the Communist party, who were always being spied upon. Moreover, it occurred to me that his presence might teach Bob the truth about Russia. For Agursky was nothing if not frank. When I asked him about Sasha and Emma, he said that they were bound to get into trouble if they continued to criticize the dictatorship of the proletariat. He hoped they would see the light before it was too late.

Agursky remained in our apartment for weeks, using it in our absence for his conferences with underground Bolshevik plotters. Many East Side celebrities also came to talk with him, eager to learn

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what he could tell them about the land of the revolution. Some were impressed by his talk, but not all. Saul Yanovsky, who had ridiculed Agursky before he left for Russia, was just as brutally frank now. "How come," he asked abruptly, "that a great revolution, which is shaking a sixth of the globe to its foundations, chose a dolt like you to represent it? If Lenin could find no better spokesman than you, then certainly the revolution is not going to amount to much."

Agursky wanted to meet Gompers, and finally, after some hesitation, the interview was arranged. "Let us understand each other from the beginning," the Old Man said, pointing to a copy of Lenin's famous pamphlet, "An Open Letter to American Workers." "Tell Mr. Lenin that our 'rope of sand' will prove stronger than his iron chains."

Agursky launched into a vigorous and even eloquent defense of Lenin's suppression of civil liberties. Gompers interrupted him: "Have we been fighting czarism all these years just for a change of chains?"

"This is the only way to establish a Socialist state," Agursky said.

"You may be right, young man," Gompers replied. "But then a Socialist state is simply a slave state."

Persistently Gompers interrogated the Soviet emissary, asking him questions about every aspect of life in Russia. He picked up Lenin's pamphlet again. "This is the man who is going to advise American workers," he said, "and he lumps me and Morris Hillquit together. He does not know that all our lives we have been political opponents."

"He says that you are both reactionaries," Agursky answered, "and so you are."

"Lenin is the greatest reactionary alive today. What does he tell the American Communists?" He opened the pamphlet. "He tells them to practice trickery, to employ cunning, to resort to illegal methods in order to penetrate the trade-unions. He would gladly destroy every gain that American labor had made. He wants us to go back to slavery."

As he was leaving, Agursky said, "Mr. Gompers, I asked to meet you, but I was nevertheless afraid that you would turn me over to the police. I am afraid you would not fare so well in Soviet Russia."

"Young man," Gompers shouted, pointing his finger at him, "call on me if the police bother you. I will do anything I can for you—

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anything but let myself be liquidated." All of us burst into laughter.

After the interview with Gompers, Agursky left our house, for some of the comrades feared that he was being corrupted. However, we frequently met him, and Bob continued to talk of going to Russia. When I quoted Agursky on the subject of the Bolshevik terror, Bob simply shook his head and insisted that all would be well in the future. He began to make definite plans: he would go with Agursky and would send for me later. I had to tell him categorically that our life together would end the day he set foot on a boat for Russia.

I went into the Middle West for a few days to speak to several church conferences. While I was on the trip, I received word that the War Department was releasing all general military prisoners, including conscientious objectors. Greatly encouraged by this victory and by the many congratulations I received, I returned to New York to undertake the final campaign for the victims of the Espionage Act.

My happiness vanished when Bob told me that he had reached his decision. He insisted that the separation was only temporary, but I knew that he was vanishing from my life forever. I wrote him a brief note:

> Now that we understand each other definitely, I feel that I must tell you what I wish most with all my heart. Do try to think of all the happy days we spent together. . . . As far as I am concerned, I shall always carry with me that which is best of you. You must never forget that you were part of my youth and will remain so long as I live. I beg of you just one thing: remember me kindly and if I can ever help you, give me the chance. I wish you every happiness. Wish me the same.

I helped him purchase warm clothes and a store of supplies. He and Agursky were both traveling under assumed names, and I knew the journey would be full of hardships and perils. With his eyes asking me a million unspoken questions, Bob boarded the ship. I stood on the pier until the ship was out of sight, and then I hastened to the Washington train. It was on the train that I began to sob.

Washington was in a state of lethargy. The President was a sick man, living behind the drawn shades of the White House. His associates seemed powerless to resist the Republican onslaught.

Twice Gompers had arranged an appointment for me with A.

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Mitchell Palmer, and both times the attorney general had refused to see me. Now I asked Gompers to let me try my own tactics. He looked at me inquisitively, and then chuckled his consent.

The letter I sent to Palmer would have skinned a mule alive. Brooding agony over the separation from Bob still simmered within me, and I let personal bitterness underscore my righteous indignation. I began by assuring the attorney general that if he should tour the country incognito and hear what decent people thought about him, he would commit suicide. I called him a heretic to his religion, charging him with violating every precept and tradition of the Society of Friends. I reminded him that his ancestors had helped slaves to escape from their masters and were sent to jail by the A. Mitchell Palmers of their day. I denounced his persecution of Emma Goldman and Sasha Berkman. I did not seek to convince him of anything, nor did I beg for favors. I sought only to hammer blows on his conscience. I listed fourteen national religious bodies, the Quakers among them, that had sent petitions for amnesty to the President and to Congress, but had refused to send them to him on the ground that he was unworthy of their appeals. I dashed off the scathing missive in pencil, which was a punishment itself to the recipient.

The next day the Department of Justice telephoned Gompers that the attorney general would be able to see me. As he requested me to sit down, Palmer asked me, with scarlet cheeks, if I had meant what I had written him. He was not a traitor to his Church, he insisted. He was serving his country loyally, as his conscience told him that he should do. His job was not to make laws but to execute them. It was not a pleasant job, and he would have resigned his position long since if he had not felt that he must do his duty to his country and his President.

For almost an hour the white-haired attorney general defended himself. Sometimes, though not always, I felt that he was genuinely remorseful. At any rate he agreed to meet with a labor delegation headed by Gompers. But he leaned across the desk and said solemnly: "Don't count on success. The President has closed his mind to these amnesty demands."

"Why?" I asked in amazement.

"The President feels that the people have rejected him." He re-

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ferred, I suppose, to the failure of Wilson's country-wide speaking tour on behalf of the League, which had ended in his collapse.

I was staggered, but Gompers nodded in agreement when I repeated the sentence to him. "The professor of history," he said, "has lost his historical perspective."

Gompers, Meyer London, Matthew Woll, William Johnstone, Harry Wander, and a dozen other labor leaders attended the conference in Palmer's office. Gompers asked ministerial Frank Morrison to read the A.F. of L.'s amnesty resolution. When he had finished, Gompers said solemnly: "That was adopted unanimously. We speak for four and a half million organized workers. No group of Americans was more loyal during the war than our federation members. I hate war and so do our members, but we were willing to go to any length to resist tyranny and assure the triumph of democracy. Some few Americans did not feel that way, and they were punished. I do not say that was wrong, but we are at peace now, and all danger is past. There can be no justification for keeping these men in prison."

"What do you mean by general amnesty?" Palmer asked. "Do you mean that the Executive should issue a proclamation granting pardon to all violators of the Espionage Act?"

"Exactly," Gompers answered. "The Espionage Act was purely and simply a wartime measure; it ought not to stay on the statute book in time of peace."

In his reply Palmer referred to "so-called political prisoners." Temperamental Meyer London flared up. "I resent your 'so-called,' Mr. Attorney General. They are political prisoners. Abraham Lincoln used the term, and no one misunderstood it. Thomas Jefferson also used it."

"Very well," Palmer said, yielding the point, "but even if we speak of political prisoners, we must keep in mind the nature of each case."

"I intend to," London answered quickly. "Do you know, Mr. Attorney General, who Eugene V. Debs is?"

I broke in, to tell of having dinner with Debs at the home of Warden Zerbst. About 11:00 P.M. Debs left the house alone, with his arms full of honeysuckle for the sick in the prison hospital. After he had gone, the warden said, "He will force his way into the prison even if he has to awaken every guard in the place."

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Gompers interposed: "We had our differences with Debs, and very serious differences, before and during the war, but we have never held that he was a traitor to his country or untrue to his own honor. And it is not for Debs alone that we are appealing. We are appealing for all political prisoners and, indeed, for ourselves. We want freedom of mind and a sense of security. We want to feel in our hearts that peace has really been achieved."

Palmer paused a moment, and then explained that he could not speak for the President but only for himself. "With much of what Mr. Gompers and Mr. London have said," he assured us, "I am in full accord." He went on to explain certain of the practical difficulties in the way of a general amnesty, and then promised to lay our arguments before the President. We left after Gompers had once more urged the Attorney General to do his best.

Amnesty became a more important issue in the 1920 election campaign than the politicians had foreseen. With thousands of local unions and hundreds of central labor bodies advocating our cause, candidates for Congress were forced to declare their position. In the industrial regions many candidates favored amnesty, but in agricultural areas most political aspirants were strongly opposed.

Senator Harding reversed himself in the course of the campaign. In July he announced that he believed in "general amnesty for political prisoners." In August he advised the central labor bodies directly that he would go no further than "a declaration in favor of freedom of speech and freedom of assemblage within the limitations of national safety." By October he was aware of the full strength of reaction, and in Omaha he said: "I have been asked many times during this campaign whether I would grant amnesty, as it is called. My answer, I trust, is clear. I would not. A grant of amnesty to political prisoners is no more justified than a general grant of amnesty to yeggmen. If there is any difference between the danger of yeggmen and political prisoners, I believe most Americans will uphold me when I say that it is the political conspirator who is the greater menace to the United States." Cox, meanwhile, said nothing.

Election day came, with its inevitable repudiation of the sick and wayward President's party. Many of us took satisfaction in the million votes polled by Eugene Debs. The vote was indeed a tribute

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to Debs as a man and a mighty protest against his imprisonment, but otherwise it was not significant. The Socialist party had been rent by the Communist schism, and it was entering upon a period of decay. Many years later Morris Hillquit referred to the 1920 vote as "the last bright flicker of a flame which sputtered and then was extinguished."

We at last succeeded in arranging for a hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee, and we were hopeful that it would align public opinion behind our drive for an amnesty before Christmas.

I had made several visits to Atlanta, and had kept Debs in constant touch with our activities. He wrote his brother Theodore:

> The dear child feels it far more than I do, and I shall be glad to get free for her sake. Never was a soul more consecrated to a task than she to the liberation of her imprisoned comrades. She is so thoroughly in earnest and so tirelessly active that she feels the imprisonment as if it seared her body as it does her sympathetic spirit. . . . From her report it would seem that some kind of action will be taken soon. Please thank her once more. She allows nothing to daunt her. She has done all that is humanly possible in her position, and we all feel as grateful to her as if we had been released.

William McAdoo first encouraged Gompers to believe that the President might act before Christmas, then warned him to expect no help from that quarter. Gompers persisted in sending a letter to the President, and appointed me to act as courier.

The White House was hushed and sepulchral, and the once jolly Tumulty comported himself with the air of a funeral director. As instructed, I outlined the contents of the message and asked when it would be called to the President's attention. Tumulty shook his head and would not commit himself.

I reminded the secretary that Gompers hoped for action before Christmas, and also pointed out that he was eager to see the President before the Senate Judiciary Committee's hearing on Senator France's resolution took place. Tumulty said he would do his best.

A few days later word came from Secretary of Labor Wilson that if the President found it impossible to receive a delegation, he would at least see Gompers alone. Senator France postponed the hearings, though some of his colleagues were growing uneasy.

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I was shuttling between Washington and New York those days. I had just arrived in our New York office one morning, after spending the night in catching up with correspondence on the train, when a telephone call informed me that the American Legion was attacking Gompers for his amnesty campaign. Back I hastened to Washington. To counteract the Legion's resolutions, we secured support from the World War Veterans and the Soldiers and Sailors Legions. Carl Calvin, chairman of the World War Veterans, came on from St. Paul, bringing with him Captain George Mallon, one of Pershing's "one hundred heroes." They left emphatic memoranda in favor of amnesty at the White House and the Department of Justice.

In the midst of this furious activity, I was suddenly overwhelmed by loneliness. All my frantic activity seemed futile. When would this turmoil end? How could I recover happiness and freedom? I hungered for peace and a home. I missed Bob, and felt that I had lost something dear and essential to me. Yet I knew that Bob could never again fill the gap in my life.

Gompers realized that I was unhappy, and asked me to talk things over with him. I told him the whole story of Bob's departure, which meant our permanent separation. I also confided in him my fears for Bob's safety. "He cannot endure life under a dictatorship," I said. "He will speak out for others if not for himself. He will be destroyed."

As if he were himself enduring my pain, Gompers listened with a grim countenance. "If you heard from him that he wanted to come home, would you help him?"

"I would do everything in my power."

"Then cheer up. If you receive an S.O.S., you know that you can count on me for help. He will come back, and you can resume your life with him."

"No," I said, "I can't. Bob knows that. He made his decision. I would do anything to save him from danger, but our marriage has ended."

Gompers was fidgety all during the conversation, but when he heard that, he seemed to lose self-control. Lifting himself out of his chair, he seemed about to speak, but no words came. I looked at him

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in perplexity. Resolutely he brought out the words: "What is your objection to being Mrs. Gompers?"

The sincerity on his face as he posed his sudden question shocked me into silence. I sought some way of avoiding an answer. To pretend that I regarded his question as a joke would have been cheap. To accept it in seriousness and to point out the disparity in our ages would have humiliated him. How well I knew that he refused to be aware of his age and appearance!

Awkward and ill at ease, I tried to change the subject. Recognizing my embarrassment, he quickly mastered himself and asked me to take a walk.

We wandered about the city, stopping to peer into shop windows, as he loved to do. High officials and humble workmen hailed him as "President Gompers," "Brother Gompers," or "Sam," and he stopped to speak to many of them. As we strolled, he talked about his life with Mother Gompers. He had been home seldom enough in his hectic years with the labor movement, and yet his home had meant more to him than he could say. "If I was home on a Thursday evening, we went shopping from store to store, just as my mother and father had always done, buying our supplies for Friday evening and the Sabbath. She never forgot the big marrow bone for me." I can never forget how simply and wistfully he spoke.

Congress was about to recess, and the hearing could be postponed no longer. Gompers had heard two contradictory reports; that the President had been too ill to see his letter and that he was planning to issue an amnesty proclamation on Christmas Eve.

The chamber was crowded, for feeling was running high as Christmas drew near. At the head of a long mahogany table, strewn with books and pamphlets, sat the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Senator Sterling, seventy years old and reputedly a Tory. On either side of him were the other members: King, Borah, Walsh, and Chamberlain.

Before the session got under way, I was handed a letter from Attorney General Palmer, containing a list of political prisoners whose cases were being considered by the Department of Justice. Trembling with excitement at seeing Debs's name on the list, I passed it to Gompers.

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Senator Sterling called the committee to order, and Senator France requested that the amnesty resolution be read by the clerk. He then presented Gompers as the spokesman for the A.F. of L. Gompers told the committee, as he had told Attorney General Palmer, that the Espionage Act may have been necessary for the winning of the war but was inexcusable once the war was won.

After Gompers had taken his seat, Major Richard Tolman of the Army Ordnance Department testified that he and many army officers believed that men should no longer be punished for having opposed the war. He was heckled by Senator Walsh and Senator Sterling, and I began to feel that the committee was definitely hostile.

Gompers gave me a look of encouragement as Senator France presented me to the committee. I began by saying that organized labor had begun to scrutinize the Espionage Act when it was used against labor leaders in the steel strike and the miners' strike. I reviewed our work on behalf of military prisoners and conscientious objectors, and then turned to the violators of the Espionage Act. What I said, according to the official minutes of the hearing, was this: "I do wish with all my heart that your committee could visit some of the prisons, as I have done, to see the type of men imprisoned under the Espionage Law. I sat here listening to your charges against Debs. I never met Debs before I went to Atlanta. I have visited him several times since, and I would say that if you ask the warden the kind of man Debs is, you would not receive a higher commendation for any man. In every department of the penitentiary he is looked upon as a saint. When night comes and work is done, all the prisoners surround him in the yard. He awakens the human spirit that had been dead in their hearts. The warden reports that with Debs there is an atmosphere in the penitentiary which was never there before. I am sure that a man of that calibre could not be charged with being harmful to his country or to any man in the world. He surely could never propagate crime. He could not spread violence. It is not in his nature. He never could. He can only say such things as bring out the best there is in the worst of God's creatures. I am sure it is a crime to keep a man of that stamp behind bars. May I say, the crime is against our country. He himself can bear it. Debs would prefer to remain in jail and see the younger men freed. That is his plea at all times."

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Senator Sterling interrupted: "I cannot but admire the spirit with which you speak, but take the case of Mr. Debs. Remember that the country was at war and the life of the nation was in a very real sense at stake. Yet Mr. Debs was convicted of the offense of 'causing and inciting and attempting to cause and incite insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny, and refusal of duty in the military and naval force of the United States.' How can a country allow a thing like that to go on in time of war?"

"But it is now two years since the armistice was signed," I protested. Senator Sterling did not continue the argument, and I asked that the letters and resolutions I had brought with me should be published in the records of the hearing. My request was granted, and I took my seat. Senator France sent me a note: "Magnificent! I am proud of you."

When I joined Gompers, he was deep in a discussion with Senator Borah. Borah also congratulated me and promised us his support. Oyster and I accompanied Gompers to lunch, and on the way he said that he thought it very undignified of Senator France to pass notes to me during a session of the Judiciary Committee. I was too excited to think about food, and Gompers ordered for me. "Why won't you be Mrs. Gompers so that I can take care of you?" he asked.

Toward the end of the afternoon session, in the course of which Mrs. Champ Clark and others testified in favor of amnesty, Senator Sterling whispered to me that the committee had decided to summon Palmer and question him about the abuses with which his department had been charged. This, he said, would be done whether Debs and the politicals were released on Christmas Eve or not.

And that evening I had another thrill. I telephoned Atlanta to tell Warden Zerbst of the success of the hearing. He said: "I am going to see Debs in just a moment. I have to weigh him."

"What for?"

"It is prison routine to record the weight of an inmate before he is released."

"What?"

Warden Zerbst chuckled. "I am breaking the news to you gently. I have been ordered to prepare Debs for departure."

I was delirious with joy.

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Christmas was only two days away, and there was no word from the White House. Gompers was as much on edge as I was. Then it was the morning of the day before Christmas, and still no word. It was noon before we knew the truth, which reached Gompers's offices from both Secretary of Labor Wilson and Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo. Palmer had recommended the pardon of Debs. The President, as Tumulty later reported, said coldly: "I will never consent to the pardon of this man. I know that there is a demand for the release of Debs, but it will never be accomplished with my consent. I will be denounced for refusing this pardon, but it makes no difference. This man was a traitor and a sniper, and he will never be pardoned in my administration."

On Christmas Eve President Wilson extended liberty to other political prisoners, so-called "traitors and snipers," one hundred and eighty of them, but Debs, waiting in a torment of impatience for his liberation, was to wait in vain.

Too choked with emotion to speak, Gompers escorted me to the New York train. The streets were white with snow. We could see the cheerful Yuletide lights on trees in homes and on public squares; and Christmas carols filled the air. "Be cheerful, Indian," Gompers said with a forced smile, and he threw me a kiss as I boarded the train.

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xix

THE FIGHT GOES ON

HARRY LANG knew of our great disappointment, and as usual he had a fantastic suggestion to make. Could we not telephone Debs on Christmas Day, give him our greetings, and promise that the fight would go on until he was free? Preposterous as the idea seemed, I telegraphed Warden Zerbst, and he wired back his permission.

Many of us who had worked in the amnesty campaign gathered in the *Forward* Building, and Charney Vladeck and I talked with Debs. He assured us that he was in good spirits. He had been disappointed many times, he said, and he had learned to bear disappointment. The main thing was to continue the fight.

We went on to talk in a lighter vein, and some of the people in the room began to giggle like schoolchildren. "What is this?" they asked. "Is Atlanta prison a private hotel for Gene Debs?"

It was indeed a strange situation. Here was a man whom the President of the United States was keeping behind prison bars as a traitor, and yet we could talk to him as freely as we talked to each other. How could anyone despair of America?

Immediately after New Year's Day I went back into harness with the feeling that everything depended on the next two months. President-elect Harding had made a demagogic attack on political prisoners, and in any case we had no contacts with the new regime. Our only hope was to change Wilson's mind.

Attorney General Palmer was scheduled to appear before the Senate Judiciary Committee, and it became my task to gather evi-

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dence of the abuse of the Espionage Act in labor disputes. Agents of the Department of Justice had broken into the homes of immigrants without warrants, and had violently silenced all protests. They had conducted secret deportation hearings, in defiance of the regulations of the Secretary of Labor. Legal authorities were aroused by Palmer's unconstitutional acts, and Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr. of Harvard and Dean Tyrrell Williams of Washington University Law School testified at the hearing with the support of a large number of eminent lawyers.

In the course of the hearing, Palmer stated that the Department of Justice was reviewing all Espionage Act cases and making recommendations to the President. Senator Walsh asked if Debs's case had been disposed of.

"I understand," Senator Borah said, "that it has been passed on."

"No," Palmer said firmly, "that case is not closed."

Both Senator Sterling and Senator Borah went out of their way to make sure that I understood the significance of that assertion. "Stay on his trail," Borah urged.

Sentiment for the release of Debs was now widespread, but we were being attacked from an unexpected quarter. The die-hard Wilsonians began to urge Gompers to abandon the whole amnesty campaign. It was being used, they maintained, to discredit the President and block his efforts on behalf of the League of Nations. Gompers scoffed at this argument. If the amnesty campaign was damaging the President's prestige, the President could easily remedy matters by pardoning political prisoners.

It was thought that Wilson might find either Lincoln's or Washington's Birthday an appropriate occasion for the freeing of Debs. In the latter part of January Gompers was notified that Palmer had again recommended that Debs be pardoned. On January 31 I was told that a decision was expected, and I went to the attorney general's office. About three o'clock a messenger arrived from the White House. Mr. Turner, the pardoning attorney, glanced at the papers and then passed them to Mr. Hunt, Palmer's private secretary. Both men turned white. "This is the worst humiliation yet," Turner said.

While the men were talking together, bitterly condemning the President, the afternoon papers were brought in. There were the spiteful headlines: "Palmer's Request to the President to Free Debs

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Flatly Denied." Until then the White House had never made public its rejection of a recommendation by the attorney general. The President's malice was boundless.

Dazed, I went out into the winter rain like a sleepwalker. Automatically I dragged myself to the Western Union office to telegraph Debs. Two days earlier I had wired him encouragement from the same office. My tears blotted the paper.

I returned to the American Federation of Labor Building to tell Gompers that I could not go on with the farce any longer. When I dropped into a chair at his desk, I felt that the sun would never shine again. The afternoon papers were in front of him. His face was drawn and his forehead wrinkled, and I could imagine that he was as embittered and disillusioned as I was. After all, he had given eight years of the staunchest support to President Wilson, and this was his reward.

But instead of joining me in my lamentations, the Old Man said sternly, "What are you moping for, Indian? There's always another day."

I answered quietly. "We're at the end of the rope."

A smile dimpled his chin. "But we are still hanging on."

"I came to tell you that I can't hang on any longer."

"You mean you want to quit?" His voice was harsh.

"I want your advice on how to wind up and quit officially," I stammered.

"Are you willing to rob the men who are left in jail of every ray of hope? What right have you to do that? I'm ashamed of you."

My head was whirling. I wanted so desperately to get away, and I had thought that Gompers would agree that nothing more could be done. "But we're licked," I protested. "Harding has said that he would rather pardon a yeggman than Debs."

"Harding's mind can be changed. Go on with the work. Lead a drive on the new administration."

"What chance have we?" I faltered.

The tired labor leader gazed at the wall, where there was a photograph of Andy Furuseth, who had fought so long and hard for the rights of seamen. "Labor never expects to win the first round or the second," he said. "If you were not prepared to meet with disappoint-

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ments, you should not have undertaken this work. You have changed the mind of a nation, and now you are giving up because of one sick man!"

Gompers looked at me in silence while I fought with my tears. Finally I asked: "Would you go to Harding on behalf of the political prisoners? After all, you opposed his election."

"I have the rights of any American citizen. Yes, I will go to Harding." He took my hand. "Go on with the work, Indian. We shall win!"

And what did Debs say when he learned that Wilson had again refused to free him? Here is the letter he wrote me:

Your very kind and sympathetic telegrams of January 31 came to me through Mr. Zerbst, who is also letting this letter go straightway to you. The news from Washington of Wilson's action did not surprise or disappoint me. I thought of you at once, knowing how hard and faithfully you have worked and how deeply it would hurt your sensitive nature, and I wished you could be near me so that you could see how little I was affected save by regret for the beloved comrades who had tried so hard to secure my release.

Please accept my deepest thanks. You are indeed a brave, loyal, and most energetic comrade, and you are never so completely your noble self as when you are rendering loving service to others. From the very beginning you have given yourself whole-heartedly and without reserve to the cause of our liberation. You have left nothing undone. You could not have done half as much for yourself. And so I thank you, my beloved comrade, you and all your devoted co-workers, in behalf of us all, and I hope that the future may justify the long service you have so freely rendered us under great difficulties. Your visits here brought joy and cheer such as you can scarcely realize. My heart tells me we shall meet again. Until then, dear Comrade Lucy, love and all best wishes.

P.S. Do not despair for an instant. Your work has not been in vain. It will bear fruit tomorrow if not today.

Inspired by Gompers and Debs, what could I do but go back to the amnesty movement with renewed vigor? We made one more effort during Wilson's administration. Congress had passed a resolution to repeal all wartime emergency measures, including the Espionage Act, and Gompers begged his friends in Wilson's inner circle to prevail upon the President to sign it. Alas, the moral collapse of the Wilsonites was complete.

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Harding was inaugurated, and William Green led the way in launching a drive on the new administration. Branches of the United Mine Workers, responding to their secretary's plea, sent letters to the President and to his attorney general, Harry Daugherty. On the advice of Senators France and Sterling, I submitted a memorandum to both of these men, and within a few weeks George B. Christian, Jr., Harding's secretary, informed us that the President had directed his attorney general to review the cases mentioned in the memorandum.

Thus was the stage set for the most dramatic incident of the entire amnesty campaign, for within a month after Harding's inauguration Eugene Debs traveled unguarded from Atlanta to Washington, conferred with the attorney general, and returned to the penitentiary. This in the regime of the apostle of normalcy. No wonder the country gasped!

It happened in this way. Senator Sterling talked with Daugherty, and both the attorney general and the President were impressed by the fact that this solid Republican favored the pardoning of political prisoners. Sterling advised me to strike while the iron was hot, and he and Senator France arranged for me to meet Daugherty. The new attorney general was a paunchy, genial businessman, who took a cynical view of human behavior. In his slovenly appearance, as in every other respect, he was the direct opposite of his predecessor. Palmer was a meticulous, impersonal bureaucrat to whom people were marionettes and the law was all that really mattered. Daugherty was an unpolished, earthy politician with a hearty manner and an eye for the main chance.

I told my story, and the attorney general listened attentively, expressing particular interest in what I had to say about the character of Debs. "I didn't know he was that kind of man," he commented reflectively. I told him that Warden Zerbst could confirm all I had said and add a great deal to it. "Why don't you ask Mr. Zerbst to come to Washington?" I impulsively suggested.

Daugherty did exactly that, and on March 19 he and Zerbst spent several hours together. Daugherty expressed a desire to meet Debs, and the warden urged him to come to Atlanta. When the attorney general said that he did not have the time, Zerbst proposed, half-jokingly, that Debs should go to Washington. Seeing that Daugh-

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erty was taken by the idea, he pressed his advantage, and arrangements were made.

Three days later Zerbst asked Debs if he was game to try the scheme, and found his prisoner more than willing. Plans were elaborated in a conspiratorial atmosphere. The tailor was told that there was another rumor about Debs's liberation and a suit had better be prepared for him. That evening the warden took the suit from the tailor's rack and carried it to his own house. The next morning he informed the staff that Debs was going to the farm and would not be on hand for roll call. Debs followed the warden along a sidepath into his house and quickly changed his clothes. Mrs. Zerbst had prepared a lunch for him.

When the two men, both in a holiday mood, reached the station, they found it crowded with men who had been attending a Shriners' convention. Debs mingled with the throng, dodging the reporters and photographers. He entered Washington as inconspicuously as he had left Atlanta, and at noon on March 24 he was ushered into the attorney general's office.

The two men talked for nearly five hours, with Debs arguing for the release of all political prisoners. At one point Daugherty said: "Mr. Debs, you are a wonderful man. You could be of tremendous help to the country if you made up your mind to be loyal."

"Mr. Attorney General," Debs replied, "it may be possible to help the country more by not being loyal in your sense of the word. George Washington was a traitor and disloyalist. Do you wish that he had renounced his principles and remained loyal to the government of England?"

Greatly impressed by Debs's personality, Daugherty asked him to return in thirty days to meet the President. After having the prisoner driven to the train, the attorney general, in violation of all his own plans and precautions, released a statement to the press. Newspapermen besieged the train at every station. Debs would only say, "I am going back to be a good convict again."

The opponents of amnesty immediately raised a great hue and cry. "This is a disgraceful act," the New York *World* stated editorially. "Debs is a criminal—no more and no less. . . . He was tried fairly and impartially and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. That should settle the matter. Debs should serve his full term." The

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Georgia posts of the American Legion held a special session in Atlanta, and urged National Commander F. W. Galbraith to use the whole influence of the national organization against a pardon for Debs. The furor was such that Daugherty quickly abandoned his plans for a conference between Debs and Harding.

The attorney general, however, remained friendly to us and our cause. He told us that some members of the cabinet were very much afraid of public opinion, and he urged us to demonstrate the strength of proamnesty sentiment. It was arranged that another labor delegation should visit the President, with Gompers once more as leader. Radicals demanded more militant action, and talked about throwing a picket line around the White House.

The delegation was graciously received. The other delegates, according to custom, stood throughout the interview, but President Harding insisted on my taking his chair. "Wherever the Indian goes," Gompers commented, "laws and traditions are broken."

"Women are disturbers at all times," Meyer London said jestingly. "Their place is in the home."

"Bless them, I love them," rejoined the President and presented me with a rose from the vase on his desk. I sat there with the flower in my hand like a dunce in the corner.

Gompers and London set forth the case for amnesty with their usual eloquence and dramatic force. The President was obviously impressed. Towering above Gompers, he placed his arm on his shoulder. "Let bygones be bygones," he said. "You campaigned against me, but we can work together." He assured us that he would move as rapidly as possible.

When we left the President's office, I slipped my arm through Gompers's, as usual, to be his seeing eye. One of the members of the delegation, James Lord, whom I had known in California, said: "What is this? A wild Anarchist arm in arm with the President of the A.F. of L.! Sam, why don't you crown her the First Lady of the labor movement?"

Gompers grinned: "I might at that." He reached for the cigar butt that he had hidden behind a portrait near the door.

When we were back in the A.F. of L. office, Gompers handed me a telegram that had arrived just before the time of our appointment

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with the President. It contained the news that my father was seriously ill and was begging to see me. Gompers had made reservations on the train to Chicago, and he escorted me to the station, consoling me as best he could. "Why don't you let me take care of you as long as I live?" he asked me. "My family is waiting for you with open arms." Choked with sorrow and regret, I told him that it never could be.

On the train I wrote Debs about our interview with Harding, and enclosed the President's rose. I also read and reread two letters that had come from Bob. He took pains to assure me that he was all right, but the very meager account he gave of life in Russia had distressing implications. He said that he was still eating the olives and peanut butter I had forced him to take along. "I think constantly of home," he wrote. So Russia, after several months, was not home!

It was a heart-rending ordeal to sit by Father for days and nights on end and watch death steal over him. He was only fifty-four, really in the prime of life. We talked of the past. How well I remembered his return from America. And then our trip together from New York to Chicago.

Letters and telegrams constantly arrived concerning new developments in the amnesty campaign, and Father had me explain to him the meaning of each. Always he had kept himself aloof from social and political events, but now, with death drawing closer, he seemed to want to increase his hold upon the world. He took the keenest interest in my account of Debs's journey to Washington and our interview with Harding. "When you came into the world," he said one day, "nobody wanted you; now everybody wants you. This we must celebrate. I would like some ice cream." That was very near the end.

I made the arrangements with the funeral directors and the wardens of the cemetery. After the traditional *Kaddish* had been recited, a member of the orthodox branch of the family prayed that "the soul of the departed might ascend to heaven, and there be welcomed by the angels at the gate of mercy, the angels at the gate of charity, and the angels at the gate of divine favor."

"Oh, dear God," I prayed, "my father deserved it."

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Almost as soon as the funeral was over, I had to be back in Washington. Alarming rumors were circulating concerning Debs's health, and a close friend of the family intimated that he was indeed a sick man but refused to make his condition known because he did not want to be released on the ground of health. In my presence Daugherty had his secretary wire the doctor at the Atlanta Penitentiary, who replied: "Physical condition of Eugene V. Debs good. Better than at any time since his arrival here." Daugherty took pride in using Debs's full name in official correspondence instead of the derogatory prison number.

Gompers was not in Washington, and no one seemed to know where he was. Several days later Oyster called Harry Lang to tell him that Gompers was in New York. Lang was asked to come at once to the Continental Hotel, and there he learned that Gompers had just been married. Gompers specifically wanted Lang to break the news to me before it appeared in the papers. "He did it to spite Mrs. Robins," Oyster said.

The marriage created considerable stir. Gompers's close friends were afraid that it would turn out badly, but they were resolved to help in any way they could. Knowing how lonely he was, I was not surprised, but I was deeply concerned. In a letter to Harry Lang he said: "I was left a lonely man, so I found another helpmate and began life anew at seventy-one." That very sentence appears in his autobiography, the only reference to the marriage. When, later on, he spoke to me about his wife, he obviously wanted me to feel that she loved him deeply and did not think of him as an old man. He was terribly anxious to be looked upon as ageless.

At the A.F. of L. convention that year in Denver, Colorado, he was a sad figure. As usual, there were difficult problems. For one thing, J. H. Thomas, the fraternal delegate of the British Trade Union Congress, had offended the numerous groups of Irish labor leaders, and some of them were planning to vent their indignation on the Old Man. For another, John L. Lewis had announced himself as a candidate for the presidency of the federation. Lewis was supposed to be friendly to the Kansas plan of compulsory arbitration, and he was winning support in conservative circles.

Ordinarily Gompers would have responded to such challenges by mingling with the delegates and reestablishing his influence over

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them, but now he held himself aloof. The second Mrs. Gompers did not attend the sessions of the convention, nor would she take part in the ceremonial balls and banquets. For the first time Gompers absented himself between sessions from the lobby of the convention hotel. Everyone blamed "her." When they did appear together, the delegates did not know how to act.

There was a well built, neatly dressed gentleman at the convention. "I am McNamara," he would say to delegates, "John J. McNamara." The famous prisoner had been released from San Quentin, his term shortened for good behavior. The labor movement, for which he and his brother had sacrificed their liberty, had forgotten him. He was a lonely, tragic figure.

I asked Gompers to talk with McNamara. The labor chief did not mince his words. "I can only repeat what I stated after your confession," he said sternly. "If you had told me in confidence that you were guilty, I would not have betrayed you, and you know it. But you should never have risked the prestige of the entire labor movement."

Stunned, McNamara said: "That is past. All we ask now, my brother and I, is that we do not stand condemned in the eyes of labor forevermore."

Gompers refused to shake hands with him. "The last time I took your hand, you assured me of your innocence. After that, you betrayed yourself and labor. I can only say this: I will not attack you and your brother."

Gompers and I met constantly and with the usual friendliness. Never once did I mention his marriage. When I encountered him for the first time with Mrs. Gompers, he introduced her formally—a tall, slender woman with radiant white hair. Each of us said the conventional phrases, and that was all.

I attended the convention as an official representative of the amnesty movement, and reported on our activities of the preceding year. When I spoke of Debs, there was hearty applause. I read from a letter I had received: "You may say to President Gompers that we are entirely satisfied with the plea that he and his associates made and the efforts they put forth on our behalf. They did all they could for amnesty, more could not be expected."

Old timers were well aware of the historic implications of this

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greeting from Debs to Gompers. Twenty-eight years earlier, in that very city of Denver, the Socialists had been spurred on by Debs to fight against Gompers. Now the Socialist leader publicly proffered his thanks to the president of the A.F. of L. More than that, a considerable body of Socialists were supporting Gompers in his fight against Lewis. Although Victor Berger, Midwestern Socialist leader, opposed Gompers on personal grounds, Morris Hillquit urged eastern Socialists to give Gompers their support.

As our amnesty campaign continued, we were able to secure the support of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. This independent union, to which Debs had once belonged and from which he had been expelled, was regarded as invincibly "aristocratic." Warren Stone, its Grand Chief, invited me to address the convention, and my nervousness vanished when my first reference to Debs was applauded. A resolution was passed, and a sum of money voted to aid the campaign. "Gene was so brimming with gratitude," his brother wrote me, "that he could find no words to express it."

Our next step was to arrange a meeting between Gompers and Debs. Gompers, who was planning to attend the carmen's convention in Atlanta, readily agreed, but there were problems to be met. Warden Zerbst, to his great distress, had been transferred from Atlanta to Leavenworth. His successor, J. E. Dyche, responded pleasantly to my letters, but I could not help worrying. I applied to the superintendent of Federal prisons for permission for Gompers to visit Debs, and I received this letter to be presented to Warden Dyche:

The Department sees no objection to Mr. Gompers and Mrs. Robins being allowed to hold an interview with Debs under the usual conditions and in the presence of a guard, it being understood that said interview is not for the purpose of publication.

I hastened to Atlanta, and to my joy found that the new warden laughed at the stupidities of the Washington bureaucracy. He was another refutation of the common notion that prison administration attracts only ruffians and sadists. He was already a warm admirer of Debs, and was in favor of a general amnesty for political prisoners. He not only assured me that there would be no guards when Gom-

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pers and Debs met, but even permitted me to arrange for a delegation from the carmen's convention to visit Debs.

The heat in Atlanta was almost beyond endurance, and Gompers was exhausted after his speech to the convention. Oyster and I hurried him back to the hotel, and applied ice packs to his head and wet towels to his eyes until he fell asleep. When he awoke, he was refreshed. His first words were: "Don't worry, Indian; we'll visit Debs." He took my hand to his lips, saying, "Don't ever change, Indian."

Gompers eyed the grim walls as we drove up to the penitentiary. It had been a quarter of a century since he and Debs had met, and during those long, worried years they had attacked each other in the most forthright fashion. I compared the two men in my mind. The great difference between them lay in the fact that Gompers's emotions were curbed by his judgment, though often he suffered in the process, whereas Debs yielded to his emotions, no matter what the consequences.

Warden Dyche, receiving us with great courtesy, urged Gompers to make himself at home. The labor chief quickly retorted: "At home? Here?"

Mr. Dyche sent at once for Debs, and soon his tall, lean figure appeared in the doorway without a guard. In an instant Gompers was on his feet, and Debs's bony fingers interlocked with Gompers's pudgy hand in a tight embrace. For a breathless moment Gompers looked up at the tall figure that towered over him. "Hello, Gene," he said.

Debs answered in an unsteady voice, "Hello, Sam."

For me this was reward enough for all the sleepless nights and tormented days of three years' work for amnesty. Here before me were two aged warriors who had given everything for the emancipation of the workers. They had given up their peace and comfort, had even risked their lives. I was proud beyond all expression that they were my closest friends.

Like a host, Debs led his guest to the armchair that stood in the center of the warden's room. For a time they talked of their younger years. Debs spoke of their first meeting, forty years earlier, when he had visited the tiny office of the A.F. of L. in Lafayette Street, New York, and Gompers mentioned a visit to Debs in Terre Haute. They

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spoke of the perils they had shared when they worked together to organize the coal miners.

Suddenly Debs said: "Sam, I want you to know that I feel very deeply with you in the loss of your daughter. You have had other losses, I know, but it is harder when the young die. Sadie was a fine girl." Gompers's head was bowed on his chest, his lips trembling.

Debs went on to thank Gompers for his work for amnesty. "I have done what I could," Gompers replied, "to have you and all other political prisoners freed, and I have done it with my whole heart. But I have not been able to work with certain other people. You know whom I mean. In fact they have hindered our work all along. I hope you understand that even in this we could not get together, try as I might."

"I understand," Debs said, "and I do not blame you."

Gompers pointed to me. "Lucy has suffered from them, and sometimes she has been discouraged, but she stuck to her guns."

"I know all about Lucy," Debs answered with a sweet smile. The pressure of his arm around my shoulder increased.

The warden announced that all the inmates of the institution were gathered in the auditorium, and he asked Gompers to speak to them. That was a surprise to all of us. Debs and Gompers walked arm and arm between the long rows of newspaper reporters. As they neared the platform, Debs whispered to Gompers, "I would rather stay here with them." I urged him to come along to the platform, but he shook his head and slipped unnoticed into a chair.

When Gompers addressed the men, his face was pale and his voice full of emotion. He told them in simple words that he knew both the strength and the weakness of human beings and that he was aware of the circumstances that tempted men in their moments of weakness and need. "The labor movement," he said, "has tried and is trying to help the men and women who toil. We believe that there can be fewer temptations and a better relationship among men." I had heard Gompers speak many times, and always before he had told some humorous story, but now he was deadly serious. While he was being warmly applauded, he whispered, "This has been very hard on me, my dear."

For a few moments we watched the prisoners as they marched back to their cells. Debs joined us, thanking Gompers for his speech.

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We returned to the warden's office, and once more the two men reminisced about the labor movement. When Oyster reminded Gompers that we had barely enough time to catch the train, Gompers regretfully took his leave, assuring Debs that he would not rest until all political prisoners were freed.

The reporters were waiting outside and Gompers gave them a statement: "There is neither justice nor necessity in denying Eugene V. Debs his freedom. No man should be imprisoned in time of peace for actions committed or words expressed in time of war."

The radical press did its best to belittle Gompers's visit to Debs. The Communists, who were trying to persuade Debs to cooperate with them after his release, were particularly bitter, for they saw in the reconciliation of the two leaders a fatal blow to their scheme. Because they realized that Debs relied on the information I gave him, instead of accepting their fantastic interpretation of events, they unleashed on me one of their inimitably vicious attacks, a barrage of ugly words.

This denunciation nearly had fatal consequences for Bob. Bill Haywood, W. Z. Foster, Robert Minor, and Mary Heaton Vorse, Minor's wife, had gone to the Profintern (Trade Union International) Congress in Moscow. As she afterward told in her autobiography, *Living My Life*, Emma Goldman immediately clashed with these American pilgrims, who had convinced themselves that Soviet Russia was perfect. Emma and Sasha were already aware of the monstrous evils of the dictatorship, and they were indignant at the complacent way in which the new arrivals accepted the brutality of the Kremlin. Minor, during his Anarchist days in California, had been very friendly with Sasha, and the latter was particularly shocked by Minor's defection. One day Emma warned Minor that he had better stop Mary Heaton Vorse's irresponsible talk about Bob. "Does she want to queer him with the Cheka?" Emma asked. Minor said, "Lucy Robins is working with Gompers," and went on to repeat the attacks in the American Communist papers. Sasha broke in: "Lucy is showing poor judgment, but that doesn't mean that her husband is a counterrevolutionary. You had better curb Mary's tongue. A man's life is at stake."

All this, of course, I learned much later.

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Our campaign reached its climax in the autumn, after the Senate had ratified the peace treaty with Germany. On November 1, Gompers was assured that the President would proclaim a state of peace in a few days and that shortly afterward he would act on our request. On November 2, the American Legion, in the presence of General Pershing and Marshal Foch, adopted amidst clamorous cheers a resolution condemning the release of Debs. It was reported that a Legion committee was to confer with Harding, and we immediately got in touch with all our cooperating organizations. Another flood of letters and telegrams poured in on Congress and the White House.

While this was going on, I found myself in the fantastic position of working against an amnesty resolution in the Senate. Senator Watson of Georgia suddenly decided to introduce a new resolution calling for immediate amnesty. It was obvious that his proposal would be defeated and that the President would then find it difficult to free Debs. I tried to persuade him to postpone action until Harding had proclaimed peace and rendered a decision on Debs, but he insisted on going ahead. Senators France and Sterling, however, were able to prevent a show-down. When Watson presented his resolution and asked consent for immediate action, Senator Curtis objected, and the matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Because of the long delays, and particularly because of Wilson's attitude, many liberals, to say nothing of radicals, became disillusioned. The American Civil Liberties Union threw a picket line around the International Conference for the Limitation of Armament, then assembled in Washington. One banner read: "Allied Nations, We Congratulate You for Releasing Political Prisoners. The United States Alone Keeps Them in Prison." Another bore the inscription: "Allied Nations, Do You Know That in the United States Men Are Serving Prison Sentences for Expressing Opinions Which the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments is Now Voicing?" This unruly picketing aroused some opposition to our efforts, and it also had its farcical aspect, for the visiting statesmen must have known full well that amnesty had not been granted by their countries.

Impatience had tragic results for a number of political prisoners, among them Mollie Steiner, Jacob Abrams, Hyman Lachofsky, and Samuel Lippman. The Department of Justice agreed to commute their sentences if they would accept deportation to Russia. Abrams knew

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that I had refused to work for this scheme, partly because I was opposed to deportations on principle, partly because I believed that sending anyone to Russia was tantamount to shoveling him into the mouth of hell. Nevertheless he wrote me with enthusiasm about his departure. I had warned him about starvation in Russia, and he replied that he was used to going without food but he would like a banjo. Charney Vladeck, Harry Lang, Morris Feinstone, and Reuben Guskin chipped in, and we bought him one. But, alas, his comrades reprimanded him for accepting a gift from followers of Samuel Gompers, and he regretfully sent it back. Years later I was to see Mollie in Paris and Abrams in Mexico and to learn how they fared in the land of their dreams.

There were more and more indications that the release of Debs was at hand. The New York *World* reversed itself, and even the *Times* cautiously advocated amnesty. On December 19, late in the evening, Gompers phoned from Washington to say that I should leave at once for Atlanta.

It was two o'clock the next day before Reuben Guskin, who was manager of the Hebrew Actors Union, Morris Feinstone, and I succeeded in raising the money for my train fare. That illustrates the sort of life we led. We lived on scant pennies donated by unions and other labor organizations. Many a time I lived for a whole day on a cup of coffee and a doughnut or sat famished in some senator's waiting room with only enough money in my purse to pay for my ticket to New York. We were an A.F. of L. adjunct, but we were not financed by that body, nor did we want to be. Our whole group cherished independence.

Oyster met me at the train in Washington and told me that President Harding's secretary had suggested that I go to Atlanta and bring Debs to the capital. The White House had learned through the Department of Justice that the Communists and Left-Wing Socialists were hoping for a coup. They were trying to convince Debs that he should refuse to leave the prison unless the release included full pardon for all political prisoners and a condemnation of the Espionage Act. If he did so, they believed, the A.F. of L. would withdraw its support, and our campaign would collapse. They could then capture the amnesty movement and use it for revolutionary propaganda.

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It all sounded fantastic, but I knew that the extremists were capable of anything.

On December 21, I entered the Atlanta Federal Prison with my arms full of Christmas packages. When I was ushered into the warden's office, I found there, to my great joy and surprise, both Gene and Theodore Debs. Both brothers were anxious to learn at once whether I knew anything of Gene's release. Theodore had not come in the expectation of a pardon but rather to lighten his brother's disappointment.

I told them only that Gompers had reason to expect action. Gene took my hand, saying: "Lucy, I want to be out for your sake, but if nothing happens, we must not be disappointed."

Theodore left me alone with Gene, who could see that I was distraught. "What is on your mind, comrade?" he asked, his voice full of concern.

Although I had intended not to, I told him of the attacks that had been made on me and the attacks that I anticipated. "Ignore them," he cried. "If I am released, we will work together for humanitarian purposes under the banner of labor."

The next day Ben Meiman, *Forward's* Washington correspondent, accompanied me to the penitentiary, and for hours we talked with Debs about the world outside the prison gates. He knew that the Socialist party had passed through one crisis after another, that it had many factions, and that each group hoped to use him for its own purposes. "Children, you don't know how unhappy this makes me," he said. "I could not sleep last night. I fear freedom more than I did imprisonment. I have received hundreds of letters, and everyone who writes has his own ax to grind."

I suggested that when Debs was free it would be advisable for him not to line up with any faction or to make any public statement until he could judge the situation for himself. Meiman agreed, and this relieved Debs, who had feared that the journalist would ask him for a statement on the future of the Socialist party. Warden Dyche came in, and Debs talked with wonderful eloquence of his hopes for a better world.

The Atlanta papers reported the arrival in the city of representatives of various factions, each asserting that he was authorized to speak for Debs. I called on the editors, telling them that Debs would

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speak for himself when the time came and that no one could speak for him.

The Peidmont Hotel was full of reporters, and the reporters had picked up all sorts of rumors. Friends began calling me from all over the country. I telephoned the warden, but he had had no word. At last a telegram came from Gompers: "President has commuted sentences of Debs and other political prisoners to expire December 25, 1921." A few minutes later wildly joyous congratulations came over the phone from New York. I was told that big crowds were celebrating the event.

Ben Meiman and I looked for Theodore, but could not find him. I telephoned the warden, who had not had word from Washington. He repeated Gompers's telegram to Debs. Debs was calm. My last call to the warden's home was at 11:00 P.M. Because of a rumor that Debs would be smuggled out of prison, newspapermen stayed all night in front of the gates.

The next morning—the 24th—I was at the warden's office at nine o'clock. He still had not heard from the Justice Department. At 11:30 the news finally came.

The warden went to inform Debs officially. Shortly afterward Attorney General Daugherty telephoned the warden to ask if I was going to bring Debs to Washington. He emphasized that this was not a condition of release but merely a request.

Just then a letter was caught in the outgoing mail. A political prisoner named Blodgett, who was to be freed at the same time as Debs, had written to President Harding, refusing in the harshest terms to accept commutation. "That is what they want Debs to do," Warden Dyche said. "They want him to refuse commutation and to demand a declaration from the President that he and the other political prisoners should never have been arrested."

My heart sank as I thought of Oyster's warning. I knew Debs's mind. It would be hard for him to disregard the request of other political prisoners, however unreasonable it might be. Meiman and I had agreed that neither we nor anyone else from outside the prison should see Debs on the last day. Then, if any statement should be issued in his name, Mr. Dyche could testify that Debs had seen no one. Accordingly I wrote him a note. I urged him to accept commu-

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tation and to proceed to Washington as the spokesman of all political prisoners.

When the warden returned, he was frowning. Debs, he said, had asked for an hour to think it over. I returned to the hotel, and at two o'clock I phoned Dyche. He said at once that everything was all right, and since we had no doubt that reporters had tapped the wires, we agreed to meet in the hotel lobby. There he informed me that Debs had accepted the commutation. The only condition he imposed was that his brother Theodore, Ben Meiman and I should accompany him to Washington.

At eleven-thirty on Christmas morning the gates of the penitentiary swung open, and a thunder of shouts rose from twenty-three hundred throats. The bright sun of a southern Christmas lit up Debs's face, his bright blue eyes blurred with tears, as he waved good-by to the men who had been his neighbors and friends behind the bars. After the photographers were through with him, he entered the warden's car. At the station crowds swarmed about him. He and Dyche affectionately clasped hands, and he boarded the train.

A crowd of Atlantans accompanied us for a station or two, and at every stop newcomers climbed aboard. Socialist comrades felt that they had priority, and they pressed their attentions upon the leader in whose glory they hoped to bask. We were riding in a coach, and finally I whispered to Theodore that unless he could find a drawing room for his brother, he would have a corpse on his hands. In the privacy of the drawing room, Gene broke down. "They don't understand," he said. "They want to use me." He knew then that he was about to be trampled upon by the factions working for communism.

When we reached Washington, Debs went directly to the Department of Justice, and he and Daugherty quickly reached a general agreement about the handling of the remaining political cases. He then proceeded to the White House, where President Harding extended a warm welcome to this "yeggman."

I telephoned Gompers, and he and his wife came to the Hotel Harrington to welcome Debs. The two veterans embraced each other, this time with a feeling of secure friendship. Later that evening Abraham Cahan and Harry Lang arrived. Cahan talked about the problems of the Socialist party at home and abroad. "You have a

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great opportunity, Comrade Debs," he said. "The doors of the American labor movement are now open to you. Enter, Comrade Debs, enter. Socialists must understand the labor movement instead of slandering it. You can show the way."

Many messages came for Debs, including cables from spokesmen for the Bolsheviks, who invited him to visit the Soviet Union. He asked me to send a wire to Warden Zerbst at Fort Leavenworth, thanking him for his kindness. He added with a sigh, "Lucy, I'm tired."

The next day he visited the senators who had cooperated with us, and the Senate office building buzzed with excitement. Senator Borah said to him, "You probably have the clearest conscience of any man in public life today."

Debs entreated me to accompany him to Terre Haute. There was fear in his heart for the things to come.

The fantastic "impossible" had been accomplished. Debs was preparing to leave for his home town. Gompers had left Washington with his wife. Harry Lang had returned to New York. Bob was in Russia, a possible victim of Soviet terror. With a shudder I looked about me, and realized that I was alone.

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XX

GOMPERS'S LAST YEARS

THERE IS a Jewish legend that anticipates the story of Frankenstein and his monster. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the Jews of Prague were in constant fear of attack, their saintly leader, Rabbi Löw, an ancestor of Justice Brandeis, created a golem, a figure of clay, and, through his mystical powers, endowed it with life. It was the rabbi's intention that this creature should protect the persecuted Jews, but the golem, acquiring human passions, turned upon its master and tried to destroy him. This theme has inspired many writers, and a play called *The Golem* had a considerable success in the late 1920's. During a performance of the play, William Green, who had succeeded Gompers as president of the A.F. of L., whispered to me, "Now I can understand the last years of Sam's life."

Gompers felt that the years that remained to him after he reached the age of seventy were a kind of heavenly dividend, and he sought to use them in ordering the affairs of the great labor body he had created. He had always believed in individual initiative and self-government, and his belief was strengthened by the rise of totalitarianism in parts of Europe; but he could not fail to see that these principles gave scope to forces that endangered the labor movement. Poor and ignorant workers naturally supported the leader who improved their lot, without inquiring too closely into the methods he employed. In labor as in politics, democracy permitted the demagogue to flourish and to wax fat on graft. The labor racketeer was one of Gompers's golems.

The problem was how to eliminate corruption without destroying

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the democracy of the unions. Convinced that the unions must cure their own evils, Gompers fought against any suggestion of government interference. Thus he sometimes found himself in the position of resisting public attacks on labor officials whom he was fighting with all his might within the movement.

Such was the situation that arose in the case of Robert Brindell, a burly, boisterous, unscrupulous leader of the New York City building trades. His conduct created such a scandal that the state legislature set up an investigating committee, with Charles C. Lockwood as chairman and Samuel Untermeyer as counsel. Untermeyer invited Gompers to testify. Gompers agreed to do so, but only on the understanding that he could refrain from answering questions if he saw fit. He asked me to act as his representative in an informal talk with Untermeyer. "Tell Sam he needn't be afraid of me," the lawyer said. "I'm the one who ought to be scared."

A large audience gathered to watch the duel between the two Sams. For two days the aged president of the A.F. of L. appeared on the witness stand, often feigning timidity to lead the famous attorney on, and then delivering a bold stroke that paralyzed him. Steadfastly he opposed any governmental interference in such matters as jurisdictional conflicts, restriction of membership, misappropriation of union funds, and conflicts between unions and employers. That evils existed he did not deny, but he argued that they would only be aggravated by the passing of laws.

"You have no faith in the courts?" Untermeyer asked him.

"Very little."

"Would you permit any kind of review in the courts concerning the expulsion of a member of a labor union?"

"I would not."

"You would allow that injustice to remain unredressed until the enlightenment of the labor movement has reached the state at which expulsion would no longer exist?"

"I would, yes."

"You believe that the courts are closed to the poor, don't you?"

"Very nearly so."

One of Gompers's tricks caused the audience a good deal of amusement. Whenever Untermeyer had him cornered, he would dramatically motion to Oyster to come to him, and then, excusing

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himself to Untermeyer and the committee, he would stride slowly down the aisle on his well dressed secretary's arm and enter the men's room. This performance was repeated again and again, and the more the audience laughed, the more indignant Untermeyer grew. At the noon recess, as we walked through the chamber, with Gompers leaning on me, Untermeyer placed his arm around the shoulders of the stubby labor leader. "Now, look here, Sam. You've got to quit this nonsense of running to the toilet every time I have the upper hand. You know very well that I can stop you if I have to."

Gompers looked up at him. "Can you? Why not try it, then, and take the consequences?"

Despite his firm manner on the stand, Gompers was quite uncertain of himself. His son Al, Oyster, and I accompanied him to a small coffee shop, and for a while he sat crouched in a corner of the booth with his eyes closed. He knew, as the public did not, the ramifications of corruption. He knew of alliances that involved labor leaders, employers, political bosses, eminent judges, and high-placed officials. And he was perfectly well aware that union members would elect and reelect a grafter so long as he won higher wages for them and better working conditions. If it was dangerous for the government to intervene, and that Gompers sincerely believed, who was to curb such men as Brindell?

Gompers decided to reorganize the central union body of New York City, and he asked me to bring to him Brindell's archfoes, Coughlin and Kehoe, with whom I had worked in the amnesty campaign. The one-eyed teamster and the schoolmasterlike machinist were engaged in a bitter struggle, but they were gaining influence. Terror increased as Gompers launched his campaign against Brindell, and I saw the union world in its basest form. Pitched battles were common, and there were many bruised heads, split lips, and black eyes. I was present at more than one meeting over which the chairman presided with a pistol in his hand instead of a gavel, and the delegates, all union brothers, were similarly armed.

Gompers took the chair at the crucial meeting, and Brindell tried the blackout technique, one of his favorite tactics. As his followers surrounded Gompers to protect the Old Man from possible harm in the sudden darkness and uproar, he remained calm, demanding that

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the lights be turned on and at the same time warning the delegates not to call the police.

Gompers was the victor. The union world was rid of Brindell, who was later indicted, convicted, and sent to prison. When he was paroled four years later, his union expelled him by a vote of 1,500 to 7, and he died soon after. However, his enemies also paid a price, for both Coughlin and Kehoe died prematurely as a result of the strains to which they had been subjected.

The Central Trades and Labor Council, which was born out of the rough-and-tumble fight, was guided by a new group. The new leaders were John Sullivan of the brewery workers, precise, soft-spoken James C. Quinn of the headgear workers, and Joseph P. Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen's Association and stormy petrel of America's waterfronts. The council, imbued with a higher morality, immediately gained enormous political prestige. It brought together four big blocks of metropolitan labor—teamsters, building trades, garment workers, and printing crafts. Irish, Jews, Italians, and members of other national groups learned to work together through democratic methods. Studious James C. Quinn is now its secretary, and brisk Martin T. Lacey is its president.

In the labor movement, as everywhere in life, trivial incidents sometimes have most serious consequences. Out of a simple jurisdictional quarrel between the United Hatters and the Union of Cap and Millinery Workers came a storm in which the racial issue was alarmingly prominent.

Although it was just as American as the hatters' organization, the capmakers' union was predominantly Jewish, and these Jewish workers had their own traditions and their own type of cultural life. Because of the large proportion of intellectuals in the union, Gompers had always had a high regard for it, and the preservation of Jewish customs appealed to his practical internationalism. Suddenly, however, spokesmen for the hatters began to denounce the capmakers as an alien group, a nation within a nation. The specific issues over which the two unions had come into conflict were forgotten in what seemed likely to be a holy war for 100 per cent American unions.

Gompers realized that the hatters were simply pressing an advantage, without much understanding of the dangers involved, but

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he was deeply troubled. In time the struggle came close to him, for it was whispered in labor circles that the Old Man was protecting his fellow Jews. Thus, for the first time in his long public life, his Jewish origin was used as a weapon against him. Accepting the challenge, he set himself to prevent the expulsion of the capmakers and to clarify the whole situation. Persistently and with great skill, he kept the jurisdictional issues before the federation. Misunderstood by both groups, as peace-makers so frequently are, he labored tirelessly for their reconciliation.

I worked with Gompers and Max Zuckerman and Max Zaritsky, the leaders of the capmakers. Max Zuckerman was a quiet man, always gentle, never ostentatious. He sought no honors, and the members elected him again and again, though he never campaigned for office. He and his wife—they had no children—found complete companionship in each other. Every Sunday morning he read the magazine sections of the newspapers to her, and after her death he read them every Sunday morning by her grave.

Max Zaritsky, a vital young man with Mongolian features, was a constant help to Zuckerman and Gompers. His alert, creative mind saw that the only real solution was to bring the two bodies into one union, and he finally evolved a satisfactory program for unity, salving wounds that had smarted for years. Putting this program into action was one of William Green's first achievements as successor to Gompers. His patient willingness to hear both sides did the trick. The two organizations were united and lived happily ever after.

Gompers was always interested in the elimination of racial friction. In 1922 he and Green and Matthew Woll joined in a plan to make Ben Schlesinger the fraternal delegate of the A.F. of L. to the British Trade Union Congress. There could be no higher honor then for a labor leader. Gompers, Green, and Woll wanted to prove to the skeptical Schlesinger, his garment workers, and the whole East Side that there was no anti-Semitism in the A. F. of L. They also wanted to demonstrate to the world at large that labor would have no part in discrimination against Socialists.

I worked as their agent, using the contacts I had established with union leaders throughout the country. Green agreed to make the nominating speech, but he was called away from the convention by the crisis that had arisen in Herrin, Illinois, where riots had broken

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out as a result of a coal strike. He returned to Cincinnati just as I was becoming exceedingly nervous, and delivered a powerful speech. Matthew Woll and John L. Lewis supported him, and Schlesinger was elected. The delegates congratulated me, and even Yanofsky offered his praise.

I reported to the convention on my amnesty work, which was now concluded, and the report was approved. The central bodies decided to publish a full documentary account of the campaign, which appeared under the title of *War Shadows*. I put into it all the emotion I had felt during the years of struggle, and of course I made many enemies, but the book was praised in leading labor journals.

Once more I determined to give up my labor activities. The amnesty work had ended with a financial deficit. Like Reb Chaim the Hospitable in Kiev and Chaye the *peddlerke* on New York's Mott Street, I borrowed everybody's worries, and nobody thought of taking a similar loan from me. I accepted a position as head waitress in a Westchester County resort hotel, and worked about six months until I paid off to friends the personal debts incurred during the campaign.

When Gompers spoke of this to a group of labor leaders, Ben Schlesinger asked: "Sam, why don't you engage her as the No. 1 A.F. of L. organizer? She refused my offer for the Ladies Garment Workers." Gompers retorted: "Ben, the services she renders to labor cannot be adequately rewarded by a pay envelope." In his autobiography, *Seventy Years of Life and Labor*, Gompers wrote:

> Of the services given, none was more remarkable than that of Lucy Robins, who gave up everything to establish a better understanding between the radicals and the labor movement. The concrete issue was pardon for political prisoners, imprisoned for acts growing out of the war and not guilty of acts involving moral turpitude. With simple faith in men and women and in her cause, she refused to accept any negation and mobilized a demand for the release of conscientious objectors that compelled attention.

Unions were expanding in this period, establishing their own banks, stores, factories, and housing projects, entering the field of education, taking a new interest in legislative activities, and I was offered my choice of many positions. When I went to the various

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union headquarters to say my farewells, my friends protested against my decision. But I remained firm.

In addition to my principles against being on labor's pay roll, I had practical reasons for wanting to keep out of the labor limelight. I knew by now that Bob was anxious to escape from Soviet Russia. I wanted to help him, and I could not afford to be conspicuous.

Bob's Soviet passport, secured by Agursky, had been revoked, and he could not leave Russia. What proved the greatest calamity was that he had never become a naturalized citizen of the United States, for he had scorned naturalization as a betrayal of the ideal of internationalism. Now he was trapped. He appealed to the American Communists he knew. He sought the help of Agursky, but the former confidant of the Comintern was in disgrace and feared for his own life. William Z. Foster, a delegate to the Communist International, insisted that he had never seen Bob before, though they had been intimately acquainted at Home Colony and in Chicago.

There could be no doubt as to the character of the plot that was being carried out. The Communists hoped that in his desperation Bob would consent to besmirch my name and simultaneously discredit Gompers. If he refused to do this, they would claim that he was a "Gompers spy" serving "capitalist interests," and that would be the end of him.

In his attempts to gain freedom, Bob encountered Bill Haywood. The one-eyed, massive Bill was not a heartless creature even during his Communist career. Unlike Foster, who invariably regarded strikers as mere guinea pigs, Haywood had personal understanding and sympathy for his fellowmen, and when he led a strike, he suffered with the strikers. Haywood did not pretend not to know Bob, nor was he indifferent to his plight, but he made it quite clear that he was powerless to help him.

Although Bob could not know it at the time, Haywood was already a virtual prisoner of the Soviets. The Comintern, which had its own plans, had forced him to repudiate the I.W.W. and to "confess and remorsefully declare" that the whole idea of a minority movement in American labor was wrong. What an irony! At this very time George Moyer—Haywood's associate in the Western Federation of Miners and his codefendant in the famous Steunenberg case—was making a study of union conditions in America as a member of the

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mining department of the A.F. of L. Moyer had refused to go along with Haywood in the founding of the I.W.W., and Haywood had consequently attacked him. But Moyer, backed by scholarly John Frey, emphasized in his report the historical significance of the I.W.W. as a protest against the brutal exploitation of unskilled labor. Thus the A.F. of L., which officially endorsed the Moyer report, did justice to Haywood's creation at the very time that he was denouncing it.

While American Communists were crying that the American rebel had found his true home and was one of the leaders in the workers' fatherland, Haywood was a helpless victim of Soviet machinations. When Eugene Lyons saw him a little later, he was spending all his time in his single room, playing solitaire. "In the broken, abnormally corpulent, homesick man there was scarcely a trace of the dynamic Haywood who had made labor history in America," wrote Lyons in his masterly *Assignment in Utopia.*

> This robust, two-fisted American, essentially democratic and idealistic in his instincts . . . found the Bolshevik system of impersonal brutality hateful and fumed inwardly because he could say and do nothing about it. . . . He was suddenly an impotent alien, dependent upon the bounty of a dictatorial state and unable to return home.

Finally Bob did manage to escape from Russia by buying a passport to Germany and traveling under an assumed name. For many weeks he waited impatiently in a seaport town while comrades of his, who were themselves growing disillusioned with Communist methods, made arrangements for him to ship to Mexico as a stoker. Later Gompers succeeded in gaining entry for him into the United States.

Bob returned a tired, sick, and low-spirited man. I took care of him until he was well again and able to start a printing business. It was difficult for him to realize that I was definitely out of his life.

We still had many relatives in Russia. Although the Korostyshev family had suffered under the czar, it had survived. Sons and daughters married, and Grandmother Broche continued to insist that her brood, though it grew by leaps and bounds, must stay under her sheltering roof. Her business enterprise broadened as she took in her sons and sons-in-law.

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But Russia began to fall apart, with war and revolution and civil war. Pogroms became common, and brigands roamed the Ukraine, attacking the Jews. Grandmother Broche bribed the marauders to save her daughters but one son was shot down before the eyes of his wife and children.

Finally Bolshevism was established, and there was order of a sort. But there were constant charges against the Jews that they had hoarded gold, and many of them were tortured by agents of the Cheka. Avrom Boruch, too, came under Cheka scrutiny, for he spent his days in poring over religious books or teaching Jewish lore, and this was a counterrevolutionary crime since Lenin had ruled that religion was opium. Synagogues were closed or converted into Communist clubs.

At last Grandmother Broche threw up her hands in despair, and appealed to her son, Uncle Fox. He responded eagerly. After all, he had prospered in God's own country, and it was his simple duty to succor the less fortunate. He proposed to send an emissary, well supplied with American dollars, who would assemble all the relatives and smuggle them across the Russian-Polish border. On the other hand, my mother, the oldest daughter of the clan, was to draft me, since I "could accomplish so much in Washington for political prisoners," to exert my influence for our people, who were prisoners after a fashion. God had granted him riches and me the friendship of important personages; heaven had ordained us to work hand in hand to save the family.

In due season Cousin Izzy Fox from Chicago reached the Russian-Polish border, where Adolph Held, prominent in American-Jewish labor, was stationed to direct the emigration of eastern European Jews. With Held's assistance, Izzy got in touch with our relatives, and some thirty of them eventually assembled at the designated spot.

But the matriarch did not come. Grandmother Broche exhorted and directed the others, including her aged husband, but she herself would not budge. Daughters and sons threatened and wept, but Grandmother was firm. "Save your children," she told them. "I shall remain and die here, and be buried at the side of my poor son." Her husband protested, swearing that he would not leave her. "You must go, too," she insisted. "You will pray for their well-being. You will be their spiritual guide." When he refused to desert his life-long part-

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ner, she summoned the rabbis to her bedside, and laid her case before them. She pointed out that she would soon die. In Russia prayer was forbidden, but in America her husband could pray for her. He could lead the whole clan in prayers for her soul, in accordance with Jewish ritual, and she would rest in peace. The rabbis approved her reasoning.

Thus the white-bearded patriarch, Avrom Boruch, reluctantly set out at the age of seventy-seven, accompanying his children and his children's children on their cruel pilgrimage. Despite hardships and dangers, they finally reached safety. When Grandmother Broche heard of her family's safe arrival across the ocean, she uttered a prayer: "Now, Lord, you may take me." And soon she passed away.

This story Gompers told to Charles Evans Hughes, secretary of state, pleading for the courageous old couple of Korostyshev. Moved by Gompers's description of the matriarch's selflessness, Secretary Hughes agreed to give special consideration to her family's plight. My relatives reached Canada, and in time were permitted to enter the United States. Uncle Fox set them up in business or found jobs for them, and the young were enrolled in schools, with my brother Howard to teach them American ways. Grandmother Broche's clan henceforth was part of the American scene, and many of its members proudly wore the uniforms of the armed services during World War II.

Suddenly my long-lost brother reappeared. I was checking out of a Washington hotel one day, and I noticed a tall, elegantly dressed, very distinguished young man who was signing the register. I did not recognize him until he looked up at me and smiled. It was Sam.

When I had last seen him, he was selling candy on a New York and New Jersey ferry. His next job, I learned, was peddling sweets in a theater, and this led to his running errands for actors. He became associated with a theatrical troupe, and went to Hollywood, where he had various jobs. Eventually he worked for a company that made movies in remote parts of the world, and he traveled widely. In China he happened to see my name in an American newspaper, and he resolved to seek me out when he returned to the States.

I listened with fascination to his account of his wanderings. "Haven't you ever been in Chicago?" I asked.

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"Of course I have."

"Didn't you have any desire to look up the folks?"

Sam was silent, his eyes glued to the floor. I knew that he had gone a long way from the traditions of the clan. I begged him to visit Mother, and he promised to do so, but he was afraid to tell her that he had married a non-Jewish girl, and he asked me to prepare her.

Mother was overcome by Sam's reappearance, and all the relatives gathered to see this prodigal son. They spoke of the early days, of his premature birth in Korostyshev. Sam stood apart from all this. It was too strange to him. Even the language they spoke was gibberish. When Grandfather tried to talk to him, he shook his head in bewilderment, saying to me, "Wouldn't he be wonderful in a biblical film?"

To my surprise, Mother was not upset by Sam's marriage to a gentile. "If she is good to him, and their child is healthy, why should I care?" I think she had been made more tolerant by listening to the experiences of her relatives in Russia. They had been persecuted by both Christians and Jews, and befriended by both Christians and Jews, and they had learned to value kindness and justice wherever they found them.

The twenties left their mark on American labor. As the stock market went higher and higher, social idealism fell lower and lower. Many labor leaders, touched by the current mania for easy wealth, entered private business. Gompers had always been critical of people who developed their talents in the labor movement and then deserted it for more lucrative opportunities, and he was greatly distressed by this new tendency. He attributed it in part to the immaturity of the labor movement and in part to labor's recent ventures into the field of capitalistic enterprise. The spirit of business invaded the labor movement and captured many of its leading figures.

I, too, was urged to take advantage of the boom, and friends were generous with tempting offers. Finally I picked up the dare, entered the real-estate business, and made good.

I was a long way, however, from achieving the legendary wealth that was attributed to me. The legend started in this way. Brother Cuno Junior, an old-time newspaper reporter, now penniless, used to

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haunt the Second Avenue Café Royal, the new East Side Kibitzarnia, hoping to be given a cup of coffee and perhaps some news item that he could sell for five dollars. Reuben Guskin, president of the United Hebrew Trades as well as manager of the Hebrew Actors Union, was frequently his savior, telling him some colorful incident of the theatrical world, and this night Cuno sidled up to Guskin and begged for a story. Some friend of Guskin's pointed to me. "That lady over there is big news. Didn't you hear the latest, Cuno? Miss Robins, a close friend of Gompers, struck it rich overnight, made a hundred thousand dollars." Cuno had a scoop, and I received congratulations from people I hadn't heard from in years. Gompers roared with laughter when he heard the whole story.

Because of this business venture, I was forced to get a legal divorce, since in New York State a married woman had to have her husband's signature on transfers of real estate. Bob had come to realize that there was nothing in common between us, but we were both sentimental enough to shrink from a public admission of failure. However, there was nothing else to do. We were both unhappy as we faced the finale of our naïve, idyllic trial marriage. A sparkling tear, a smile, and our youth was over.

Not even success in business could liberate me from the cares of the labor movement. Germany was in the throes of inflation, and German labor leaders were pleading for help. With the Communists already strong and the Nazis just beginning their sinister rise, the Social Democratic Party and the democratic trade-unions were in grave danger.

Harry Lang arranged for a conference between the leaders of the American Socialist party and the leaders of the A.F. of L. Associated with Gompers were Matthew Woll and William English Walling, while Algernon Lee, the dean of the Rand School, seconded Morris Hillquit. The conflict was sharpest between Walling and Lee. The latter, probably the most consistent Socialist I have ever known, had strongly opposed American participation in the World War, whereas Walling had been one of the group that broke with the Socialist party on that issue. However, Gompers and Hillquit could both be stubborn enough.

After a good deal of wrangling, a practical program was evolved.

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Both sides agreed that financial assistance must be given to both the political and the trade-union movements, of German Social Democracy. The appeals would be made separately, with Gompers asking for aid to the German unions and Hillquit seeking contributions for the Social Democratic party, but there would be only a single, fund-raising agency, headed by both labor and Socialist leaders, and the money would be forwarded to Germany through the national treasury of the A.F. of L. with Morris Berman, treasurer of the Socialist party, cooperating. Gompers recommended that I become executive secretary of this project, and Hillquit agreed. Thus for the first time the Socialist party and the A.F. of L. officially collaborated.

Of course there were plenty of headaches. The Leftists maintained that the whole enterprise was aimed against the Communists, and there was constant heckling. I arranged a general conference in which all the trade-unions and Socialist organizations of greater New York participated, and we set up the agency. Prompt contributions came from the miners through William Green and John L. Lewis, and from the garment workers through Morris Sigman, their president. Broad-shouldered Joseph P. Ryan, made stirring appeals at meetings of the Central Trades and Labor Council. Soon a sizable sum had been raised.

Peter Grassman, then Germany's outstanding trade-union leader, visited America to give thanks for the assistance rendered. I was with Gompers when he and Grassman met, and I have always remembered a part of their conversation. Grassman quoted Lenin's assertion that the world had entered a state of social revolution, and ridiculed the notion. Gompers said: "I take those words quite seriously, even though I am not made happy by them. You will live to see the social revolution at the gates of Berlin, and it will be clothed in the wildest nationalism." Five years later, when I visited the German labor chief in the Gewerkschaften Haus in Berlin, he referred to these words. "I thought that old age had made our friend a pessimist," he said solemnly, "but he was a prophet." Five years more passed, and I was again in Berlin. Grassman had been imprisoned by the Nazis, and word was awaited of his death by decapitation.

Gompers, the great warrior and social philosopher, who had courageously faced every public problem, was absolutely helpless in

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his private life. He was often compelled to isolate himself in his home, away from the office, away from the platform. And his home was not his own. Mother Gompers had made it a fit place for a fighting general who sought temporary repose, but now a man who was old and nearly blind, and whose days were numbered, could not find peace there.

For years it had been customary, when Gompers was tired or ill, for Miss Guard to bring to his home the correspondence that required immediate attention. She had always been heartily welcomed by Mother Gompers, Sadie, or the daughter-in-law Ella. Now she was kept waiting on the doorstep, and as often as not was refused admittance. Yet Gompers had to swallow this humiliation. He had always adhered to the principle that his life and the lives of all members of his family must set an example to the labor movement, and now, in his old age, he faced the possibility of what seemed to him unbearable disgrace.

His helplessness struck bottom one evening in New York. It was Sadie's birthday, and in the hope of forgetting domestic difficulties, he invited Harry Lang and me to dinner and the theater. He was in great spirits, and led us to his favorite Lobster House, whose walls were covered with inscribed photographs of national celebrities, his own among them. As soon as he was discovered, the waiters rushed forward, and we were ushered into a private room. Gompers took it upon himself, as usual, to order all the food and drinks, and he ordered lavishly.

That hour he lived through a hundred moods. He was old and he was young; he was gay and he was sad; he was bitter and he was mellow. Both he and Lang were having more beer than was good for them, and they began to tell each other what they thought of me. Finally Gompers put his hand out to Lang in a fatherly way. "I know that you love this Indian; you can't help it." Lang blushed furiously. I tried to interrupt but was squelched. "You do love the Indian," Gompers persisted. "Well, I am old. Who can compete against you, with your big mop of hair and your sentimental blue eyes?" His head dropped to his chest. But soon he roused himself, and he placed his arm about my shoulder, resting his other hand on Lang's arm, and made us repeat after him: "To the three of us, no matter what happens to any of us."

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At the theater—it was the opening night of an Irving Berlin musical—Gompers appeared to be in fine form, laughing, humming the tunes, and chatting with neighboring celebrities between the acts. He went backstage after the show, and was surrounded by actors and musicians. He criticized the orchestra, pointing out that he was a violinist and could speak with authority. A good-natured argument developed, and Gompers invited everyone to adjourn to a restaurant.

But as we walked across Broadway, he suddenly saw a familiar face staring at us through a taxi window. "God, I didn't expect to see her here," he exclaimed. He began to run wildly across Times Square. Lang pursued him through the traffic, and when he caught up with him, Gompers said: "Get me a taxi. I must get to the hotel before she does. We can't afford a scandal."

I was terribly disturbed by Gompers's eccentric behavior. The great man had suddenly become a helpless boy. Several weeks later he called Lang, told him that he was staying incognito at the Astor Hotel, and asked him to come at once. Gompers had run away from home—never to return. Lang spent two days and nights with him, reading to him, seeing that he had food, listening to his talk. Gompers spoke freely about his marriage, calling it a tragic mistake. All this was supposed to be a secret between them, but he himself betrayed the secret very soon.

On the third day of his New York stay he came in a taxi to the Union Square Hotel, where I then lived, and left a package for me. In the small parcel was Sadie's black onyx ring, which he had bought for her in Italy, unaware that she had died. He had had it inscribed, "From Samuel Gompers to Lucy Robins." I had never forgotten the words he had spoken when he first showed me the ring: "When you receive it, you will know that I am taking leave of you and of the world."

Unspeakably distressed, I made futile efforts to find Gompers, and at last Lang took me to him. The deathly pallor of his face shocked me, and I insisted that he should go to a hospital. He meekly agreed, and for a time he found refuge at the Lenox Hill Hospital. His whereabouts, however, could not long remain a secret. It was June of 1924, and the Democrats were gathering in New York City for their national convention. Gompers was acutely interested in the struggle between Smith and McAdoo, and as he followed the convention by

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radio, his old vigor seemed to return to him. Soon politicians and labor leaders were crowding into his room, to learn what the Old Man thought about the Democratic convention and about the proposal to unite progressives and labor behind La Follette in a third party. The doctors protested, but Gompers told them that this was better medicine for him than any they could prescribe.

He recovered sufficiently to be taken to the Shelbourne Hotel at Coney Island, and from there he went to Atlantic City, to preside over the sessions of the federation's executive council. Soon he sent telegrams, urgently requesting Harry Lang and me to join him. With us he could talk freely. We knew the whole situation in the A.F. of L. so fully that we could understand his hopes and fears, and yet we had no axes to grind. Our background was the same as his, and he felt that we had entered into his spirit and would keep alive his memory. He wanted to talk about the past and future of the labor movement, and he not only reminisced about his mentors and early associates but asked searching questions about the younger leaders. He would grow excited about the dangers that labor was certain to face in the coming years, and then he would laugh at himself. "Only a damned fool," he said one day as we were being wheeled along the boardwalk, "would try to pick his heirs and hand them a blueprint."

He often talked about the younger crop of labor leaders, and I remember his speaking with particular excitement about Dave Dubinsky. At a convention of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union in Boston, Gompers had happened to hear Dubinsky attacking Bill Foster's Trade Union Educational League, the first Communist-front organization in America. He admired Dubinsky's fervor, his sharp wit, and his grasp of fundamental issues. He urged Lang to tell him all that he knew about Dubinsky, and predicted that Dave would go far.

There were constant reminders of his rendezvous with death, but he presided vigorously over the sessions of the executive council, taking an acute interest in the issues of the presidential campaign, especially the emergence of the Progressive party with La Follette and Wheeler as its candidates. Yet as he took part in the debates, he was studying his colleagues, and thinking, no doubt, that they paid little attention to his rapidly approaching end and would go on without him as if he had never been. Of course it hurt a little, but he had

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moments of peace when he realized that he had left a mark on American labor and on all American life that could not be erased.

For hours he was confined to bed, and Miss Guard, black-clad shadow, read him his correspondence in a solemn monotone. Watching her anguished face, I felt that her only wish was to die with the man she had served with dogged faithfulness for almost the whole of her adult life. And in the end she had her wish, for, after setting up the Gompers Memorial Room in the A.F. of L. building in Washington, she committed suicide. Her ashes, in accordance with her last request, were scattered over the ocean waters from the Steel Pier at Atlantic City, the scene of many A.F. of L. conventions.

Gompers came back to New York. He and the other members of the federation's nonpartisan committee had endorsed La Follette and Wheeler, but it was constantly rumored in the Left press that their support was halfhearted. He delegated me to confer with William Johnstone, head of the machinists' union and leader of the Conference for Progressive Political Action. Johnstone was begging for a strong statement on behalf of the Progressive party, and, after a careful study of political sentiment in the labor movement and among liberals and radicals, I urged Gompers to take a firm stand. He demurred, arguing that the Progressive party could receive only a small vote and that labor would lose prestige by being too closely identified with it. I recognized the validity of his reasoning, but I felt, as I told him, that it was of the greatest importance to him personally to show beyond any question that he was with the Progressives. Otherwise, I pointed out, the Progressives would blame their defeat on him, and he would go down in history as a reactionary. I urged him to issue a dramatic call in his old vein, exhorting all wage earners to support La Follette. "All right, Indian," he said finally, "I'll play the reckless game, but I know we're going to lose."

One day Harry Lang reported to Gompers that La Follette was in New York and had told reporters that he planned to visit his sick friend, Sam Gompers. Weak as he was, the labor leader got to his feet. "I'll go to him, and that will show everyone that I support him." Arrangements were quickly made for the meeting, and in spite of the terrible heat, Gompers went to the old Waldorf-Astoria. La Follette rushed up to him, grasped his hand, and exclaimed, "This is the man

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I wish to serve." Gompers assumed a dramatic pose. "I have come to salute President La Follette."

Preparations were carefully made for the A.F. of L. convention in El Paso, Texas. Gompers was determined that this occasion should mark his final public appearance, indeed his exit from life. The newspapers were speculating about his successor, and Gompers smiled at some of their predictions. He pointed out that almost inevitably the next president would be chosen from either the United Mine Workers or the Brotherhood of Carpenters, since these were the two largest unions. Although he was careful not to make any official announcement, we had no doubt that he regarded Green as the logical man. "Bill Green," he said on one occasion, "has just the qualities labor is going to need in the coming years—stubborn strength, tact, and a sense of responsibility."

Just before he left New York, Gompers talked with me, holding my hand and touching again and again the black onyx ring. "You shall visit me when I lie down to rest near Sadie's grave in Yad Achas." He spoke no more. Tears were in his eyes and in mine.

In Hebrew "Yad Achas" means solidarity—literally, hand in hand. The phrase symbolized the spirit of a congregation of London and Amsterdam Sephardic Jewish families on American soil, closely knit by marriage and all engaged in the same work, cigar making. Before there was any organization of cigar makers, this Yad Achas congregation carried out the functions of a trade union. Its burial ground in Washington Cemetery was a sacred spot for the entire Gompers family. At the unveiling of Sadie's tombstone, Gompers had pointed to the place that was to be his, facing Mother Gompers's grave.

The convention scenes that centered about him in El Paso were so moving that they became part of labor's folklore. As he had planned, he called upon William Green to read his last message before the assembly. A bust of Gompers, given by the Ladies Garment Workers, was unveiled on the platform, and Morris Sigman, delivering the dedicatory address, expressed the feelings of hundreds of thousands of immigrant workers toward the Grand Old Chief of America's toilers. An elderly colleague, George V. Perkins, president of Gompers's cigar makers' union, mounted the platform to speak but

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collapsed. Young Fitzpatrick, a new recruit in the theatrical unions, gave a poetic tribute. By a unanimous vote Gompers was reelected president.

The departing lion lived to lead his band of labor representatives into Mexico, where they were to meet in a joint session with Mexican labor and attend the inauguration of President Calles, whose election heralded a new day for labor and for democracy in Mexico. Against the advice of his doctor, Gompers suicidally ascended the steps of the Mexican executive palace. On one side of him was Obregón, who was to inaugurate his successor, and on the other was Calles. Both were men of labor, both admirers of Gompers, who had aided them in their political careers. Between these stalwart, broad-shouldered men, Gompers seemed shorter than ever, and his face was the color of death. For a moment he seemed uneasy, but then his sense of the dramatic took control. Seizing the right hand of each of his companions, he brought them together in a clasp, and then slammed down his own hand upon them. The barefooted peons standing below burst into a thunderous roar of applause.

It was his last public act. The remains of the dead lion traveled from one end of the country to the other. Wherever the train bearing his body passed, flags were at half-mast. The Senate and the House of Representatives adjourned in his honor, as did the parliaments of other nations. The President of the United States issued his personal declaration of sorrow. The body lay in state in the Presidential Room of the Washington Railroad Station before it was brought to New York, where great multitudes paid tribute.

I stood among his children in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, facing the open coffin, surrounded with thousands of flowers. Only half a dozen years had passed since that day when I made my belligerent way into his office, but I felt as if I had been born in his atmosphere, as if I had been as close to him as his children and was now as bereaved. As the winter earth swallowed him and the heavy snow covered him, I was utterly forlorn.

He was not buried near Mother Gompers and Sadie as he had hoped to be. His grave in Yad Achas remained empty and shamed. He is still awaited there.

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xxi

THE END OF DEBS

EUGENE DEBS died less than two years after Gompers. If Gompers's last years were marred by personal unhappiness, the closing period of Debs's life was made tragic by disillusionment and a sense of futility.

Debs had a boundless love for mankind, and he could not be happy if his fellowman were suffering. As his sister put it, "He was a man with a woman's heart." Socialism was to him a great humanitarian crusade. He was a moralist, not a politician, and it was his misfortune that circumstances forced him to assume a political role.

During one of my visits to him in prison, Debs confessed that all his presidential campaigns were total mistakes. His tours were successful, for his speeches expressed the aspirations of the oppressed and kindled hope for a better world, but they did no lasting good. "I am not a leader," he said. "I do not want to be a leader. If the masses were ready to follow me into the promised land, I would not lead the way, for if I could lead them in, someone else could lead them out."

Because working men loved and trusted him, the Socialist party persuaded him to play a prominent part in union affairs, and this distressed him. "If I have ever served the cause of labor," he told me, "it was by working with people, man to man, face to face, heart to heart." He was active in founding the I.W.W. because he saw the sufferings of unskilled labor, but he was shocked by the machinations of Haywood and De Leon.

He was the most deeply modest man I have ever known. He had a great gift as an orator, and people who saw him on the platform

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sometimes thought that he took pleasure in the power he could exert over large audiences. Actually he shrank from public appearances, and doubted if good could be accomplished in this way. He was more at home in Atlanta Prison, where he helped men as individuals, living with them, knowing them intimately, and speaking directly to their needs. That was the way in which he had worked when he first set out to organize the railroad employees, and he believed that it was the only way in which lasting work could be done.

He told me once about the Sunday afternoons he spent as a boy in Terre Haute, talking with his father about all the problems of God, man, and the world. It seemed to him that there should be some quiet space in every life for thoughtful meditation, and he was unhappy when the frenzied demands of political activity absorbed every moment of his time. In prison he again found that Sabbath calm, and on Sunday afternoons he would quietly talk things over with his fellow prisoners.

When he mentioned the future, during my visits to Atlanta, he spoke of finding a job and working within some union as a member of the rank and file, or else he dreamed of retiring to Terre Haute and doing what good he could in fellowship with his neighbors. But of course the desperately harassed officials of the Socialist party would not let him carry out his dreams. Hillquit and Berger were inactive at this time because of illness, and the other leaders insisted that it was Debs's duty to the party to assume once more his political role.

If Debs was unhappy in the vital, expanding Socialist party of the prewar period, he could only be abjectly miserable in the midst of the wrangling factions of the early 1920's. He wrote me from Terre Haute:

> The bitter, malicious jealousy and spite which developed among the various factions made it an extremely difficult matter for me to deal with from the moment I left prison to this hour. I hope with all my heart to be delivered from ever again having to pass through such a terrible and, to me, often times disgusting experience. . . . No matter which way I turned, I offended someone, and if I said a kind word about one comrade, some other was sure to take offense. It is above all so petty and debasing that I want to get far above it and refuse to have anything to do with that kind of back-biting and disgraceful business. It is foreign to my nature, I feel degraded by

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contact with it, and yet, sick and weak as I have been and still am, I have to be in the very center of these miserable contentions and mudslings.

Debs's disgust and sense of helplessness affected his physical condition, and he went to the Lindlahr Sanatorium near Chicago. "I am still progressing but slowly," he wrote me, "and it will be some weeks more before I can leave here."

At just this time a new development in the Caplan case crystallized in my mind an idea that Debs and I and also Gompers and I had often discussed. After Dave Caplan's conviction in the McNamara case, Flora had remarried, but her children did not get along with her new husband and ran away from home. Flora was brokenhearted, and worry brought her to her death. David completed his seven and a half years' term in San Quentin, and came to New York to ask me to help him find the children. He felt completely alone and utterly helpless, and talked of going to Russia to make a new start in the land of Socialist triumphs. I told him of Emma's and Sasha's and Bob's experiences, but his situation was so black that Russia seemed to him the only ray of hope, and he went there.

When I wrote Debs about the tragedy of the Caplan family, he replied: "I understand perfectly how you feel and how you suffer over the Caplan case, and I share with you in the helpless pain we cannot help but feel in such a tragic situation. How gladly you and I would both help in any such case that is brought to our attention!"

This last sentence touched the heart of the idea that was occupying my mind. The breaking up of the Caplan family was only one of thousands of such disasters that occurred in the course of the labor struggle. Strikes, boycotts, court entanglements, and especially the blacklist brought a heavy toll—not merely to workers but to their wives and children. The physical suffering that grew out of loss of income was bad enough, but it was nothing as compared with the demoralization that was often a consequence. Homes fell apart; women lived in misery and died in despair; embittered children became outlaws and enemies of society.

The coal miners were out on strike—this was 1922—and their unfortunate lot demonstrated the need for a kind of labor "Red Cross." Both John L. Lewis and William Green appealed to Gompers for help, and Gompers drafted me for relief work. I repeated the

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technique I had used in the amnesty campaign—the direct, private approach to influential people. Letters from Gompers, Hillquit, and Woll brought a wonderful response from abroad. Then arrangements were made for a $200,000 loan from New York City banks, underwritten by Ben Schlesinger and the garment workers. Once more Jewish groups were in the lead. The *Forward* gathered some $20,000 from its readers, and organized a special system for the distribution of flour and clothing among the miners and their families with its Pittsburgh representative, Julius Weissberg, in charge. Jewish merchants in the mining towns were urged by the Workmen's Circle to extend credit to the strikers, and they did so in spite of sharp pressure from the mine owners. In gratitude a local of the Miners Union voted unanimously that its members, with their wives and children, should go to church in a body and pray for the health and happiness of the Jewish community.

If we were to found a workers' "Red Cross," then Debs was the obvious man to head it. Gompers approved, and at his request I began to prepare the groundwork for such an organization while Debs was still in the sanatorium. The Chicago F. of L., the New York Central Trades and Labor Council, and the United Hebrew Trades agreed to propose the plan formally, and Warren S. Stone promised that the railway brotherhoods, though not affiliated with the A.F. of L., would become part of the relief organization.

However, there were obstacles to overcome. Morris Hillquit maintained that the Socialist party must be officially involved in any labor organization headed by Debs. His position was understandable, since otherwise it would appear that Debs had broken with the party, but I knew that both the A.F. of L. and the railway unions would hesitate to collaborate officially with a political party. Remembering the difficulties of the amnesty campaign, I resolved to work slowly.

When Debs left the sanatorium, the leaders of the Socialist party insisted not only on his being present to preside at the meeting of the national executive committee in New York, but also on his addressing mass meetings en route. I knew that he was in the city, but I did not seek him out, for I did not wish to become involved in party quarrels. He came to my real estate office, found it closed, and left a note asking me to call him. I did so, and he excitedly made an im-

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mediate appointment even though the executive committee was in session.

When I arrived at the Union Square Hotel, Debs was standing in the center of the lobby, with worshipers crowded around him. He rushed forward and threw his arms around me, insisting on our going to lunch together. Two officers of the Socialist party came forward—no friends of mine, by the way—and apprehensively urged me to see that Debs returned in good season. The meeting was recessed during his absence.

At Luchow's, Debs spoke frankly about his unhappiness. "I often feel that the prison was my sanctuary," he said. The Communist split in the party and the intrigues of the remaining factions had destroyed everything that he had worked for. He could not restore the party to its former state, and yet he could not leave it without dealing it a death blow. He clung to the new hope, the "Red Cross" idea, but he realized that here again the party stood in the way.

In happier mood he talked about the past. He spoke with warmth of his father and mother, both natives of the French part of Alsace. They came to America in 1849, hoping to get rich in California, but their only treasure was their children. He quoted from *Les Misérables*, the book that inspired him to devote his life to the downtrodden.

I have often wondered how it happened that Debs was not an internationalist. He never once attended an international Socialist conference, and he always thought of Socialism in purely American terms. It has often seemed to me that the children of immigrants are particularly likely to see problems in world terms, and it is true that many labor and Socialist leaders of immigrant parentage have been staunch advocates of international cooperation. But Debs was the son of immigrants, and yet he had the outlook of a 100 per cent American.

Although I reminded my lovable companion that the executive committee was waiting for him, he paid no heed. When he was finally ready to go, he tore a leaf from his memorandum booklet and wrote on it:

LUCHOW'S RESTAURANT, NEW YORK
May 24, 1923

In grateful memory of the days when you came to Atlanta in the spirit of a loyal comrade and ministering angel, and with love and

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a thousand good wishes, I am always faithfully yours, your friend and comrade—EUGENE V. DEBS

The years went by, and Debs took a less and less active part in Socialist affairs. He approved of the Socialist party's endorsement of La Follette in 1924, but he had no share in the campaign. He became for a time the nominal editor of a Socialist weekly, the *American Appeal*, but his heart was not in it. Both political complications and his failing health made it obvious that he could not take the leadership of labor's "Red Cross," as he and Gompers and I had all hoped.

I saw him once more. He came to New York while I was out of the city. I found his messages on my return, and I caught him just as he was leaving for the train. He talked about the new young writers, especially those who were expressing the aspirations of the workers, and I could see that it hurt him that he did not know them and was apparently forgotten by them.

When Debs returned to the sanatorium, I thought it was high time to guarantee his economic independence. Labor owed it to him. Warren S. Stone, William Green, and Morris Sigman agreed to create a fund if he would accept it. I wrote him a careful letter, to which he replied:

You are very kind indeed as you always have been in tendering your services and proposing to aid me. In thanking you as I do sincerely for this thoughtfulness of yours, I may say that in a little while longer I hope to be able to leave here as I stated in previous letters, and I hope to find some quiet place on a western ranch, where I may give myself the proper recuperation of mind, as well, which is not possible here. But I shall not need financial help, which you so sympathetically propose to provide. I am receiving the full benefit of such help by the mere suggestion of it and the devotion it implies.

What I need above all for a few weeks is quiet and freedom from excitement, and this is impossible even here. Once I am located where I can relax and the air is fresh and cool, as on a mountain ranch, and where I may find exercise suited to my condition, I am quite sure I shall improve and in good time regain my strength and be fitted to take up the work again, the work you planned.

A few days later I received a card of greeting. Then suddenly the news struck that Eugene V. Debs was no more.

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His doctor stated: "The great libertarian refused to live; in all modesty and humiliation he shrank within himself and felt relieved while slipping out." Indeed, he slipped out of the harness which caused him incurable wounds in the last years. Ten thousand of his Terre Haute neighbors attended his funeral, but in the ranks of labor there was no such outcry as had greeted the death of Gompers.

Both men had hastened their departure into the unknown. My world was getting smaller and smaller. I wondered whether tomorrow is beautiful.

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EUROPE IN TRANSITION

ACCORDING TO A story often repeated in journalistic circles, a Soviet diplomat at the Court of St. James's once said, in reply to annoying questions, that the Comintern was to Russia what the Royal Navy was to England. I have long believed that the United States has a more powerful instrument for the extension of its influence than either the Communist International or Britain's fleet. Immigrants from all over the world, who have understood the American way of life, who know that it spells personal freedom and dignity, can be the most persuasive emissaries that any nation could desire.

I know this from firsthand observation, from what I myself saw during three trips overseas, in the course of which I visited the British Isles, every country on the continent, the Near East, and the Middle East. And I had a chance to see plenty, for I was traveling as the wife of a journalist.

As Gompers had predicted, I married Harry Lang. This time Mother was present, and heard the justice of the peace, in the typical Main Street setting of Wheaton, Illinois, pronounce us man and wife. I saw the tears of happiness in her eyes as we dodged the shower of rice.

Soon we were receiving congratulations in San Quentin Prison. Tom Mooney, dressed in white, looked like a prosperous doctor, not at all like an inmate. "Look who's here, Matt," he called happily across the visitor's room. "Lucy's got herself a new hubby." Matthew Schmidt, still straight and handsome, broke into loud laughter. Only

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J. B. McNamara remained tight-lipped and indifferent. Warren Billings, informed by Rena Mooney of the marriage, sent us a long congratulatory message from Folsom Prison.

Labor leaders called us "the Sam Gompers couple," and compared us to Mary Kenney and John F. O'Sullivan. Mary was the first woman labor organizer, and John was a pioneer in labor journalism. They, too, met through Sam Gompers, and as man and wife they rendered long and worthy service to the cause of labor.

Our first trip to Europe was in 1928, the year of the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the tenth anniversary of the end of World War I. Harry was eager to study conditions in the new democracies, and particularly the situation of Jewish communities in eastern Europe.

His native village of Skudas in the republic of Lithuania was first on our program. Mother Lang, deep in her seventies, still lived there, refusing to abandon the birthplace of her children. It was twenty-five years since her American son had seen her, and as we drew near to the Skudas station, his face was pressed to the window, one moment flushed, then ghastly pale. At last he beheld his mother and clasped her in his embrace. At her side stood her grandchild, Meyer, named after Harry's father. Mother Lang pointed to the child. "See, my son, your father, too, has come to meet you."

Because we had special letters from the Labor Department and from various embassies, two Lithuanian officials had accompanied us to Skudas. They saluted us as they left, and the station guards followed their example. The whole town had turned out to see Frieda Lang's son, and when the spectators saw these salutes, there were murmured expressions of awe. As we left the station in the special conveyance that had been provided for us, the driver said to his horses, "Come on; show your best to these American diplomats." The horses pranced along at a lively pace, bells jingling, and Harry, seated between his mother and me, waved left and right. A hero had returned to his home town.

Mother Lang was so overcome with pride and joy that every once in a while she would whisper, as if to an invisible companion, "Meyer, why could you not have lived to see our son and his American wife? I know not what to do to show my respect." She donned the traditional Sabbath headdress though it was not the Sabbath. The

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household work was done in primitive fashion—cooking in an ancient brick oven, laundering at the brook—but Mother Lang was as sprightly as a bird. She glowed as she set forth the qualities of her grandchildren.

We were forever beleaguered by people who wanted to know about this or that relative in America: did we know an aunt in Boston, a sister in Chicago, a son in Brooklyn? They could not believe it when Harry said he did not know the person in question. Had not the Lithuanian papers stated that he had a wide acquaintance throughout the United States? They knew for a fact that some years earlier a telegram had come direct from the American government to Skudas, opening the gates to America for his little sister Florence. (Gompers had arranged that; and Florence later became secretary to the head of the United Hebrew Trades, Morris Feinstone, and then Mrs. Feinstone.) Clearly Harry was a person of consequence in the United States, and yet there were Lithuanians there that he claimed never to have heard of. Skudas was puzzled.

On the eve of the Sabbath, children came in the traditional manner, sent by their parents with goodies for the guests, wine-cake, cookies, juices. They felt adequately rewarded since they were allowed to see the two Americans. On the Sabbath I sat with Mother Lang and all the other women of the town in the curtained balcony section of the synagogue, able to observe the services and yet be unobserved by the menfolk, as orthodox custom required.

The men hovered about Harry, the women about me. The women wanted to know about childbirth in America, about birth control, and especially about cosmetics. They wanted to know the secret of keeping active and young. Was it really true that in America mothers dressed and acted like their daughters, that even grandmothers could be attractive and full of zest for life? They begged me to dress up for them as I would for a formal affair in America. They were not merely curious or vain; they wanted to taste life before it was too late.

After visiting every section of the village, Harry was unhappy. Not only had whole families disappeared; the old way of life had vanished. Now the only hope for the young generation was in foreign lands. Eagerly they looked to America, but there were quotas that barred the way. Did they feel bitter on that account? As the

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rabbi of Skudas put it: "One does not hate the unapproachable woman of his heart; one longs, weeps, and hopes for her."

Skudas was the springboard from which we plunged into the interior of Lithuania. In Salant, where the annual fair was being held, we walked through the village square. A peasant ran wildly to meet us, his hands flailing. At first we thought he was crazy, but as soon as he had caught his breath, he began to talk to us in English. For many years a tailor in Chicago, he had returned to Lithuania as soon as it was declared an independent republic in order to help build its free life. Now, after a prolonged stay, he was a horse dealer, going from town to town. He proudly told us of a brawl in which he had defended the honor of America against scoffers.

In our travels we encountered many schoolteachers, lawyers, engineers, and industrialists who had lived in the United States but had returned to their mother country when it gained its independence. Almost without exception, they condemned the government's policy of discriminating against the gifted Jewish minority. Lithuania, they pointed out, had had a hard struggle, for it had been sorely neglected under czarist rule and drastic reconstruction was necessary. A good start had been made, but Lithuania needed the talents of its Jews.

We talked with Premier Voldemaras, and he explained his policies. He was well read, a linguist, a first-rate conversationalist—and a cynic. Small nations behave like a dog chasing his tail. Because his country had no foreign markets, Voldemaras had set up government-owned cooperatives to receive the peasants' produce and sell them manufactured goods. The peasants, however, were accustomed to bringing their produce to town. Most of the town merchants were Jews, and so the government sought to force the peasants to trade with the cooperatives by denouncing the Jews as an alien element.

When I protested against this anti-Semitism, Voldemaras immediately asked, "What about Henry Ford?" All over Europe Harry and I were to find that Ford's anti-Semitic diatribes in the *Dearborn Independent* were regarded as proof of the failure of American democracy. We had been present at the trial when Ford was sued for libel by Aaron Sapiro, and I pointed out that it had ended with Ford making a sensational apology to Jews all over the world. Some-

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how the fact of this apology was hardly known in Europe, though Ford's original offenses were familiar to every critic of America.

President Smetona summoned us to the executive mansion, which once had been the Russian gubernatorial residence. With much military pomp, we were passed from one group of guards to another, until finally we reached the president's library. Smetona had the goatee, the refinement, and the *Weltschmerz* of the typical East-European intellectual. His interest in Harry's mother, her children and grandchildren, testified to his human warmth, and one could understand how he managed to hold office through many upheavals. He continued in office until the Russian occupation, and then he fled. He escaped through Germany and reached the United States, only to die in a fire in Cleveland.

Back in Skudas, we were guests of the head priest, who wanted to clarify his conception of America and to know our impressions of Lithuania. It was a strange experience for Harry, who as a boy had never passed the Orthodox Church without a shudder of dread. The priest served tea, talking very well about the predicament of Lithuania. He was particularly concerned with the failure of the United States to accept its world-wide responsibilities after the war.

Throughout our talk I could not keep my eyes off the tablecloth. It was a fish-net pattern, crocheted of black wool and embroidered over with an animal motif in very brilliant colors. Like a flash it brought back to me the last days of my childhood in Korostyshev. My mother had worked for months on such a cloth and had been very proud when she finished it, but, alas, she had been obliged to sell it to raise funds for our traveling expenses. Since it was in Libau, our port of departure, not far from Skudas, that she had sold it, I could well believe that this was the very cloth. Overcome with memories of Kiev and Korostyshev, I at last told the priest why I was so preoccupied with his tablecloth. At once he offered it to me. Embarrassed, I felt that I could not accept, but, as he insisted, I gratefully said that I would take it to my mother. I did so, and she was deeply moved. I have the tablecloth now.

Our departure from Skudas was heartbreaking, especially for Mother Lang, but she did not complain. "I am grateful," she said again and again. "Your coming here rounded out my life. It is as if I had heard your wedding chant." I assured her that we would visit

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her again, and she said, "I will wait. I will wait as long as the One Above permits me."

She waited until her late eighties. Then Hitler, in his march on Russia, sent his armies through Skudas. For a long time we did not know what had happened, but finally we learned that she had died at the hands of the Nazi beasts and their Lithuanian converts. Fifty-three of Harry's family, with Mother Lang at their head, were driven to a near-by forest and shot on Christmas Eve.

Near the city of Riga, Dr. Kalninsch and his motherly wife talked to us about the problems of the Baltic republics. Dr. Kalninsch was not merely the speaker of the Latvian parliament; he was the conscience of his people. His wife, full of kindness and compassion, was held in similar regard, and their son Bruno, tall, handsome, and athletic, was the idolized leader of the youth groups. The Socialist statesman was an impressive man, with a shock of gray hair and a Vandyke beard. In his early years he had been a journalist, and had worked underground for rebellion against the czar.

The Latvian leader discussed the role the Jews had played in the battle against czardom. They had exerted an influence, he maintained, out of proportion to their numerical strength. Two phases of the struggle were of particular importance. In the first place, there was no element in the Russian Jewish population that favored czarism, whereas the Latvian landowners had helped to put down the revolt of 1905. In the second place, the Jews were so widely dispersed throughout the world that they were able to arouse sympathy and secure aid for the anticzarist struggle. "And now," Dr. Kalninsch said, "the contribution of the Jews is forgotten. Worse than that, they are persecuted in the very republics they did so much to establish."

We were to see signs enough of discrimination as we traveled through provincial Poland on our way to Warsaw. We passed through a section sometimes known as the Pigs' Kingdom, a series of the meanest hamlets I have ever seen. Pigs wallowed about the mud-plastered huts, and I wondered how human beings could survive. Yet out of these poverty-stricken villages had come some of America's viscounts and barons of industry—financiers, fashion designers, moving-picture producers, and men of high position in political life.

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And I noticed American-made garments in this far-away corner, sent by relatives from the promised land. My friend Morris Isman, himself a native of one of these villages, would have recognized some of his creations for smart New Yorkers, now being worn by the belles of the Pigs' Kingdom.

In Warsaw we got in touch with Arthur Zygelbojm, head of the Warsaw Hebrew Trades. This was the same Zygelbojm who escaped from Nazi-held Poland, joined the Polish government-in-exile in London, and then shocked the world by committing suicide in protest against the failure of the Allied Nations to prevent the massacres in the Warsaw ghetto.

Zygelbojm took us to the office of President Czhulavsky of the Polish Federation of Labor, and the latter immediately began to question us about an incident that had occurred in Detroit the preceding year. The A.F. of L. had convened in Detroit, and the churches of the city had refused to accord convention members the usual privilege of occupying their pulpits on convention Sunday. The explanation was obvious: shortsighted, high-handed employers, fearful of President Green's attempts to organize the automobile industry, had intimidated church authorities. Green accepted the challenge, retaliating with scathing addresses that became classics of trade-union history. Czhulavsky had been much impressed by these addresses, and he showed me a translation of one of them in the Polish labor journal.

The two labor leaders invited us to a meeting of the Warsaw Central Labor Union. The issue under discussion seemed very familiar, for the honest union leaders were seeking to deal with a gangster who had ties with both the underworld and the police and was preying upon both workers and shopkeepers. The only difference seemed to be that lethal weapons were employed more freely in Warsaw than in New York. This particular meeting broke up in a fight, and Zygelbojm helped us to escape through a window.

Superficially Berlin seemed to be Elysium. Hermann Müller, newly elected Social Democratic Reichs Chancellor, held his first conference with foreign journalists, and talked with them in a friendly fashion about his aims. He had had a strange career. In 1914 he went to France as representative of the German Social

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Democrats in an attempt to work with the French Socialists to prevent war. On his arrival in Paris he learned of the assassination of Jean Jaurès, leading Socialist and outstanding fighter for peace, and returned to Germany a broken man. Then, when the war ended, it was Müller's unhappy task to accept the mortifying terms imposed on Germany by the victorious Allies. Now he had become Reichs Chancellor at a time when Communism was an ever present menace and the Nazis were growing daily more powerful.

We were in the chancellor's garden, strangely enough, on the anniversary of Bismarck's birth, and one of the correspondents remarked to Müller that he stood in the shadow of the famed anti-Socialist chancellor. Smiling ominously, Müller replied: "Why worry about yesterday? Tomorrow will provide worries enough."

Frau Louise Ebert gave me a behind-the-curtain view of the problems that confronted Müller. "When my husband was first chancellor and then president," she said, "I felt both pride and fear. I was proud that our class had achieved power, but I knew that the Junkers were bitter because a saddle maker was head of the fatherland." Their life did not change after Ebert's rise to high office. They occupied only two rooms of the two hundred in the presidential palace, and they had no servants in their personal quarters. After he had finished the affairs of state, the president joined his wife in the kitchen, and they would talk intimately over their food. After her husband died she was ignored by the new party elite. There was disintegration within German Social Democracy.

People seemed happy in Berlin, and the city seemed to represent civilization at its best. Philipp Scheidemann was often our host. One of the most popular figures in Berlin, the veteran Social Democratic leader reminded me of Al Smith. He was indignant because he had been called a "Kaiser Socialist" in the United States, and he attributed the epithet to Gompers. He insisted that he was a staunch advocate of democratic ideas, and he criticized the current leaders of the Social Democratic party for their failure to take an aggressive attitude toward the Communists and the Nazis. "The issue is not capitalism versus Socialism," he said bitterly; "democracy is at stake."

A few days later, in a changed Berlin, we felt the truth of Scheidemann's statement. The Communist party was having a conclave, and its members streamed into town by the thousands. Their blood-red

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banners were everywhere. And in the crowds that watched their frenzied demonstration were men who donned brown shirts at night, sported swastikas, and practiced murder. Hate infested the air.

That summer we encountered Philipp Scheidemann at the International Socialist Congress in Brussels, and I spoke of the scene in Berlin. "I watched it," he said, "and yet these fools go on passing their sectarian resolutions." In 1933 we were again in Berlin, and Scheidemann was in hiding from the triumphant Nazi hordes. Four years later we met him in the outskirts of Copenhagen. The Nazis had seized his family as hostages. His son-in-law had committed suicide so that Scheidemann's daughter would not suffer because of her non-Aryan husband, and she was found dead upon his grave. Gray, tired, lonely, Scheidemann would not give up. He continued his struggle for democracy until his death, visiting the German border regularly and maintaining contact with underground movements.

Nine years had passed since Emma and Sasha set sail on the *Buford*. We met in a Paris hotel and embraced each other with loving devotion. Both were eager to learn how Harry had come into my life. They knew him well, for he had been among the Anarchists during his first years in New York. They accused him of going over to the Socialists, and of course they attacked me as a Gompersite. But the joy of reunion was too great to permit of wranglings, and we burst into happy laughter.

But these were dark days for Emma and Sasha. They had told the truth about what they had seen in Russia, and were in constant danger of being liquidated. They were avoided by many of the liberals who had once posed as their friends, and they had only a precarious income from occasional literary work. Emma's lot was somewhat easier than Sasha's, thanks to an aged Scottish coal miner, James Colton, who had come to London to marry her—they never met again—so that she might have British citizenship and a passport. Sasha was truly a man without a country, deprived even of the special passport accorded homeless persons by the League of Nations. He was constantly watched by the Paris police, denied employment, and given a residence permit only for three months at a time. His life had become a nightmare.

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Despite all this, he unflinchingly persisted in working for his ideals. He maintained clandestine connections with Anarchist groups in various countries, and he wrote myriads of pamphlets. His chief activity was providing aid for political prisoners in Soviet Russia, and he managed to send food and medical supplies, eluding both the French police and Soviet spies.

Sasha had had many strange experiences in his years as a rebel and a wanderer, but perhaps none stranger than the one of which he told us. His French permit had run out, and the police tossed him across the Belgian border. Dodging the Belgian police, he made his way into Antwerp and found himself near the diamond bourse. A well dressed stranger engaged him in friendly conversation, but Sasha was wary and would say only that he was planning to go to France. The gentleman looked at him closely, and then said, "Meet me here tomorrow."

Although he was naturally suspicious, Sasha decided to take a chance. The gentleman arrived in a luxurious automobile driven by a chauffeur, and introduced his wife and daughter to Sasha. He said that if Sasha would talk in an unconcerned way with the ladies as they crossed the border, there would be no trouble. Sasha began to say that they should know who he was, but they silenced him, and drove away. As they neared the border, he again tried to tell them that they might be involved in serious trouble, but again they would not listen to him. The gentleman showed his family passport to the guards, who glanced casually into the car and let it pass. After they had taken Sasha to a railroad station at some distance from the border and had provided him with carfare to Paris, he could no longer contain himself. "Do you know who you've helped?" he asked. "My name is Alexander Berkman, and I'm an Anarchist, driven from one country to another. Why did you run such a risk to help me?"

The good Samaritan smiled. "I am a Sephardic Jew, and we whose ancestors were persecuted for so many centuries know how to recognize a homeless creature. We ask no questions when a man is in need. I saw that you had to have help. Well, there it was. . . ."

Although he was far from being a sentimentalist, Sasha could not conceal his emotion as he told this story. I felt that he had changed. Inspired in his youth by Russian nihilistic literature, he had broken all family ties and devoted himself, body and soul, to the fight for

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freedom. He had scorned all of the bonds that hold human beings together. Now his concentration upon himself as an isolated individual seemed barren.

This explained his deep attachment to young Emmy, a Czechoslovakian girl whom he had met in Berlin. Although she was much younger than Sasha, Emmy left her home and served him faithfully. She was not an intellectual, but they loved each other ardently. Often he could not sleep and would rush from the house, for he was obsessed with a fear of narrow dwellings as a result of his prison experiences. Quietly Emmy would follow him, and at dawn she would be by his side.

As we sat at one of the sidewalk cafés in Paris, I could see that Emma hated to give Sasha up to another woman—a mere child at that, and his intellectual inferior. As her life came to its close, she wanted Sasha all to herself. "Emmy is an excellent housekeeper," she said, "but certainly you cannot consider her your companion, your inspiration." Sasha grinned, "Why not?"

They wrangled over Emma's autobiography, *Living My Life*, which the aged rebel was planning to write. She wanted Sasha to collaborate with her, since much of the book was concerned with his life, but he shrank from the ordeal, loath to relive his past. The truth was that he had outgrown his old subservience to Emma, but he refused to hurt her by brutally asserting his independence.

Emma and Sasha took us into French intellectual circles, and we were told that America was a land of barbarians, that its citizens cared only for the Almighty Dollar, that it had no art, no music, no literature. If other arguments failed, these Parisian intellectuals always fell back on the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

I knew something about the attempt to save the two Italian Anarchists from the electric chair. I was present at the first conference at which their defense was planned. I had seen the appeals that Gompers and later Green addressed to the governor of Massachusetts. I had met with committees and marched in picket lines. I had witnessed the final plea before stony-faced, mummy-like Judge Thayer. I had spent the last and fatal day in Governor Fuller's office, and was with Mrs. Sacco and Vanzetti's sister when they made their final appeal. I was in the anteroom of the death chamber that darkest of

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nights. To me the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was an ineffaceable blot upon the good name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but my faith in American democracy remained unshaken, for I knew that millions of Americans felt just as I did.

The prattle of the intellectuals, however, was of little importance compared with the serious misunderstanding that was common among French labor leaders. For this, the Communists were largely responsible. The Comintern was determined to discredit William Green, and its agents were constantly insisting that the A.F. of L. was so weak that it could not save the lives of two labor leaders.

"But they weren't labor leaders," I pointed out to Léon Jouhaux, with Sasha translating.

He looked puzzled. "They were men of the masses," he persisted.

"Certainly. But the labor movement was involved only as it must be whenever injustice is done. The crime with which they were charged had nothing to do with labor, and the case was not a labor case."

The swarthy secretary of the Confédération Générale du Travail requested his secretary to bring his file on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He spoke of the Communist-inspired demonstration that was held in Paris when Luígia Vanzetti passed through the city on her way from Rome to the United States, where her brother was awaiting death. "Mussolini gave her a passport," he said, "even encouraged her to make the trip." It was true: not for the first or the last time Fascists and Communists had worked together to discredit American democracy.

Wherever we went, men asked us about the American labor movement and especially about Gompers's successor, William Green. In Geneva Albert Thomas, the black-bearded, broad-shouldered leader of French labor, then director of the International Labor Office, spoke to us of his great admiration for Gompers and Wilson, and expressed his conviction that Green would triumph over the isolationist forces in America. In Vienna Karl Kautsky, sage of Marxism, shrewdly questioned us about the isolationism of Norman Thomas and his Socialist followers. How did it happen, he wanted to know, that Debs and Thomas were isolationists, whereas Gompers and Green were

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internationalists? Why was it that the leaders of the labor movement had a broader vision than the leaders of the Socialist party?

When questions were asked about Green, I said emphatically that he was equal to the great responsibilities that had been thrust upon him. I may as well say here that the personality of William Green cannot be adequately evaluated in the light of contemporary political literature. Because of his unflinching opposition to Communism, he has been the favorite target of artists in slander. Determined to break his hold over the American labor movement and to destroy his international influence, Communists and their fellow travelers have portrayed him from the start as a man who lacked character, and yet his record in the most difficult years organized labor has ever faced is a record of perfect integrity and steadfastness. Unlike certain of his enemies, he is unaffected, gentle, devoid of all demagogy, but no one should mistake his humane, selfless spirit for weakness. The debt that American trade unionism owes him cannot be measured, but it is not only organized labor that is under great obligations to him, for his vision of American democracy and his sense of international responsibility were like beacon lights in the great cataclysm of the forties.

I came back from Europe with a frightening sense of impending crisis and an ever stronger appreciation of the greatness of my adopted land. If I had learned one lesson in Europe, it was that American democracy was the hope of the world. I thought of Karl Kautsky, who, despite his age, had expressed a desire to visit the United States so that he might see our democracy at work. "Here in Europe," he said, "we talk too much about doing away with capitalism and disregard other forces that are destroying man." I had seen something of these other forces, and I knew that American democracy was the greatest bulwark against them.

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THROUGH SPAIN TO PALESTINE

IT WAS MIDNIGHT as the *Rex* moved closer to Gibraltar. Half its staterooms were empty, for the Rex had left New York in the midst of the bank holiday that marked the beginning of F.D.R.'s bloodless revolution. Only a little earlier, the German Reichstag building had been burned, and the ship had been filled with rumors of war.

Gibraltar was our gateway to Spain. In Madrid the constitutional assembly was gathered, with Dr. Basteira presiding. The Socialist leader, who resembled Debs in both appearance and spirit, was seeking to diminish the bitter conflict between the old Church and the new republic. When I congratulated him on his patience, he smiled. "It is our great pride that the revolution in Spain was accomplished without bloodshed and without dictatorship." He could not know that his country was to undergo the ugliest, bloodiest civil war of modern times.

Women had been enfranchised and were about to participate for the first time in a national election. It seemed a paradox, for Spanish women were strictly confined to the home. Their only life outside the home was in the Church. A woman went to church before she did her shopping in the market place, and on her way home she knelt on the church steps to murmur a prayer. At noon she was back in the church, and again at dusk when the bells tolled for the departing day.

The Spanish woman's devotion to the Church and her special adoration of the Virgin Mary made a strong impression on me. Spanish women, I felt, were modest, tender, and loving. What a surprise I had when I went to a bullfight one Sunday! The gentle

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señoras, some of them with babies at their breasts, applauded the bloodiest actions, screamed their indignation if a bull refused to charge, and seemed happy only when a horse or a man was being gored. When the virile, glamorous matador delivered the final blow and the dying bull sank to his knees in the bloody sand, these lovely, motherly ladies reached a peak of ecstasy.

The Rightist group were beginning to organize the women's vote, and Basteira foresaw difficulties for the republic. The Leftists were often inexperienced and clumsy in their political campaigning, but the Rightists knew exactly what they wanted. They skillfully played the role of martyrs, appealing to the peasants' age-old loyalty to the Church. During Easter services in the Cathedral of Seville, I felt a kind of mass hysteria that made me shudder.

Dr. Fernando de los Ríos, as minister of education, held a crucial position in the new government. Not only did the establishment of free public schools bring him into conflict with the old order; he was placed in charge of confiscating large estates belonging to the Church for redistribution among the peasants. I was present at one of his weekly audiences in Madrid, at which people from all over the country came to present their grievances and their wishes. Moving about the massive salon, the doctor talked with his visitors, listening attentively to the presentation of each case. Of medium stature, with a black, neatly cut beard, with high forehead and honest eyes, he seemed the perfect embodiment of the humanist and humanitarian. He spoke freely, and when he had to refuse a request, he gave his reasons. When criticism was leveled at him personally, he merely shrugged his shoulders. Now and then he stopped to make notes or to offer some comment of general interest. I have rarely seen a better example of democracy in action. Yet his policies were constantly under attack, and it was charged that he was trying to annihilate the Church of Spain.

From Madrid we went into the most remote corners of Spain. Although the Jews had been driven out of the country more than four centuries earlier, it was still full of evidences of the part they had once played in its life. Again and again we noticed Hebrew inscriptions on public buildings and there were streets named for the Inquisition. Just across the Portuguese border, between Oporto and Lisbon, we found large groups of descendants of the Nuevos Chris-

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tianos, who still observed many traditions of Judaism in secret. I was brought to them by Samuel Schwartz, who ran across them during his explorations as a mining engineer and was amazed to discover in their domestic life many Jewish household practices. Their religion was a mixture of Judaistic and Catholic customs.

Many of the Nuevos Christianos had returned to the faith of their fathers. After World War I, Arturo Carlos de Barros Basto, a member of one of these marrano communities and an officer in the Portuguese army, was himself converted to Judaism. He had been deeply impressed by the dying prayers of his grandfather, but he did not understand their meaning until he fell in love with a Jewish girl and witnessed Jewish ceremonies in her home. After his conversion, he received permission from the Portuguese government to work among the marrano villagers and tell them about their ancestral faith. He built a synagogue in Oporto in cathedral style, and inscribed the Song of Songs above the ark of scrolls.

The return of the marranos to Judaism was accelerated by anti-Semitism in Europe, and on the island of Majorca there was a marrano renaissance. The Calle de la Plateira, well known to American tourists, was lined with the shops of marrano silversmiths, among whom I could fancy that I saw my grandfathers. These Jews, newly returned to their faith, welcomed their brethren who fled from Nazi persecution, but, alas, Majorca itself was soon to reel under Fascist blows.

Our last stop was in Barcelona. Towering over the city is a steep mountain known as Mount Juich because of the eleventh century Jewish cemetery located there. In an aristocratic garden café on the summit of the mountain, we had dinner with Émile Vandervelde and his lovely wife, who were touring the Pyrenees. I remember that the Belgian statesman and international Socialist leader spoke with great warmth about Samuel Gompers. After a time, we all went for a stroll in a near-by park. Suddenly we were halted by a company of students in long, black capes and black hats, obviously engaged in clandestine maneuvers against the young republic. This was our final glimpse of Spain in strife.

From Spain to Italy, thence to Egypt, and at last to Palestine, where I was stirred by emotions I had never felt before.

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Near Talpioth, a stone's throw from Jerusalem, I visited a training farm where young refugee girls were being prepared for agricultural and horticultural work. Rachel Ben Z'vi led me through the gardens and barns, pointing out that the young girls supported themselves during their apprentice period by selling their products to neighboring communities. Proudly she brought me to a newly constructed building. This was the center of all the farm enterprises, a school, a dormitory, an electric power plant, a watchtower, a fortress. Rachel Ben Z'vi, a vigorous, dignified woman, was among the first hundred pioneers of modern Palestine labor, one of the Hashomer (Guardians) group, out of which the Haganah developed and the army of Israel, which finally beat the Arabs of seven kingdoms. A strong believer in equality for the sexes, she was helping women to take an active part in the creation of an independent Jewish state through the cultivation of the soil.

We climbed to the roof of the large building, and from it we could see the British army barracks. Despite the British troops in the area, the settlement had been attacked by Arabs, and the girls had to be ready to defend themselves. Madam Ben Z'vi was called to the office to interview a newly arrived recruit, a German refugee in her early twenties. Madam Ben Z'vi talked frankly to the girl of the hardships and even dangers that lay ahead. The girl with quiet steadfastness promised her best efforts, and Rachel Ben Z'vi kissed her on the forehead to welcome her to her new home.

I had known very little about Zionism, and had been inclined to regard it as one more of those dreams with which Jews compensate for the harshness of their existence. Harry took a greater interest, but I thought he was being sentimental. What I saw in Palestine astounded and thrilled me. Here was a country in the full process of well planned colonization, with cities and villages blossoming in the ancient desert. A great culture was in the making. And all of this the Jews were achieving by their own efforts and in spite of the interference of the mandatory power.

I was excited to find that women were playing an heroic role in the building of Palestine, just as they had in the settlement of America. They gave up the self-indulgent ways of the great cities of the Western World. Their hands grew calloused and their faces weatherworn as they plowed the stubborn soil and carried the

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precious water. They lived in rude huts or even in tents, while they fought side by side with their husbands and brothers against the desert. And they could fight with weapons, too, when the desert marauders ventured to attack them. I saw the beginnings of the now famous *Palamach* girls.

Our hotel neighbor in Tel Aviv, Mr. Avery, a young American engineer who was directing the drilling of wells for an American-Jewish colonization project, often commented on the eagerness with which the Jewish workers carried out his orders. They wanted water, and they wanted it at once. He teased them sometimes, asking them why they bothered to reclaim this Godforsaken desert. They protested indignantly. After all, they had come here to found a state, to build a homeland for themselves. They had a deep passion for this soil, and they knew they could make it productive. They were right, for grain production increased more than 70 per cent within a decade. In the First World War American philanthropists sent bread to the Holy Land to feed its 58,000 Jews. In World War II six hundred thousand Jews not only were self-sufficient but helped to feed the Allied armies in the Near East.

The Sabbath in the rejuvenated Holy Land had a special meaning. At dusk on Friday afternoon, four messengers of the orthodox community in Jerusalem ascended vantage points in four corners of the city and blew rams' horns, as in the historic times of the Temple, to announce the approach of the sacred day. Business activity immediately ceased, and young and old made their way homeward. Everywhere one heard the greeting, "Shabat shalom" (Peaceful Sabbath to you). At home the mothers, bathed and dressed in white, waited for their families in the flickering light of the Sabbath candles. Nonorthodox groups, both in Jerusalem and in the countryside, observed the Sabbath by gathering for the discussion of literary and social problems.

Sabbath afternoons presented a thrilling picture of a free, united, happy people. Watching the throngs that strolled about the hills of Jerusalem, I realized once more that Palestine was the land of youth. (How many of these young people, alas, were orphans bereft of their parents by pogroms and persecutions in all parts of Europe!) Here in this ancient city, which had been inhabited by their forebears thousands of years ago, a free youth was building a new society.

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At the center of all Jewish life was the Histadruth, Palestine's Federation of Labor. I had seen something of labor organizations not only in the United States but also in the countries of Europe, and it seemed to me that Histadruth excelled them all in its manifold projects, its visions, its idealism. The trade-unions were not merely an integrated part of the regenerated Jewish nation; they provided something like self-government under the difficult, often oppressive conditions imposed by the mandatory power. (To the shame of labor and democracy everywhere, conditions became worse when the mandate was exercised by the Labor government.)

Histadruth not only protected the interests of the workers; it trained them. It had to, for Jews were kept out of basic industries in most European countries and they came to Palestine technically unprepared. The Histadruth built homes, roads, bridges, harbors, railways. It supervised the transportation system, which was 96 percent under its direct control, and engaged in farming, mining, and forestry. Yet it did not interfere with private capital. It worked through a web of cooperatives, encouraging instead of suppressing individual initiative.

Palestine's Federation of Labor was playing a leading role in colonization. It leased Jewish National Fund land for settlements, directed immigration, and trained the newly arrived. There were many types of colony. In one, land was allotted to families in equal holdings on a hereditary lease basis, with a cooperative agency for buying and selling. All the work was done by the farmers and their families, and the hiring of wage labor was forbidden. In another type of colony, members lived and worked as a single economic unit, sharing in both domestic and agricultural labor, each giving according to his capacity and receiving according to his needs. Each colony established and followed its own pattern of social living. All types, including both the communes and the small-holders' settlements, cooperated through the labor movement, which arranged for mutual assistance and the exchange of machinery and man power. In serving the various cooperatives, the Histadruth organized not only stores and banks, but also medical institutions, publishing houses, libraries, and theaters. This was a kind of collectivism that avoided all the evils of communism.

As I studied the so-called "Arab-Jewish problem" in all parts of

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the land, it seemed to me to be largely a matter of economics. The Arab ruling class of effendis was made up of a few powerful families, which owned vast areas and controlled whatever agricultural and industrial enterprises existed on their land. Under their rule, the fellah was little better than a slave. He borrowed money from his landlord to work his small holdings of land, and was kept constantly in debt by an exorbitant rate of interest. Naturally the effendis did not want their slaves to see what could be accomplished by free labor unions and cooperative institutions. In order to practice exploitation unchecked, they raised the national issue and attacked the Jews as villains.

Anyone with eyes could understand the difference between the two systems when he compared two adjacent farms, one operated by an Arab and the other by a Jew. While the Arab's entire family pushed and pulled an ancient wooden plow or threshed wheat with their bare feet, the Jew was practicing scientific agriculture with equipment as up-to-date as any to be found in America's Midwest. The difference was apparent in the cities, too; for example, when one turned from the bright, clean, efficient stores of Jewish Tel Aviv to the dark, stinking alleys in which the Arabs of Jaffa displayed their wares. In particular, for me, the difference between the women of the two communities emphasized the two thousand years that separated their cultures. The Arab woman was still her husband's property, condemned to menial tasks and utter subservience. When a family was traveling, the husband sat on his donkey while his wives trailed behind on foot. Jewish women freely entered agriculture, industry, and the professions. In play as at work, they had complete freedom, and on week ends they thronged the beach at Tel Aviv in costumes as fashionably abbreviated as those worn at Palm Beach or Cannes. Jewish children had the best of modern medical care, but the children one saw in Arab settlements were dirty, ragged, undernourished, and often diseased. An American schoolteacher, observing all these contrasts, jumped to the conclusion that the clean, modern community must be exploiting the poverty-stricken one. What blindness! The Arabs were exploited certainly, but not by the Jews!

Together with an American student of Christian theology, we went one day to Nazareth. As we looked down on the peaceful valley of the Emek, we could see one neat, well organized settlement after

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another, each representing a victory over malaria-infested swamps. In a hamlet near Nazareth we were the guests of Pincus Ruttenberg, a veteran rebel, a leader in the Russian Bloody Sunday of 1905, administrator of Petrograd during the Kerensky regime. This was the man who had harnessed the waters of the Jordan for irrigation and for electricity. The theological student commented on the symbolic significance of Ruttenberg's bringing light to Nazareth, and predicted an era of peace and good will. "Not for some time," the engineer said calmly. "We annoy people when we bring them light."

I attended the elaborate Lag B'Omer festival at Meron near Safed, historic center of the mystical cult known as the cabala. This particular celebration, named Hillula, commemorates the sage and saint, Rabbi Simeon Ben Johai, whose scholarship, righteousness, and courage are told from generation to generation. His tomb and his son's rise like two mounds in the desert at Meron. On the eve and night of Lag B'Omer, pilgrims gathered by the thousands, believers and nonbelievers alike. The pious believed that they could be cured of their ills at the rabbi's tomb, and they prayed and wept as they lit their candles. Many of the pilgrims had come on foot from every part of Asia Minor, and they wore the graceful costumes of the desert. Many were refugees from Germany. No matter what their origin, they were deeply affected when the hundreds of official candles were lit, and a great outburst of singing and wild dancing began.

Suddenly a Polish Jew called for silence, and demanded that prayers be read on behalf of the brethren who were being persecuted in Germany. The Hadlakah, the fire of sacrifice, was then kindled under the starry skies. In accordance with tradition, the pilgrims from Asia Minor began to toss objects into a bonfire outside the tomb, to bring a change of fortune. The skeptical, too, were moved, and they threw their share into the midnight flames. Handkerchiefs, gloves, bracelets, veils flew into the fire amidst sobs and laughter. The German refugees joined with a particular frenzy in the rites, as if they would purge themselves of all associations with the land of persecution. And while the ceremony went on, long chains of young people, members of Haganah, guarded every entrance to Meron, protecting the pilgrims against a threatened Arab raid.

I lived through the Chaim Arlasaroff murder incident. The gifted young leader, who was born in the Ukraine and educated in Ger-

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many, had found his purpose in life when he met the prophets of Zionism after the First World War. In Palestine he had revealed administrative talents of the highest order, and he was also a political thinker of unusual depth. Isaac Ben Z'vi, head of the national assembly, had described him in talks with us as "the captain of our ship," and the British high commissioner called him a "truly great statesman."

Arlasaroff had just returned from Germany, where he had been arranging for the rescue of Jewish children. Harry was to interview him and we had an engagement for tea. Accompanied by his wife, he came to our hotel in Tel Aviv. Unfortunately he could not locate us, and decided to take a short stroll on the beach. It was in those few moments that he was assassinated.

Since it was the Sabbath, all transportation was resting, and there was a fatal delay in getting the wounded leader to the hospital. That night was filled with grief and terror, and yet I was thrilled as I watched the calm efficiency with which warning messages were sent from the secret communications center of Haganah to every settlement in Palestine. I was taken there by Berl Kazenelson, sage of Palestine labor. It was believed that the assassination of Arlasaroff might be a signal for a general Arab uprising, and an invisible army was put on the alert. Never was I prouder of being a Jew than at that moment. Here was a resolute, fearless people, preparing with self-confidence and dignity for the onslaught of a merciless enemy.

We were entertained by Paula Ben Gurion, who had been a friend of mine back in 1917. We had spent many an hour together in the Kibitzarnia on the East Side. Paula was a nurse and one of our group of radical girls. When she told me of her love for Ben Gurion, I pooh-poohed the idea, for I thought of him as a stubborn fanatic. I did worse than that: I meddled in the manner of Aunt Yente Chave, and tried to prevent charming and affectionate Paula from becoming the wife of Israel's first prime minister.

David Ben Gurion's stubbornness and fanaticism were characteristics that were required in the development of Israel. He went to Palestine while it was still under Turkish rule, tilling the soil in one of the scattered Zionist colonies. He organized his comrades into a defense group, a forerunner of Haganah. He studied law and the history of the Middle East in order to understand the forces that

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were shaping Palestine. Expelled from Turkey during World War I he was admitted to the United States after a personal appeal on his behalf by Justice Brandeis. Here, while studying western democracy, he organized the Pioneer movement, which was based on the realization that the Jews must learn to work the land if they wanted to get a solid footing in Palestine. He went back to Palestine as a corporal in Allenby's army in 1917, and organized the Histadruth.

In Paula's home, which had become the 10 Downing Street of Tel Aviv, we met a large number of Histadruth leaders. The life of any one of them would make an exciting chapter in the epic of the long struggle for the redemption of Israel.

In later years I was thrilled with pride when William Green introduced Mr. and Mrs. Israel Merimansky to speak for the Histadruth to a convention of the A.F. of L. Mr. Merimansky spoke in Hebrew—the language of the Bible, as Green pointed out.

After visiting every type of colony with the Bible as our guidebook, we left the land of drama by automobile through Rosh Pina. At the Syrian border we met a group of refugees, two boys and three girls, with packs on their backs. Our chauffeur greeted them in Hebrew, and we stopped and offered them food and ate with them. They were Rumanian Jews, all of them students, who had traveled to Syria by freighter and were hiking into Palestine. They had neither passports nor permits, but they did have faith. Our chauffeur gave them directions and assured them that they would find a home.

We went to Baalbek, supposedly the site of the Garden of Eden. There were many sights of historical interest, but Harry and I could not bring ourselves to pay much attention to them. We could not even speak to each other. Our hearts were full as we looked back to the little land that contained so much happiness and so much hope for martyred Israel.

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SOVIET NIGHTMARE

WE WENT to the Soviet Intourist Bureau in Berlin, and presented the letter of recommendation that Senator Borah had given us. Borah was then the leading advocate of recognition of the Soviet Union, and Moscow authorities, when the letter was read to them over the telephone, immediately gave their approval.

Intourist Bureau must have found us worthwhile customers, for we paid for all the available tourist trips in Russia, stipulating in our contract that we could change from one trip to another as we saw fit. We took this precaution because Harry was described on his passport as a journalist, and the movements of newspaper men were watched with particular care.

The approach to Leningrad was not encouraging. This was September, 1933, the year of the great famine. There was no movement in the countryside. At every station we saw scores of peasants, men and women, huddling together on the wet ground, their mud-stained bundles scattered about them. Mud-encrusted rags covered their feet, and filthy pieces of sacking clothed their bodies. A drizzling rain fell, and the peasants were blue with cold. They did not even turn their eyes to look at the train.

I tried to talk to my fellow passengers, but I was met with numb indifference. Among themselves they talked constantly of bread. In Leningrad I found out why. Day and night thousands of people waited in lines for bread. One was looking forward to a ration of a quarter of a pound; another hoped for half a pound. What one got depended on one's standing on the Soviet social ladder. And it was

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more than a famine of bread. There was hunger for milk as well as for bread, for kerosene as well as for butter, for paper as well as for meat, and even for cloth to make shrouds for the dead.

Every day we spent a few hours on a guided tour, like other tourists. We saw and were impressed by the broad avenues of Leningrad, its ambitious modern buildings, the tremendous factories on the outskirts. We were taken to workers' clubs, theaters, concerts, while a guide gave us a stereotyped lecture on the glorious lot of the Soviet worker.

But when we had gone through this routine, we were on our own, and we had resources of which the authorities knew nothing. Although almost all of Mother's relatives had left Russia when Uncle Fox sent for them, I had many aunts, uncles, and cousins on my father's side who were still living in the Soviet Union. Some of them had participated in the revolution, joined the Communist party, and risen into the higher ranks of the oligarchy. Three of Reb Chaim's grandchildren were in the OGPU. Others were army officers, administrators of collective farms, or supervisors of factories.

These relatives were scattered through Russia. My Aunt Sarah had been told of our impending visit, and word had spread through the entire clan. They awaited us with impatience, hope, and fear. They rarely corresponded with each other, for, as I was told, they were afraid to put anything in writing lest it be used against them, but now they were brought together again by our arrival. Life in Soviet Russia, they confessed, was so dull and drab that they had become emotionally numb. Our visit suddenly woke them up, made them realize how much richer life could be.

Genuinely impressed by some of the things we had seen in the Soviet Union, Harry and I had done our best to convince ourselves that the future at least was bright. Harry said to Aunt Bassia that perhaps the sufferings of the present would be justified by the happiness of the next generation.

"That is not the way to look at Russia," she said sternly. "You talk about the new life that is to come. Now look at us here! In the beginning of the revolution I was told that I belonged to the old generation and that I must expect to make sacrifices so that my children should have food and happiness. Then my children were told that they must sacrifice themselves for the sake of their children. Now look

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at my grandson. Already he is being told that he must go without food and clothes so that the nation can be rebuilt. But the nation will not be rebuilt. Here we are, three generations, and not one of us will live to see a better day. From day to day, week to week, year to year, things are getting worse. It is Russia that will perish."

We all shuddered. What a terrible prophecy! Her children and grandchildren grew pale and remained silent. I knew that Aunt Bassia had given vent to what was in their hearts. Their dwellings, their clothing, their faces, all testified to the fact that the voice of the old woman was the voice of the strangled mass of the Russian people.

Then came Moscow. We saw the Kremlin, as tourists always do. There were soldiers everywhere, fully armed, trained to automatic obedience. As we looked down on the busy streets of the city, we saw thousands of women coming out of the factories. Many of them, we noticed, carried infants in their arms. That was because nursing mothers were required to bring their babies to the factories, so that they would not have to go home to feed them. This was part of the ruthless drive for production, and yet the ragged shawls these women wore proved how little their labor profited them.

In the office of a Moscow functionary, there was a picture of a mother in distress, with a swollen child at her feet, and over the picture was the inscription, "The eating of dead children is barbarism."

I spoke of this poster to the official. "It is one of our methods of educating the people," he said. "We have distributed hundreds of these posters, especially in the villages of the Ukraine."

"Are conditions as bad as that?"

There was a moment of painful silence. "Some of our people are very unenlightened," he replied somberly.

We saw for ourselves the misery in the Ukraine. In Kharkov the factory workers wore rags and strips of sacking. Again we saw women with babies in their arms. And all, men and women alike, had lumps of black bread under their tattered sleeves. They nibbled as they walked along, careful not to lose a crumb.

Through a member of my family, we met a high official of the Ukrainian Soviet, who, like many other Ukrainian Communists, had nationalist inclinations and was constantly at odds with Moscow. He

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talked frankly, advising us to visit the villages. "Six million people have perished from hunger in our country this year," he told us. "Six million."

We hired an automobile for the suggested trip, paying the local Intourist $50 a day, and the official accompanied us. No one was to be seen in the fields. Although it was late in the fall, the hay had not been taken in, nor had the grain been threshed, and crops were rotting everywhere. It was early morning, and a vapor was rising from the damp and putrid stacks.

The previous spring a curtain had been dropped over certain provinces of Russia, so far as the outside world was concerned, but within Russia the truth was known. In order to recruit farm laborers from the cities, the government had charged that the peasants were seeking to starve the urban population. City workers had gone into the country, and they knew what was happening.

At the entrance to the first village we reached, there was a crude gate with a Soviet star over it and in the center of the star, under glass, a picture of Lenin. A soldier in a long army coat was seated near the gate, his face buried in the collar of his coat. He was dozing.

An investigation was going on in the village, and there was a truckload of soldiers. The village had been collectivized; that is, the peasants had been forced to join a kolkhoz—a collective farm. Now it appeared that tractors had been damaged, and the peasants were charged with sabotage—the worst of crimes. Officials in boots and short leather jackets tramped in and out of the huts. I noticed that both officials and soldiers carried chunks of black bread; they knew well enough that they would find no bread in the villages.

While I was watching the Soviet investigators at work, a peasant woman, dressed in patched sacking, appeared from a side path. She was dragging a child of three or four years by the collar of a torn coat, as one might drag a heavy bag. When she reached the main street, she simply dropped the child in the mud and went away. Everyone saw what had happened, but no one made a move. The child's face was bloated and blue, and its hands and tiny body were swollen. Obviously it was near death, but it was still alive. The mother left the child in the road in the hope that someone might do something to save it.

We visited one wretched village after another, and finally we

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came to the village of the dead. There were a few score houses, but the doors were boarded up, and there was not a living creature in the gardens and fields. Then, out of one of the dismal shacks, a soldier appeared. Our escort questioned him, and he said that more than half the inhabitants of the village had died from hunger and that the others had fled. It was the same, he said, in many of the surrounding villages.

What was he doing in the village? He shrugged his shoulders; he had been ordered to guard it, and he would stay until he was ordered elsewhere. He took us to a place where there was a depression in the ground. "Here is where most of them are," he said. Some dozens, he told us, had been buried in this common grave, which was not marked in any way.

He named a girl who had seen her mother bury her father and who then had to bury her mother. Later she buried her little brother beside his parents. Then she fled to Kiev, but before she left, she set fire to a stable full of horses belonging to the government.

This soldier told of two comrades in the Red Army, brothers who came from a neighboring village. One of them heard reports of famine at home, and obtained leave to visit his parents. He found that they were both dead, and he brought his brother to see the deserted homestead. The two men became bandits, roving the countryside at night, getting their revenge.

A kolkhoz had been forced upon the village, and the soldier showed our escort the house that had belonged to its chairman. Nominally he had been a Communist, but he had had icons in his home, and the peasants had come there to pray. Betrayed to the authorities, he had been expelled from the Communist party, and was awaiting trial for sabotage.

As we left the village, we noticed a photograph of Stalin over the gate. It seemed symbolic: Stalin enthroned over a dead world.

We went on to Kiev, my native city. F. and L. had learned of my arrival from Kharkov relatives, but each had kept the secret from the other, for there was a barrier between them although they were sisters. I had greatly admired these two cousins of mine in my childhood, and I was eager to know what had happened to them. F., I discovered, had achieved a responsible position as a buyer of raw

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material for Ukraine industries. L. had influenced her husband to join the Communist party, but she remained unaffiliated herself. It was L.'s husband who had caused the rift between the sisters, for F. felt that he was constantly spying upon her. She maintained that his standing in the party was insecure and that he was trying to bolster it by denouncing nonparty specialists such as she was. The atmosphere of suspicion was such that I refused to visit L.'s house lest I expose them both to attack.

I reacquainted myself with the city. I walked along Basin Street, the Bowery of Kiev. In the United States I had heard many stories of the attention that the Soviet government paid to its homeless children. Now I was to see for myself that the orphans of the civil war period had grown into ferocious and merciless bandits. Hundreds of them lived on Basin Street, from which they set forth to terrorize the city. I saw one of them swoop down upon a woman who was leaving the market place. He bit her arm, and as she dropped her package with a shriek, he snatched up his loot and fled.

While visiting the grave of my grandfather, Reb Chaim, we saw hundreds of new graves. There were no headstones, only wooden sticks with numbers. Sometimes corpses lay on the grass of the cemetery for days, waiting to be interred, while mourning relatives stood guard against the vast armies of crows. One of the gravediggers came up to us, and, with a searching glance of fear, started a conversation. "You are looking at fresh graves," he said. "You see, Kiev has made its contribution to the second five-year plan. Tell my brothers in America about it."

We took a motor trip from Kiev into the country, and we came across a field in which the crops were burning. Here, as elsewhere, the grain had been left to perish, but sunshine had dried the stacks, and rebel peasants had set them on fire to prevent the government from harvesting the wheat. While soldiers fought the conflagrations, peasants looked on with a show of indifference.

Here was a new form of revolt. Again and again we had seen peasants working under the eyes of armed soldiers. These people had chosen death rather than slavery. This was the explanation of the famine. It was not an act of God. It was man-made. It was a mass rebellion without intellectual leadership, a desperate defiance of an oppressive government.

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As we returned to our hotel one midnight, after a secret rendezvous with relatives and their friends, we were amazed to discover that the streets were being washed by an army of men and women. My OGPU cousin provided the explanation: Édouard Herriot, the French statesman, was to arrive in the Ukraine the next day, and orders had been given to eliminate every trace of the famine. The hotel, too, was being refurbished, for the distinguished visitor was to make it his headquarters for a few hours. Worn carpets were taken up, and plush rugs were put in their place. New furniture appeared from somewhere, and members of the staff were clad in shining uniforms.

When Herriot arrived, the city was spotless, and the streets were filled with cheering throngs. Even the Red Army horses were all dressed up. How could the visitor know that the people who cheered him were fearfully acting under orders? How could he know that they were hungry, as always, and even more tired than usual because of the extra exertions they had been forced to make to conceal their misery from his eyes? He would have been a startled man if he had made a surprise visit to the hotel an hour after his departure. Like Cinderella, it was returned in a flash to its original condition of squalor.

My OGPU cousin, by the way, tried to justify himself to us on the ground that he was safeguarding the revolution. Furthermore, he explained, his privileged position gave him a chance to help people. For instance, just that day he had delivered firewood to an aged couple who had no right to fuel under the Soviet law. "It is a satisfaction to be able to do things like that," he said. I was immediately reminded of his grandfather and mine. But God Almighty, what a difference!

When we arrived in Minsk, capital of White Russia, I felt that I was in the world's lowest depths. The Soviet Union had seemed bad enough to a visitor from America, and Kiev had seemed hopeless in comparison with Leningrad and Moscow, but Minsk was beyond all belief. Even as we arrived, we learned that the whole territory was under martial law. Peasants had refused to dig ditches and drain the roadways, and troops had been summoned to drive them to the task.

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The woman conductor on our train warned me to watch my things. "People are hungry," she said. "When the train stops at a station, somebody might get on board and steal your provisions."

One of the first sights to strike us was a trainload of prisoners at the station in Borisov. As the train pulled in, I thought it was a cattle train. There were fourteen box cars and one passenger car filled with uniformed officials. We saw that there were faces pressed against the bars in the freight cars. As the train stopped, guards with fixed bayonets leaped off and stood in readiness.

"I am a foreigner," I said to one of the guards. "Who are these people?"

The guard did not answer, but one of the prisoners cried out in Yiddish: "Do not ask; figure it out for yourself."

A woman carrying half a loaf of bread ran out of the station, and raced from car to car, trying to peer through the iron bars. The bell rang, the soldiers jumped on board, and the train started. The woman, I gathered from her lamentations, was looking for her son. She had been tipped off that he was being shipped into exile that day, and she was scrutinizing every train so that she could give him her bread ration. Her wails were attracting attention, and I urged her to be more discreet. "What do I care?" she shrieked. "Let them take me. Why did they take my son away?"

Everyone in Minsk seemed to be hunting for food. Even government officers were demoralized, and representatives of Moscow were replacing the civil servants of the White Russian Soviet Republic with military officers. We heard stories of mutinies and strikes, and we saw an armored lorry with a group of prisoners, two young men and several women. I noticed that these prisoners bore themselves proudly. They were the first people with raised heads I had seen in Russia. They had dared to rebel!

A Torgsin store on Soviet Street sold food supplies for American dollars, and another Torgsin store, on Lenin Street, maintained an exchange. Anyone who could lay his hands on gold and silver took it to the exchange and got an order for provisions from the other store. Occasionally someone brought in old gold pieces or a wedding ring, but more frequently the desperate customer offered gold teeth or a denture with gold in it. False teeth leered at the passer-by from

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the window. After all, one can eat without teeth, but of what use are teeth if there is nothing to eat?

Our hotel was suddenly closed. We were told that it was to be renovated, but we learned that there had been a rebellion and mass punishment. There was no other place for us to go, and since we were under the protection of Intourist, provision had to be made for us. A woman was assigned to cook our meals. She prepared three times as much as we could eat, and took the surplus home to her starving children. We slept in an icy room—with our overcoats on.

We resumed our journey and came to the little town of Smilevich. There was a church there, and worshipers were entering it. The chauffeur of our car shouted insults, but the peasants bowed their heads and said nothing. I followed them into the church, part of which had been petitioned off as a storeroom for potatoes. A ragged member of the assembly was conducting the services in a monotone, the congregation chanting after him. They looked at me with resentment, no doubt believing that I was a Communist sent to close the church. They sang louder and louder as if to drown their fears.

As our automobile continued on its way, we saw field after field in which potatoes were rotting. As in the Ukraine grain and sugar beets were left to perish, so potatoes were abandoned in White Russia. The peasants had planted the potatoes because Moscow had told them that they would share in the crop. When they found that Soviet authorities were taking all the potatoes away, they refused to gather them. Soldiers drove the peasants into the fields and brought forced labor from near-by towns, but a great part of the crop was lost.

On our trip through White Russia, which led us to Mohilev, I was constantly struck by the hatreds that hunger had generated. Towns hated other towns, and men and women hated their neighbors. Could this be Socialism that was being built in Soviet Russia?

Every day that we spent on Soviet soil brought new shocks. I became numb. Nothing that Emma or Sasha or Bob or anyone else had said about the Soviet Union had prepared me for what I was seeing. It seemed incredible that the world could be so unaware of a tragedy that was affecting millions upon millions of lives.

There was, for instance, "the dollar inquisition," a system of

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extortion practiced by the OGPU in the Ukraine on relatives of American immigrants. American currency was tremendously valuable in Russia at this time. That is, although the official rate of exchange was one ruble, twenty-five kopecks to the dollar, an American dollar was actually worth from fifty to seventy-five rubles. Since the OGPU in the Ukraine happened to be short of funds, its members were systematically seizing the dollars sent by Americans to their starving kinsmen in Russia.

I talked with a woman in Kiev, the mother of several children, who described her ordeal. Someone had reported to the OGPU that she had hidden money received from the United States, and she was arrested in the middle of the night and taken to the OGPU prison, where there were at least two hundred other victims. Some told where they had hidden the precious dollars. Others, whether they were innocent, as this woman was, or were more resolute in defense of their possessions, were put to the torture. Armed guards drove them along the corridor, around and around. If a prisoner fell, he was prodded and kicked until he rose again. This went on for hours. Those who became unconscious were dragged away if kicks and blows failed to rouse them. The woman who told me the story was ill in a hospital for many days after this experience, and her children did not know her whereabouts. They feared that she had gone insane, as many prisoners did.

We saw the gruesome consequences of the famine. There could be no question about it: millions of peasants deliberately chose death in preference to the slavery of the collective farms. They had fought for the land in the revolution, and they refused to submit to this new kind of serfdom. Millions resisted passively, even to the death, but others waged a grim and silent war with arson, theft, and sabotage as their weapons. Crops were destroyed, livestock slaughtered, machines wrecked.

We talked with a group of veteran revolutionaries, who had all played prominent roles in the days of Kerensky and later of Lenin. One of them summed up the great change in this sentence: "Our dream has vanished." I have never heard more poignant words. It was as if the strings of a musical instrument had snapped in the midst of a melody.

It was not only on the farms that there was slavery. From my first

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days as a factory worker, when I was only ten years old, I had seen the way in which American labor resisted the speed-up. And here in Russia, supposedly the workers' fatherland, there was such a speed-up as no American employer would have dared to introduce. As a symbol of this speed-up, two bulletin boards constantly confronted the worker, one red, the other black. If he produced the prescribed maximum, his name appeared on the red board, and he was entitled to an extra food ration and perhaps to theater tickets or some other reward. If he failed to reach the minimum, he was listed on the black board, and this could mean loss of job, living quarters, and food rations—or even indictment for sabotage. And no matter how hard a man worked, no matter how hard his wife and children worked, they could not have decent clothing or adequate food.

We were asked by a Chicago friend to visit her sister in Moscow. When we arrived, we found that the woman was dead. Her corpse lay on the naked floor covered with rags. Her daughter, who was distracted because she was missing a day's work, accepted eagerly the gift we had brought, and rushed to buy the traditional shroud. Then another daughter appeared, and when she saw the new shroud, she burst into a tirade. Her children, she insisted, were in more urgent need of clothes than her dead mother, and she threatened to report the matter to the OGPU. Such a situation might once have provided Maxim Gorki with a heart-rending scene, but the renowned novelist was a servant of the system.

Family life no longer existed in Russian cities. The housing shortage was partly responsible, for a half dozen families might occupy a single apartment, and a couple with a whole crop of children would be lucky to get a small, stuffy room. As if this were not enough, the economic structure destroyed the possibility of family unity. Each working member of a family adapted his life to the factory schedule, and had his main meal in the factory restaurant. Because there was no uniform day of rest, family members scarcely met.

In Kharkov official guides took us to the city's museums, which were centers of propaganda. On the wall of one there was a large cartoon that showed William Green and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., confiding in each other, while a priest stood with his hands raised to bless them. The title explained that such men as these enslaved the

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workers of America. Harry burst into laughter, to the bewilderment of our guides. It was the only laughter I heard in the U.S.S.R.

I have saved to the last the story of my visit to Korostyshev. All the time we were in Kiev I felt that I must see once more the village that had played so crucial a part in my early life, and yet I shrank from the ordeal. Finally I made arrangements. Cousin M. accompanied us, but the official guide had no suspicion that she was a relative of mine.

As everywhere in the Ukraine, we saw fields full of rotting grain and fields that had been burned over. When at last we came to Korostyshev, it seemed a mere corpse of the village I had known. A crowd quickly surrounded our automobile. Some of the people knew Cousin M., who often visited Korostyshev, and by some process of association they thought of my mother, who had been my age when she left the town. I heard them mentioning her name, and first one and then another began to say excitedly, "Yes, it is she." Cousin M. tried to tell them that I was a total stranger, but they would not be convinced, and insisted that I had come to help them. "Look what has become of us," they pleaded, stretching out bony hands. "We are as good as dead. Look at us."

While Cousin M. and I wandered through the streets and alleys of the town, Harry made friends with a lad who led him to the synagogue. It was the Penitential Sabbath, a day of deep meditation, and Harry was anxious to learn what had happened to religion under the Soviets. He soon returned, as pale as if he had seen a ghost. In the synagogue, he told us, he was immediately surrounded by men who begged him to carry messages to their American relatives. They had grown hysterical as they pleaded with him to make known their want and suffering. One man had mounted the pulpit, crying, "Messiah has come." The rabbi told Harry that this man, once the richest and most philanthropic of the community, had lost his mind as a result of OGPU tortures.

Walking here and there, I tried to reconstruct the scenes of my early days. The synagogue in which we had worshiped was now a rope factory, and old Jewish women were working there on the Sabbath in accordance with Soviet theories about the eradication of religion. Grandmother Broche's house was a decrepit hovel, deep in

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mud. An old woman from a neighboring house said scornfully: "Nothing to look at! If *they* can't find anything there, who can?" I knew that "they" were the agents of the OGPU.

I went to the cemetery in which the matriarch was buried after her family was safely out of Russia. As we stood by the grave, we saw a woman coming toward us with a dead child in her arms. Since the mother lived with other families, she could not keep the little corpse at home, and she proposed to wait in the cemetery until the Sabbath was over and she could dig a hole in the ground for her little one. A month ago, she told us, she had buried another child who also had died of hunger, and she hoped that it would not be long before she joined them. To my amazement, I noticed that there were tears in the eyes of our Intourist guide.

As our Lincoln car slowly made its way along the muddy road that led back to Kiev, I thought of the many years that had passed since my earlier departure from Korostyshev. I thought of my father, who had at last followed the command of Reb Chaim and taken himself and eventually his family to free, bright, heavenly America. I was deeply dejected, and not merely by the physical suffering I had seen, terrible as that was. Men and women of my generation had dreamed a beautiful dream. Out of that dream had come a horrible, bestial system for the enslavement of the human spirit.

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XXV

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE

IN PARIS we found many letters from home. Our friends were full of excitement over the beginnings of the New Deal. The A.F. of L. had held its annual convention in Washington, and William Green had enthusiastically endorsed President Roosevelt's program for rescuing the country from the depression. F.D.R. had participated in the dedication of the Gompers monument, which had been built with the contributions of workers and their families.

As I left the American Express offices, my spirits raised by all this good news, I was accosted by an unshaven, toothless beggar in ragged clothes. I opened my purse, but he stretched out a hand to stop me. I stared into his feverish eyes while he struggled in vain to speak. It was David Caplan, Caplan of the McNamara case. In a flash I saw Flora, the children, Donald Vose, the trial in Los Angeles, David's arrival in New York after his release from San Quentin, his departure for Soviet Russia.

Hoarsely he stammered out his story. Disillusioned and starving, he had finally escaped from Russia and begged his way across Europe. I could not understand all that he tried to tell me, but his misery needed no words. He wished, he said again and again, that he had been sentenced to life imprisonment, as Schmidty was.

I gave him $5, urging him to get a bath and a shave and then come to our hotel. Harry and I, I told him, would consult with Emma, and we would find some way of getting him to America. Sobbing without control, he dragged himself away. I was not to see him again.

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With the $5 I had given him, he bought a pistol, and he committed suicide that very day.

An even greater shock was in store for me. Word came from New York that Bob had died after a recurrence of the fever he had contracted in Russia. Friends said that his last days had been troubled by worries over me. He felt that it had been madness for me to enter the Soviet Union, since I might encounter some acquaintance, such as Agursky, who would betray me to the OGPU. He wanted to live so that he could help me if I were trapped. While I was still struggling with the realization that he was dead, his loving Christmas greeting caught up with me.

There were many Socialist refugees from Russia in Paris, and they were eager to hear from us about our experiences in the Soviet Union. Herriot had given a favorable account of his visit to Russia, and we were urged to tell the inside story and thus refute his opinions. We refused, however, to interfere in the politics of a foreign country, and Léon Blum congratulated us on our tact.

We did speak to a few small, informal groups. One of the gatherings was held at a private home, and was arranged by Aleksandr Guchkov, who had been a staunch fighter against czarism and had been minister of war in Kerensky's cabinet. We did not discuss politics but spoke wholly in terms of human suffering. After the meeting, one of the men present invited me to attend a tea party to be held the next day at the home of Guchkov's daughter. It was to be a women's affair, and I was asked to present the woman's point of view. I did not make a definite promise.

Late as it was, the aged Guchkov escorted us to our hotel, thanking us for our talks. He said that he was particularly glad that we had emphasized the sufferings of the Jews. "Some people," he explained, "have the idea that the Jews are the driving force behind Bolshevism and constitute a privileged class."

"Do you mean," Harry asked in distress, "that we were talking to Russian anti-Semites?"

"I cannot answer for all the people present," Guchkov said nervously. "In fact," he added, "there were some persons there who had not been invited."

Strangely troubled, I told Harry that I would not go to the tea

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party, and that we should leave Paris at once. Without informing our friends, we set out for Nice.

Later, when General Krivitsky published his account of OGPU operations in Europe, he revealed that Guchkov had been the innocent dupe of Soviet agents, having been deceived by his own daughter. Krivitsky spoke of a gathering arranged by Guchkov at which an American couple described their experiences in Russia. OGPU representatives had been present at this meeting. They had planned a tea party at which they would kidnap the wife, and then they would trap the husband when he came to seek her. Once more intuition had served me well.

Sasha Berkman was living in Nice. His life had become more and more disorganized, and it was painful to see him. Little Emmy was his watch dog, and he in turn was her slave. Realizing how little he could give her, he tried to persuade her to leave him: she was young, pretty, capable; she could succeed in the world. She would have none of this. She hovered about him like a dove, and when his nightmares drove him out into the darkness, she stealthily followed him along the ocean shore.

Sasha had learned to accept his precarious economic position, but he could not reconcile himself to his utter homelessness. "I ought not to mind," he would say to us bitterly. "Don't the Anarchists preach that the whole world is a man's home? Well, it's the only home I have." Then he would turn to Emmy: "And what shall we tell the police tomorrow?"

We worked hard to secure for him some kind of permanent status. The chief difficulty was the fact that he could not produce a birth certificate. He had been born in Kaunas (Kovno), and when the city passed into Lithuanian hands, he was in an American prison. The Lithuanian government could not or would not furnish proof that he had been born in its capital.

Sasha sought to establish citizenship for himself, not only in order to have some degree of security but also and primarily in order to marry Emmy. Again the irony of life! Sasha had always opposed legal marriage on principle; now he wanted to marry, and the law stood in the way.

During our stay in Nice, the Dollfuss government in Austria suppressed the Socialist party and bombarded the workers' cooperative

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apartment houses in Vienna. Sasha had many friends among the Viennese Socialists, who had worked with him in sending food to political prisoners in Russia, and he was deeply distressed by the tragedy that had obliterated another of the bright pages in working-class history. He was also troubled about the situation in Spain, the only country in which Anarchism was a considerable force. Both Fascism and Communism were on the increase in Spain, and the prospects of democracy were not encouraging. When we left for America, he was in a very depressed mood.

Sasha suffered for two more years. The political situation grew blacker and blacker, and there was no improvement in his personal situation. Finally he decided to let the curtain fall. He wrote three simple notes. To Emmy and Emma he wrote: "I don't want to continue to live a sick and dependent man. Forgive me, darling Emmy, and you too, Emma. Help Emmy. Love to all." To us he wrote: "For Lu-Ha-La—Appreciation of your friendship. Remember me. Affectionately. Sasha." For the police he left the following: "I testify that I shot myself last night. No one else is responsible. I did this under pressure of great agony. A. Schmidt Bergman. June 28, 1936."

Sasha's death spelled the end of life for both Emmy and Emma. Emma lived two more years, and died in Canada. She was cared for by friends at the end, but her passing was no less tragic than that of her lifelong companion. Although she continued to play a political role, her heart was broken. She could not forget Sasha's last message: "Forgive me, darling Emmy, and you too, Emma." She was second in his mind.

Until she became totally paralyzed, Emma wrote me regularly, pathetically expressing her gratitude to me and to people and organizations whom I was constantly reminding of her existence. Friends participated in celebrating her seventieth birthday. Immediately thereafter a paralytic stroke felled her, and at the end only her eyes spoke.

Jean Glasser Levy and I, who had been among Emma's first friends in California, sought to have Emma's remains interred in the Waldheim Cemetery of Chicago, a spot that had always been sacred to her. After death had silenced her voice, the government grew tolerant and permitted her remains to cross the border.

More years went by, and Harry Weinberger came to my home to

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discuss final plans for the placing of a tombstone on Emma's grave. He was dead before the plans were carried out. Sculptor-poet Jo Davidson volunteered to carve the memorial; he had already done two such monuments as labors of love—Andy Furuseth's and Saul Yanofsky's. In 1942, after making his annual November pilgrimage to Waldheim, Dr. Ben Reitman wrote me: "You know that I was Emma's manager and janitor for ten delightful years. Only upon you could I rely to place a tombstone upon Emma's grave." Even before the letter reached me, I had read in the papers of his sudden death.

On returning to the United States, we immediately reported to Senator Borah, who had made it possible for us to visit the Soviet Union. He himself was planning to go to Russia, and we urged him to do so, but only if he would be free to travel as he pleased and could take with him a thoroughly dependable translator. In the end Borah canceled his trip.

In the winter of 1934, Harry's articles about his observations in Soviet Russia began to appear in the *Forward*. Whereas most of the press ignored the man-made famine in the Soviet Union, the *Forward* insisted on telling the truth. Harry's articles appeared in translation in many European periodicals, and they were cited by a church group in London that was organizing a fund for Russian relief. News of this was cabled to the United States, and thus, more than a year after our return, we found ourselves the center of public attention. The New York *Journal* insisted on publishing parts of the articles, and a translation was made by Isaac Don Levine.

Hell broke loose. Communists concentrated on the fact that the articles had appeared in a Hearst paper, and Harry was held responsible for all the ideas that William Randolph Hearst had ever expressed. Nor was the campaign limited to mud-slinging. Reliable informants reported that Harry was likely to be assassinated, and friends in the garment workers' union escorted him to and from the office. Ironically, one of the men who publicly congratulated Harry on his courage was Carlo Tresca, who was shot down by unknown assailants not many years later. Another person who encouraged Harry was Juliet Poyntz, whose mysterious disappearance in 1937 strengthened our realization of the danger Harry had been in.

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The bitter struggle had endless ramifications. Harry was expelled from the Socialist party, and he was nearly fired from the *Forward*. Indeed, if Abraham Cahan had not stated that he would resign if Harry were dismissed, the end of the story might have been different.

During all this struggle, there was one heartening incident. Harry had reported the Gastonia trials in the summer of 1929, and he and I had come to know the victims of this frame-up. Their leader was Fred Beal, a Yankee turned Communist, who was trying to organize the textile workers of the South. Like Big Bill Haywood, Beal jumped bail and fled to the Soviet Union. Five years later, completely disillusioned, he made his way back to the United States, and at the time of all the furor he was in hiding in New York City. Now he came into the open and publicly vouched for the reliability of Harry's reports. He publicly stated that he would rather serve twenty years' imprisonment in the United States than be a "free" man in Soviet Russia. Subsequently Eugene Lyons, Ben Mandell, and I, together with William Green and Louis Nelson, vice-president of the I.L.G.W.U., helped to secure a parole for Beal, and he was finally restored to citizenship.

Naturally I lived through this harrowing experience along with Harry. For months and months I was under a constant strain. Mysterious cables from Kharkov and Kiev intensified my dread. The cables, supposedly signed by relatives of mine, were addressed to Harry at the *Forward* or were sent to me in care of the United Hebrew Trades or the Hebrew Actors' Union. It was, of course, an attempt by the OGPU to connect my relatives with Harry's articles.

Apparently my emotional system had received more shocks than it could stand, and I became seriously ill. Life seemed to be ebbing away into nothingness. I was devoid of all feeling. I was like a stranger even among friends. I wanted to die.

Lest I cause Harry additional anguish, I told him nothing of my state of mind, but I carefully planned the end of my existence. All my life I have had an overwhelming desire for sunshine. I have always tried to live in rooms with many windows facing south, and in winter I have always been impatient for the spring. Now I had a passion to go to the extreme northern section of Norway, where the summer nights are illumined by the midnight sun. I would seek out the everlasting sunshine, and then end my life in the fjords.

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Harry was pleased with the idea of visiting the Scandinavian countries. As he took care of the necessary preparations, I was obsessed with the idea that he was unknowingly making arrangements for my funeral. When we stopped in Washington, and William Green, Ed McGrady, and other friends came round to greet us and offer their help, I felt that it was very nice of them to pay their last respects to my remains.

We visited England en route to Scandinavia, and spent some exciting hours with Herbert Morrison in the London County Council building. The usually jovial labor politician talked with marked uneasiness about the Civil War in Spain. His sympathies, of course, were with the Loyalists, but he was not sure what the policy of the Labor party should be. (Years later he took the same cynical position toward the newborn state of Israel.) He spoke of the agonies the people of London would suffer in a modern war. There was nervous tension everywhere. The will to die grew stronger.

But as soon as I had stepped upon Danish soil, my physical condition and my mental attitude began to change. I found myself in an almost classless society, with no one very rich and practically no one poor. Cooperatives were the economic basis of this society, and there was a minimum of police regulation. The streets and the homes were clean. Men respected men, and the dignity of labor was recognized in every part of society. Institutions existed to make people happy. Their system was nearest to that I had seen in Palestine. I began once more to believe in the pursuit of happiness.

We traveled to Stockholm by way of the Gotha Canal—a colorful ribbon curving through an enchanted country. There were sixty-nine locks in all. Often we walked into the fields to pick flowers, and then joined the boat at the next lock.

I came to die in the radiant, sunny night of Scandinavia; instead, I found new life. As if by magic, all my pains disappeared, and my energy returned to me. The ideal folk life around me eradicated from my mind all the disappointments of the past. I saw what humanity was capable of, and I could face the tribulations ahead.

I attended a Fourth of July party given by our envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, in her garden in Oslo. Many of the guests were Americans of Scandinavian descent, and it pleased me to see that there were these living bonds

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between the two peoples. I remembered that I was in the land that had given birth to Eric Morton and Andrew Furuseth, who were builders of America in their own way.

From North Cape I saw the midnight sun. I was full of eagerness for life's adventures.

In a near-by town we got a paper and learned that England was ready to permit a Jewish state in a partitioned Palestine. That was in 1937, not 1948. Oh, God, what a different Britain! We were elated, and I remembered a song I had heard in a Norwegian fishing village:

> A homestead is best
> Though it be small;
> A man is master at home,
> Though he has but two goats and a straw thatch.

This would be a tiny little land for the Jew, but his own.

Harry proposed that we go to Geneva to see how the statesmen of the League of Nations responded to the British proposal. I assented with all of my old enthusiasm. Tomorrow could be beautiful, and I didn't want to miss it.

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xxvi

ECHOES

NEARLY A dozen years have gone by since my rebirth in Scandinavia. Every morning in all that time I have said to myself: "I am glad I'm alive; I'm glad I've had such a good life." I do not know why I have been blessed with so many friends, some of them among the greatest men of my day. I cannot explain it. I am simply humble and profoundly grateful.

It was not long after my return from Scandinavia that I began to write down the story of this life of mine. It has taken me a long time to get the story written, simply because I went on living while I was trying to do the writing. If I could have stopped living while I was working on this chronicle, I could have ended it with my revivifying trip to the North Cape, and that would have made a good climax. But things have gone on happening, and I must tell about them, however briefly.

On our way back from Scandinavia, we traveled in Germany. Although our friends warned us against taking the trip, our letters from Washington officials won us courteous treatment. It was ironic: Jew-hating Nazi officials received with respect a correspondent for the *Jewish Daily Forward*. But the fact that we were not persecuted could not blind us to what was going on in Germany. Most of our friends, being Social Democratic labor leaders or Jews or both, were either dead or in concentration camps. The leading stores, including stores owned by Americans, had signs forbidding Jews to enter. Discrimination was constant, and terror always lurked in the background.

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I walked the streets of Hamburg and Frankfort with rage in my soul. I met three young girls who belonged to a special kind of underground. They and their friends were receiving instructions from representatives of the Haganah in Palestine, so that they could escape from Naziland and make their way to the future Jewish state. They were forerunners of the "illegal immigration" that British Laborites denounce so shamefully and sabotage so brutally. I was so moved by these underground workers in their teens that I gave them everything I had with me that would help them and wanted to remain in Europe to work with them.

When we came back to the United States, we found the country in an ugly mood. A priest with a radio audience of millions was preaching anti-Semitism. Gangsters of both sexes peddled rabid pamphlets and magazines on the streets of New York. Whispering campaigns spread viciousness through the length and breadth of the land.

Liberals turned to William Green to exert his influence against this madness. Although he was then engaged in a struggle for the very survival of the A.F. of L., he did not shrink from the task. The National Workers' Alliance, a fraternal order of the same kind as the Workmen's Circle, but with help for Palestinian labor as its principal aim, was seeking to establish a cooperative colony in Palestine for refugees from Germany and Austria, to be named for Léon Blum, one of the great Jews and one of the great Frenchmen of our time. When I told Green about this project, he agreed to be chairman of a committee to sponsor a dinner that would raise funds for the colony. His purpose was not only to aid a worthy cause but also to strike a telling blow against anti-Semitism.

Warmhearted Rose Schneiderman, head of the Women's Trade Union League and at that time secretary of the New York State labor department and one of the leaders in the women's camp of the New Deal, was the chairman of the women's division of the project, and I was its executive secretary. I had known the Women's Trade Union League from the beginning and had seen it grow into a great institution for American social idealism. Rose Schneiderman, spurred on by the memory of the immigrant girls who perished in the Triangle fire of 1911, had awakened the conscience of American womanhood. She was a great pal in the fight for the freedom of Debs. We were now again in a common struggle.

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A youthful boy scout, Frank Tafe Hemler from Ohio, mournfully sounded taps before a gathering of two thousand people in evening dress in the banquet hall of New York's Hotel Astor. The flags of the United States, England, France, and Palestine floated over the hotel's entrance and adorned the banquet salon. The Marchioness of Reading and Leopold S. Amery, former colonial secretary, spoke from England and Léon Blum from France, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, William Green, and Count René de Saint Quentin, French Ambassador to the United States, addressed the audience in person. All the addresses were sent throughout the world by short-wave radio and time was donated by NBC, Columbia, WMCA, and WEVD. Ed McGrady was the mediator. I shall never forget the solemn hush that settled over the assembly when Blum began his speech: "Alone I sit now in the shadows of the night here in my home in Paris." It was dawn in Palestine when Frank Hemler blew taps, and prayers rose for the millions of victims who would not see the sun rise.

That was nine years ago. I have recently received an album from the Blum Colony, filled with pictures that tell the story of the men, women, and children who live there and carry on the struggle against the desert and against human treachery and brutality.

How much has happened in these nine years! I lived through all the pains of the crucial hours when the United Nations was voting upon the plan that would give the Jews their homeland. And I lived through the deep joy of that historic Friday, May 14, when Israel at last emerged as a nation with the blessings of recognition by the United States, my America. I thought of William Green's persistent efforts: the opportunity he has given representatives of Palestinian labor to present their case before conventions of the A.F. of L.; his knocking at the door of the White House during the war years to make sure that a Jewish Palestine would not be overlooked at international conferences; his protecting Haganah emissaries who came here during the war and needed his support; his work for a Palestinian plank in the 1944 platform of the Democratic party; his constant needling of British Labor party ministers. I know that he shares my satisfaction in this realization of the Jewish dream, and I know, too, that Israel in its time of trouble has no stauncher friend than William Green.

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The labor movement is always changing, always making new experiments. I nearly launched such an experiment, but circumstances were against me.

Conversations with doctors in Europe and the United States convinced me that it would be possible to provide organized labor with medical care at very little expense. Soon I was working on a large-scale plan for an institution that would be devoted to the study, prevention, and cure of occupational diseases. Refugee doctors of the highest standing agreed to give their services. The national convention of the A.F. of L. endorsed the enterprise, and the New York State Federation of Labor, under the leadership of socially minded George Meany, followed suit. Herbert Hoover agreed to head the board of laymen, and Dr. Arnold J. Gelarie was to head the medical boards. We visualized a great medical center that would provide hospitalization, clinics, and educational services.

The plan was one more war casualty. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, the whole situation was too uncertain, and doctors were far too busy, to permit us to go on. Even before that, I am unhappy to say, we were running into difficulties because of the hostility shown by certain prominent American doctors to the refugee physicians. Yet the months of hard work I spent were not wasted, for I had my reward in experience and in new friendships, and I have no doubt that this dream, too, will some day become reality.

For many years Harry and I lived a seminomadic life, spending much of our time in travel, making a New York hotel our headquarters. But we wanted a home, and at last we found what we were looking for in Croton-on-Hudson.

I have discovered new satisfactions. I dig into the soil, and feed old mother earth with modern calories. I have my own ways of dividing and transplanting flowers and fruit trees while they are in bloom, against all the rules, and my neighbors say that I have a green thumb. As I look at our hillside, always beautiful with the special beauty of each passing season, I think of Jack Lawson, who taught me the love of nature. The birds fly about me in their constant search for food, and I am reminded of Samuel Gompers's meditations on the survival of the fittest. Rabbits and squirrels congregate at my door, and I recall Eugene Debs as I saw him on the prison

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farm, finding peace in communion with the natural world. A train whistles down by the mighty river, and I think of William Green's ceaseless journeys on behalf of the causes he so gallantly serves.

It is quiet and restful in my garden, but when Harry comes home he is full of news of politics and the labor movement. There is no possibility of my losing touch with the present.

And no matter how much I insist that I want to enjoy the peace of our Croton home, I constantly find myself involved in other people's lives. Why is it? I am proud to admit that I am like my grandfather, Reb Chaim the Hospitable. Perhaps I have a little of Aunt Yente Chave in me, too. Nor am I consulted only by relatives; friends and even chance acquaintances phone me, write me, visit me, looking for help. If I sit down beside a woman in a subway train, she is likely to tell me all her troubles, and before I know it, there is one more person for whom, in some strange way, I feel myself responsible.

As I look back, I realize that I have always been working with people. Not for movements, not for abstract causes, but for human beings. I have taken part in great movements in my time, and served vast causes, but to me that was only incidental. I was less interested in justice than in Dave Caplan, less interested in revolution than in Tom Mooney, less interested in social reform than in Eugene Debs, less interested in the organization of labor than in Samuel Gompers. And so my life today is not really very different from what it was in the past, even though I rarely address a meeting or draw up a petition.

What a panorama of human life is unfolded before me! The marriages I have brought about—and the divorces, too. This young man wants to go to college. Very well, I will find somebody to help him. That young woman is on the verge of collapse. I will find the right psychiatrist for her. Urgent family problems of wartime were laid before me, and I did my best to solve them. Then there were the problems of the returning veterans. But there are always problems—as I well know!

Many of the people with whom I worked in the past are dead. Many have died while this story was in the making. Again and again I ask myself how much they accomplished. Can we say that

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their ideals have been realized? Not a few of them have, but sometimes in ways they could not have expected and sometimes with results that would have astonished them.

I think of William Johnstone of the machinists and of his heir, the scholarly looking Harvey Brown, who succeeded in organizing his highly skilled and politically-minded fellow craftsmen, six hundred thousand strong. It was this Harvey Brown who played a part in a famous clash between the two Socialist elders, Morris Hillquit and Victor Berger. The question was who should lead American labor, Gompers or Lewis, and Harvey joined Berger in calling upon Socialists and radicals to support Lewis.

I think of Ben Schlesinger. Ben's constant obsession was to win recognition for the garment trades as a basic industry. Back in the early twenties he ordered me—that is the way Ben did things—to go to Washington and further his cause. There was a strike going on, which was not unusual in the garment industry in those days, and he wanted the matter to be discussed in the Senate, so that the whole country would understand that the making of clothes was of national importance. I prevailed on Gompers, and he prevailed on Senators Borah and France. Schlesinger had what he wanted. Furthermore, I brought him a letter from Herbert Hoover, in which the secretary of commerce promised to do his best to bring about collective agreements. For once Ben forgot his grouchy cough.

I think of Morris Sigman, who used to come and see me after meetings and pour out his heart about his bitter fights against the Communists in his union, while I gave him cup after cup of hot coffee. I introduced him to Samuel Markewich, who was loved on the East Side for his wit and was admired by radicals though he was not a radical himself. Markewich, who had been an assistant district attorney, helped Sigman to regain his citizenship. That evening Sigman came with his friend, Harry Uviller, for years an impartial chairman of the dress industry, and we celebrated with more coffee.

Ben Schlesinger's and Morris Sigman's successor, Dave Dubinsky, has built on the foundations they created, and has justified the interest that Gompers showed in him when he was at the beginning of his career. Dave is held in high esteem by American public opinion, to the delight of New York's East Side. Some people think of immigrants as hotheaded radicals, always stirring up trouble, but

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it was the foreign-born garment workers who evolved a whole apparatus of courts for the maintenance of industrial peace. Now manufacturers carry on their businesses without fear of interruption, while workers are assured high salaries, short hours, retirement funds, vacations with pay, educational and health centers, and summer camps.

But here is an ironic commentary. We waged a bitter struggle, sometimes at the risk of life itself, to establish the eight-hour day and do away with the speed-up. That battle was won. Most workers, however, deliberately choose to do piecework and to work overtime. Why? Their rate of pay for a normal day is beyond anything their parents could have dreamed of. But they want to live as their employers live. They want a modern apartment, an automobile, an expensive radio, evening clothes, and all the rest of it. Who can blame them? That is America. But what of the eight-hour day as a moral principle? On the other hand, machinery is constantly making work easier. Ours is a land that is always changing for the better.

I am today, as I have been for nearly thirty years, a staunch believer in the A.F. of L. I admire its structure, which is like that of the United States. The thousands of local union meetings are like the town meetings of colonial days. The various district councils and joint boards can be compared to county boards. And so on through the states to the nation as a whole. Through all the constituent unions, whether they are organized on craft lines or industrially, runs this pattern of democratic government.

Today it is again popular to praise the A.F. of L., but there were times in the past decade when my loyalty to that organization brought savage criticisms upon my head, even from persons who had been my friends. I could never believe in the C.I.O. because it was built from the top down. There were reasons for that, of course, both economic and political. On the one hand, the depression created a tremendous demand for unions, especially in the big new industries. On the other, President Roosevelt and those about him wanted mass labor support for the New Deal.

Because it was built from the top down, the C.I.O. depended on ballyhoo. It did not educate the workers; it simply sold them a bill of goods. A C.I.O. convention is like a Coney Island Mardi gras. The delegates are supplied with horns and confetti. They march and they

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shout as they are ordered. How Gompers would have scorned that kind of circus! Under his leadership, an A.F. of L. convention was as dignified as the sessions of any parliament in the world, and serious problems were thoughtfully discussed. William Green has followed his example. Green has been called a nineteenth century labor leader. Perhaps he is. He really believes in democracy, education, and the dignity of human beings. Because he respects people, he has no use for a man on horseback, and he hates any kind of slave-driving. He is ready at any time to accept personal humiliation if that will help others.

Of course the Communists overran the C.I.O. Were they not the past masters of the art of ballyhoo? Their cynical leaders, scornful of democracy, knew exactly how to play the C.I.O. game of sit-down strikes and blackouts. The founders of the C.I.O. wanted to get results in a hurry, and the Communists specialize in quick results. Many influential men in the C.I.O. hated the Communists but thought they could use them. They found in the end that they were the ones who were being used.

I concluded from the start that C.I.O. as a new labor movement was doomed to failure. It set out to destroy the A.F. of L., but it could not defeat the leadership of William Green. It promoted dual unionism, and lost the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. It got involved in political conflicts, and lost the United Mine Workers. There is no limit to what constructive workers for trade unionism can do if they come home and stay home within the A.F. of L.

What can one say about the New Deal? Certainly labor achieved a new position during the administrations of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Great gains were won. It should not be forgotten, however, that labor leaders, Socialists, and liberals had been working for decades for the measures adopted by the New Deal. If the foundations had not been laid, F.D.R. could not have made his impressive record. And labor lost as well as gained through the New Deal. Rooseveltism, in my mind, is simply a synonym for paternalism. Labor leaders and labor organizations were taught to depend on the kindly generosity of a Santa Claus who handed out Christmas packages in gaudy alphabetical wrappings.

I am against paternalism, in public life or in private. I admire the boys and girls who work their way through college, who earn

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their livelihood while building their future. I scold those who want their parents to provide them with every comfort. Paternalism leads to degradation of the dependents, whether they are individuals or a class of people.

The men and women of the older generation are dying. Where are their heirs? The pulpits from which Emma and Sasha preached a fearless, fiery radicalism with absolute personal integrity have never been filled. Where is there today a humanitarian with the profound human sympathies and moral intensity of Eugene Debs? The men who are leading labor today are nearing seventy or have passed that landmark. Who will take their places?

My generation has lived through two great wars. After the First World War, democracy seemed to be conquering the world. But then came dictatorships more brutal than anything we had conceived of in our worst nightmares. A second World War began, even bloodier than the first. We won that war, but who can say we have won the peace?

In the summer of 1947 Harry and I took a trip that was both a voyage into the past and a survey of the future. I took to the open road, as I had done many years before, in search of the real America.

While I drove the new Chrysler, Harry consulted maps. Often he directed me into strange bypaths, for his imagination travels faster than any car. We went hither and yon, searching out members of the clan of Reb Chaim, crossing the trails of both Aloha Oe and Adventurer, visiting this city and that.

There was so much that was familiar and so much that was strange. For one who had driven across the continent before the First World War, the great network of automobile roads seemed nothing less than a miracle. Even in the Mojave Desert, where Bob had once laid down strips of burlap before Adventurer's wheels, there was now a gleaming ribbon of concrete. And the cities of the Pacific coast—how they had grown in thirty years!

We traveled by plane, too—from Los Angeles to San Francisco and back. It was hard for me to overcome an old fear. Back in 1915, at the San Francisco World's Fair, I was watching Art Smith, one of the pioneer daredevils, when his plane crashed. In 1933, when we

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had plane tickets from Berlin to Moscow, I changed my mind at the last minute. Every passenger on the plane was killed. But I lived to tell the story of our flight along the coast, and a very beautiful, exciting trip it was. I felt that I was taking advantage of the right of a free people to try anything.

But I was looking for signs of spiritual rather than material growth. Not the least encouraging experience was to meet cousins, nephews, and nieces. The descendants of Reb Chaim and Broche the Matriarch have taken root in America, free spirits in a free country. My brother Howard is now the leader of the clan, and he and his charming Rose and their Howie, Jr., are a fine example of a healthy, happy, American family. Everywhere I went I was "Aunt Lucy." Despite my wandering life, I, too, belong to a clan. In Los Angeles, Harry's daughter, Naomi, met us, goodness in every line of her smiling face, a typically self-reliant American girl with her father's modesty and humor. I greatly admired her.

California was full of echoes of the past. We visited Jean Glasser, now Jean Levy, and I thought of the distraught young woman who had come to me with her little son and her problems at the time that my trial marriage was making newspaper headlines. Jean and Jay, who live in a luxurious home in Hillsborough, have befriended many a homeless poet and dreamer.

Ben Zuller came to the Levys' to see us. His eyes opened wide and his lips trembled when we kissed. He was still a bachelor, still an Anarchist. We talked of the past, Jean and Ben and I, while Harry led us on with questions. A few months later, at Jean's home, he was reading the announcement of the publication of *Tomorrow Is Beautiful.* He began to talk about the old days, and in the midst of his reminiscences he fell asleep, not to awaken.

I telephoned Jack Lawson. He had not heard my voice in more than thirty years, but he knew at once who was calling. "Honey," he shouted, "I'm so glad you're here." I was excited at the prospect of meeting him, and yet feared that he would find me changed for the worse. Harry teased me by saying that Jack would never recognize me. But we knew each other in a minute, and embraced in a happy reunion. Stately, tall, and handsome as ever, he eagerly showed us his workshop, his bees, and his books. Although he was employed in a television laboratory, and lived in a quiet house filled

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with antiques, he was still writing poetry, and I felt that he was still an adventurer at heart, still a resolute fighter against the chains that bind the spirit. He and Harry took to each other at once, and Harry listened with fascination as Jack talked of the adventures of Aloha Oe, even describing to the last detail the costume I had worn.

I found C. V. Cook in his clinic for diseases of the legs. For many years he worked to cure such diseases, and then his own legs were affected by a condition that could not be cured. He still laughed from the heart, and his blue eyes sparkled as of old when he talked of his work for rationalism. But soon he was back to the story of his painful legs and the irony of his helplessness. He was still writing, he told us, but it turned out that his brochures and even his poems were concerned with the importance of healthy legs. Poor C. V.!

We found Alexander Horr in a half-sunken shack between the hills, in the village of Brisbane, a memorial to Arthur Brisbane, editor and columnist. I recognized the restless little figure at once. Thirty-five years earlier, hoping to make me the Emma Goldman of tomorrow, he had wanted to marry me, and had threatened to commit suicide when I refused him, but his love fires were extinguished in marriage with someone else. We met without embarrassment, and he took us to his home. I have never seen so many cats in a home. They lay on top of maps and blueprints, crawled in and about the heaps of books that were piled high on tables and on the floor.

Perhaps because of his work as a journalist, Harry has a way of making people talk. Alexander Horr talked of his childhood in Hungary. A descendant of Isaiah Horowich, a great sage and mystic, he was brought up in an orthodox home and trained in the history and philosophy of the Jews. Suddenly he broke with all this, ran away, and crossed the ocean as a stoker. In America he became a careful student of Karl Marx but a disciple of Herbert Spencer. Once, when Debs tried to set up a Socialist colony, Horr tramped across the continent to convince the colonists that the experiment would fail because it was contrary to Spencer's scientific principles. He subsequently joined the Socialist party, and was its candidate for the governorship of California, polling forty thousand votes, but he remained a Spencerite.

Alexander's current ambition was to build a steel town. He planned to invest the money he had made out of the sale of an old

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house on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco, and his wife, who was related to President Harding, was willing to help him with funds she had inherited. The houses he was designing would be proof against both earthquakes and bombs, and he intended to make them available to the poor without profit to himself. For his own part, he would stay on in the shack with the cats.

We got on the subject of Communism, and he asked me, not without blushes, if I remembered the volume of Herbert Spencer he had given me before he left San Francisco to do away with himself on my account. I assured him that I still had the book and treasured the inscription he had written in it. "If you have read it," he said, "you ought not to worry about Russia. A Communist regime can't survive—it isn't scientific. It might last a century or two, but that is nothing in the broad perspective of scientific progress." Harry and I smiled, but he was perfectly serious.

Alexander Horr was not to build his steel city. Three months after my visit to him, his wife wrote me that he was no more. One day, while he was sitting quietly among his books and his cats, his eyes closed and never opened again.

We talked with Schmidty, and were delighted to find that a happy marriage had compensated for the long years in San Quentin. But there were other veterans of labor warfare who had come to melancholy ends. James B. McNamara, after steadfastly refusing to apply for a pardon, had died in San Quentin. John J. died less than a month afterward. As for Eric Morton, he died at his own hands. But the end of Tom Mooney's life was even more tragic. Freed after sixteen years in prison, he was taken over by the Communists and made to dance to their tune. Poor Rena, who had suffered so much for his sake, was shoved out of the way to make room for a comrade. But when the Communists had exploited him to the full, they dropped him, and he died a bitter and lonely man. Then the Communists came forward once more and turned his funeral into a three-ring circus for propaganda purposes.

There have been many men in my life with whom I was and still am in love. Each had his own place in my thinking, dreaming, yearning. I was guided by all of them in my daily affairs, and I am grateful. Moreover, I believe that my place in their lives had the same

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splendor. And it is all because our glorious dreams of love never became entangled with grosser realities.

All too soon the time came to head our Chrysler back toward the East. It had been a great joy to relive the past. At the same time, however, I could not help contrasting the reality of contemporary America with the dreams of my idealistic friends. Of course many dreams are never realized, and one learns to expect disillusionment as one grows older. But the question that was troubling me went deeper than that. I was still asking myself what basis there was for hope in the future of America.

In spite of all reasons for pessimism, I felt that this America I was seeing was different from the America I had known, and in some way was better. Gradually, as we made our way homeward, I managed to define for myself the change that I had sensed. It can be expressed in this way: Americans have become the best educated people in the world. A free school system and a free press have been doing a mighty work for many years. More recently the radio has brought public debates on vital issues into every farmhouse in the land. Veterans of the war have been helped to go on with their schooling, and the idea of adult education is spreading, with more and more people enrolling in university extension courses.

You cannot travel the roads without realizing how well informed Americans are. Truck drivers, for example, have always been regarded as the roughnecks of the labor movement. But listen to a group of truck drivers as they talk over their food in some roadside restaurant or hot-dog stand. You will be astonished at the breadth of their interests and the accuracy of their knowledge.

Whenever I saw truckmen, I thought of their leader, Dan Tobin, and remembered his varied moods at A.F. of L. conventions—now bitter and stubborn, again submissive and friendly. Tobin, the Catholic teamster boy from Boston, where his people were snobbishly persecuted, is now the chief commander of a growing, youthful, and politically-minded army that controls one of the lifelines of America. That, I have no doubt, is why F.D.R. kept Tobin so close to him. It wasn't simply because Dan was chairman of the labor division in Democratic campaigns, but because his union, with its members

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ceaselessly moving across the continent, was a political force of tremendous potentialities.

Because they are well informed, the American people are internationally minded. They know what kind of world they live in. They take an acute and practical interest in what is going on at home and abroad. They are generous, too, and can be counted on to help those less fortunate than themselves. Again I thought of William Green and New York's East Side. He has translated internationalism into practical terms. It was he, for instance, who originated and promoted the idea of having labor attaches in our embassies abroad. During the war he lent all his strength and the weight of the A.F. of L.'s prestige to the Jewish Labor Committee, which saved more than six hundred men and women of political idealism from martyrdom in Europe. Many of these men and women are now carrying on the struggle for international democracy in their homelands. This committee was led by Adolph Held, who helped my family to escape from Soviet Russia, and by Nathan Chanin, who was one of the young heroes of the revolutionary movement in White Russia in 1904-5 and was in prison with many of the present-day bureaucrats of the Soviet Union.

The more we traveled, the stronger my confidence grew. Whatever its shortcomings, America is the land of both freedom and hope. Its wealth and power are acknowledged by everyone. Even more significant, though less widely recognized, are its capacities for spiritual leadership in a sorely distressed world.

We came to Waldheim Cemetery on the outskirts of Chicago. As I looked at the magnificent tombstone placed over the single grave of the seven Anarchist martyrs of the eighties, what memories flooded over me! Here was the fountain from which my radical idealism sprang. Here, too, came my awakening to my own inner soul, for it was here that Bob spoke his first words of love and intimated his desire to become my life companion. Strong-willed Emma lies here, and near her is that cynical visionary, Ben Reitman. Not far away is the grave of Jack Johnstone, pioneer of American Bolshevism. And in an adjacent field my parents are laid to rest, as are other members of the Kiev and Korostyshev clans.

How perfectly Waldheim links the Old World and the New. Standing beside the Haymarket Memorial, I knew that this was where

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I belonged when the echoes of my last footsteps had died away. Harry agreed, and we made reservations for ourselves among my peacefully sleeping friends. Both of us had moisture in our eyes. Then our glances met, and we burst into laughter.

On we went, meeting old friends and making new ones, mingling with old and young as we traveled from town to town. Of course tomorrow is beautiful. I cannot doubt it. But who knows whether this blind faith is not part of my make-up, just because I am a granddaughter of Reb Chaim the Hospitable, whose faith in the Messiah was handed down to him through the centuries?

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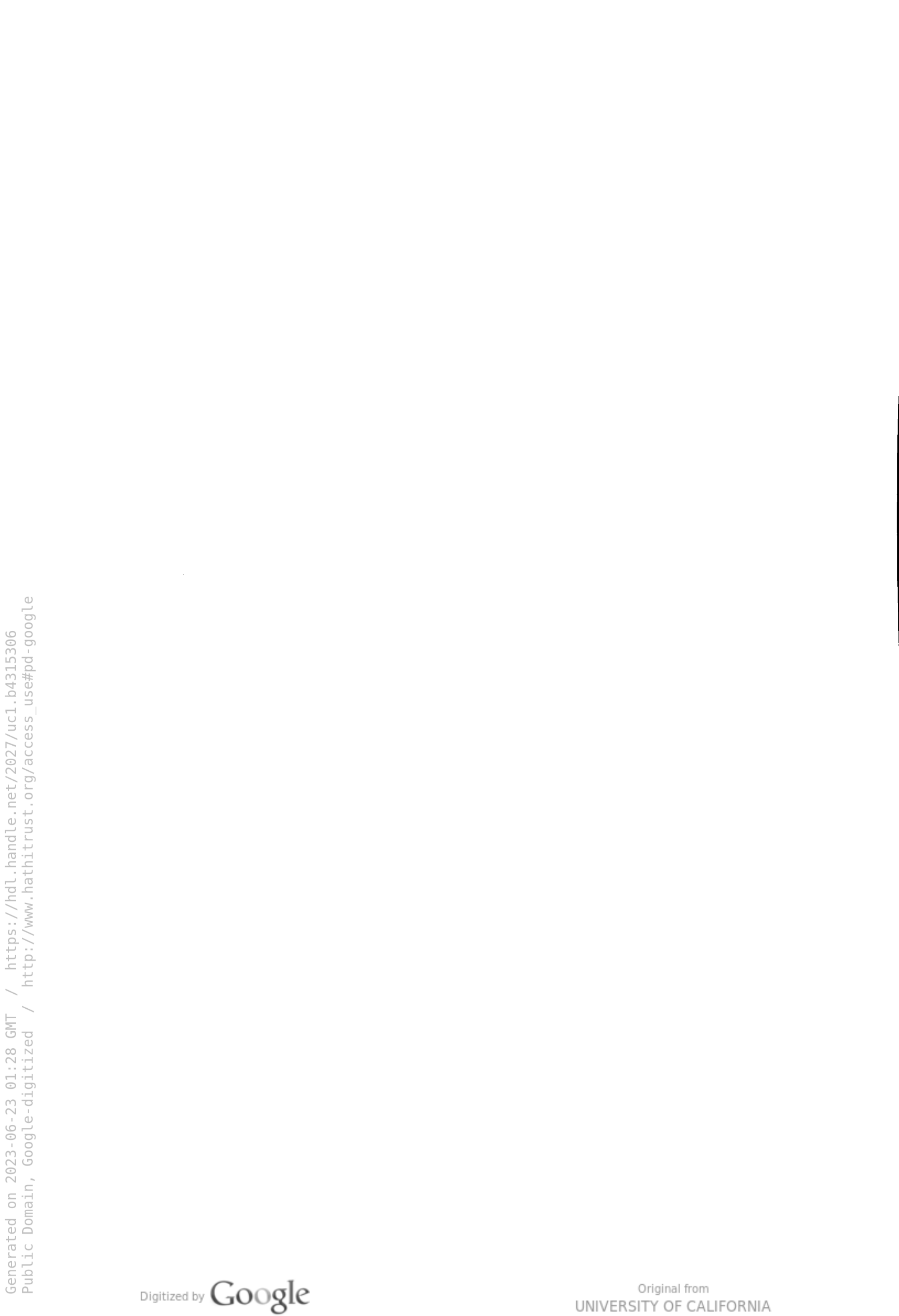

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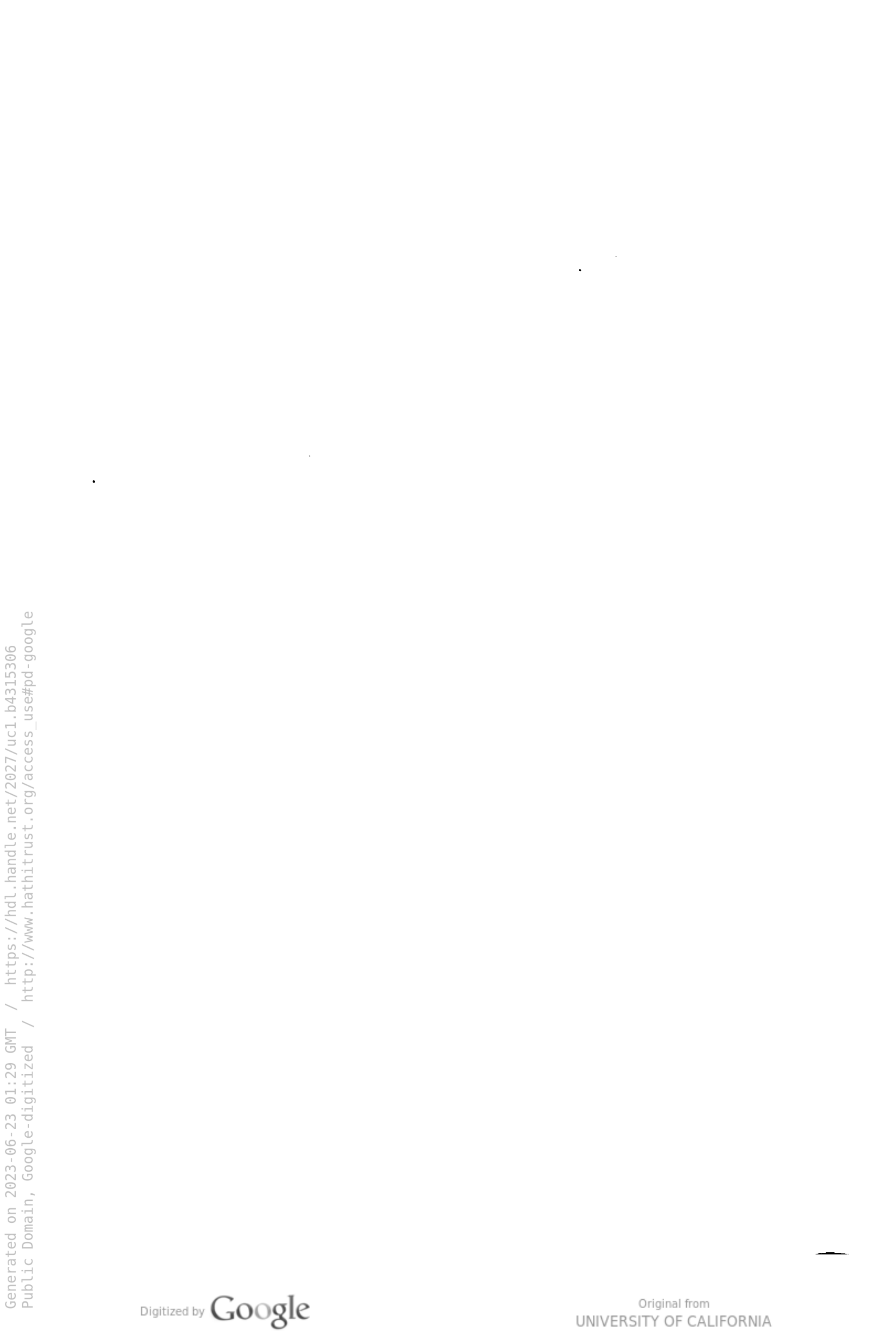

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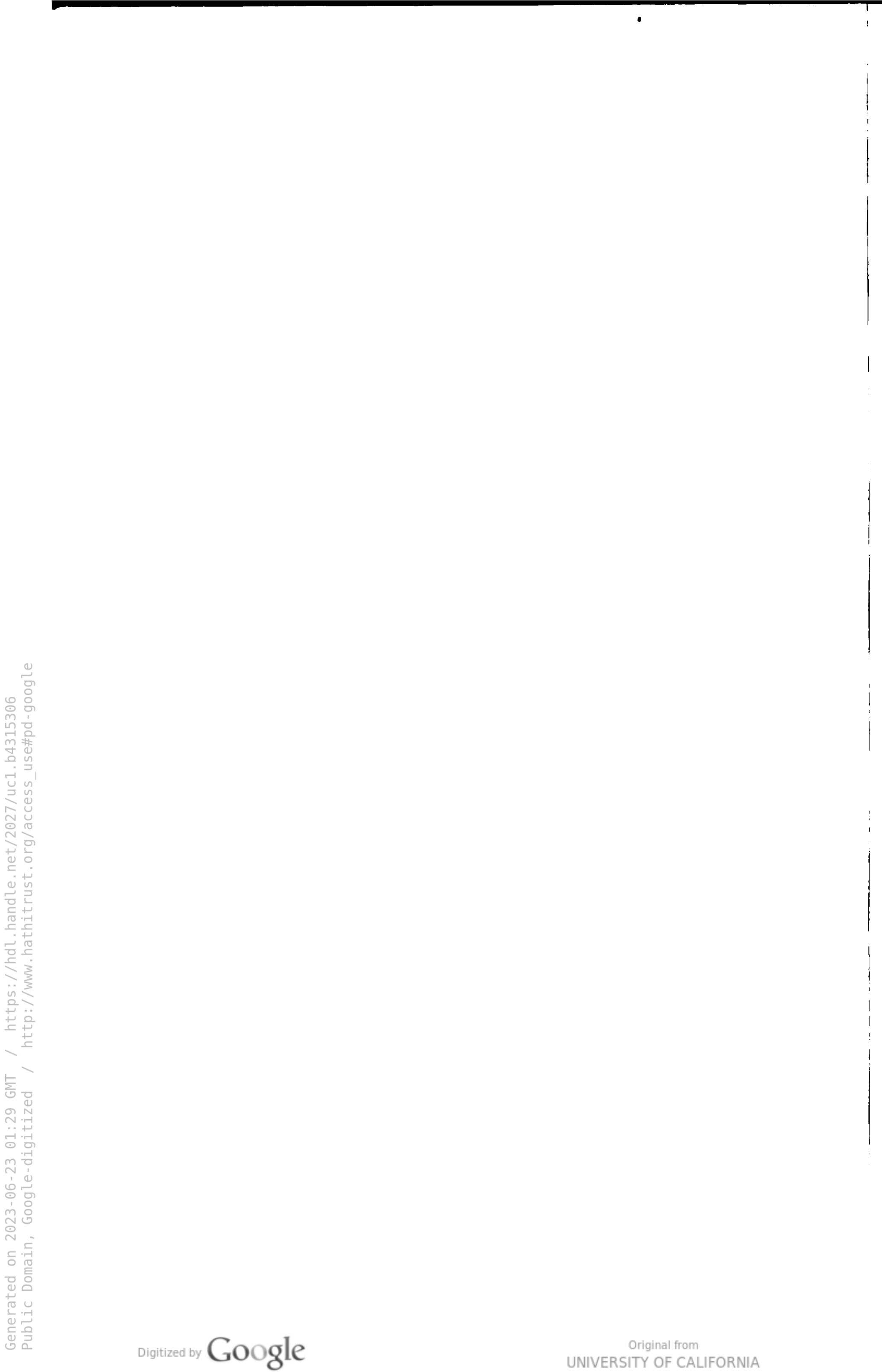
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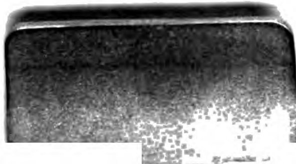

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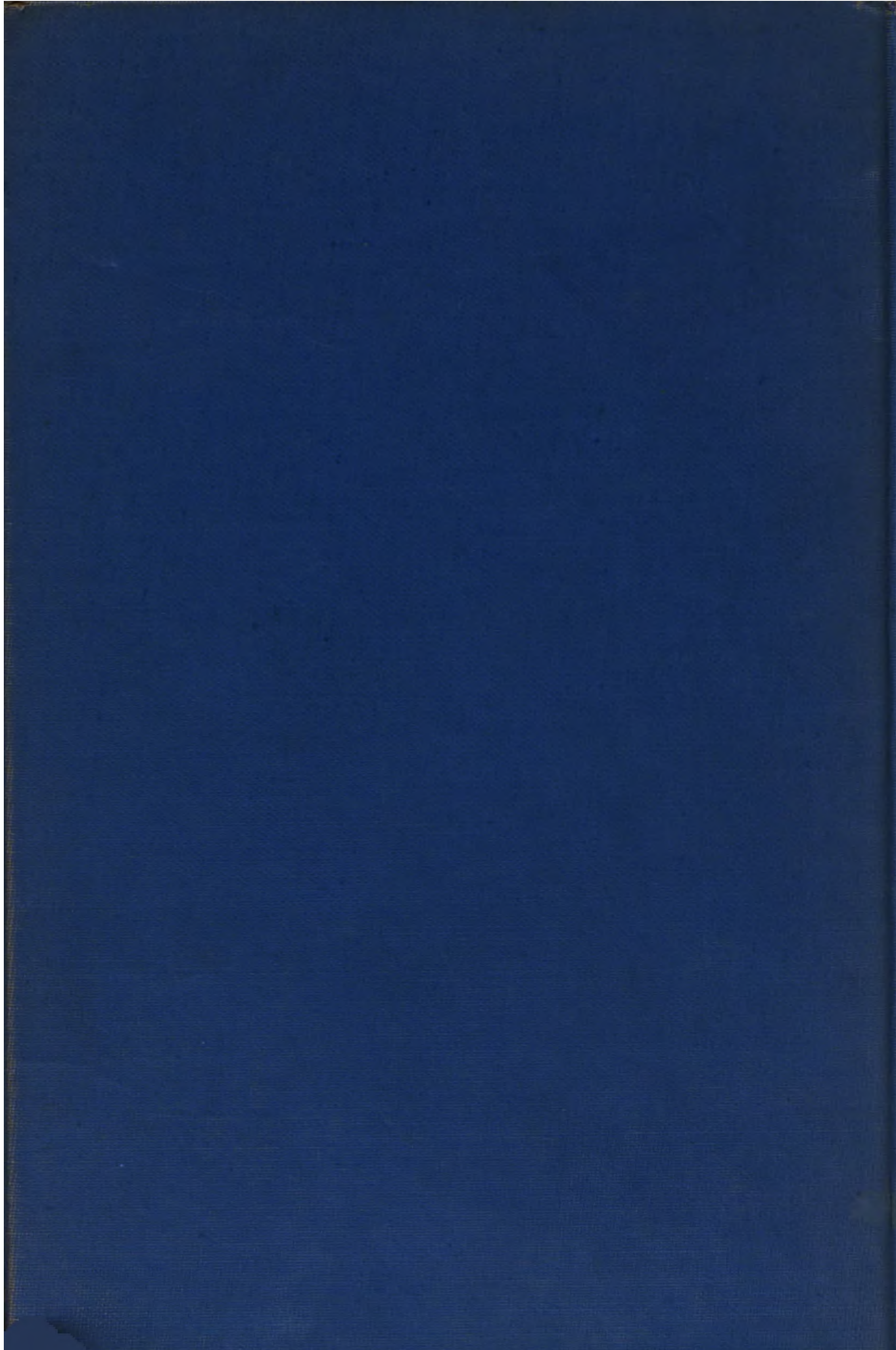

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